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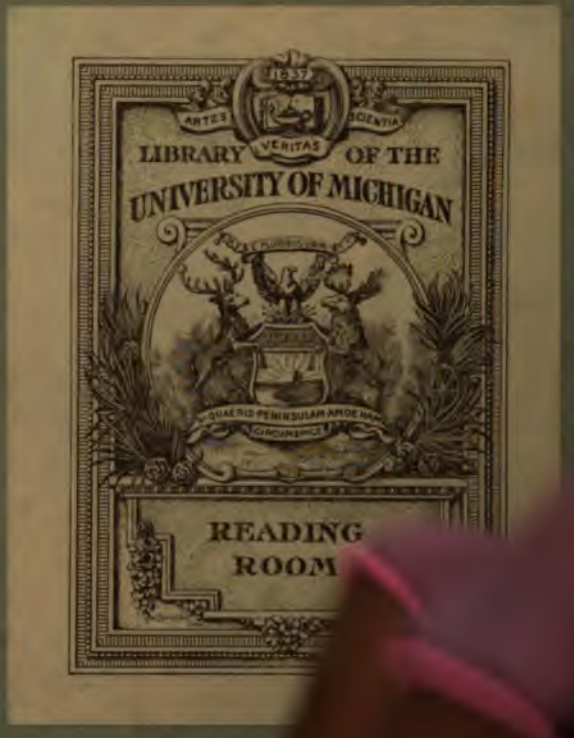
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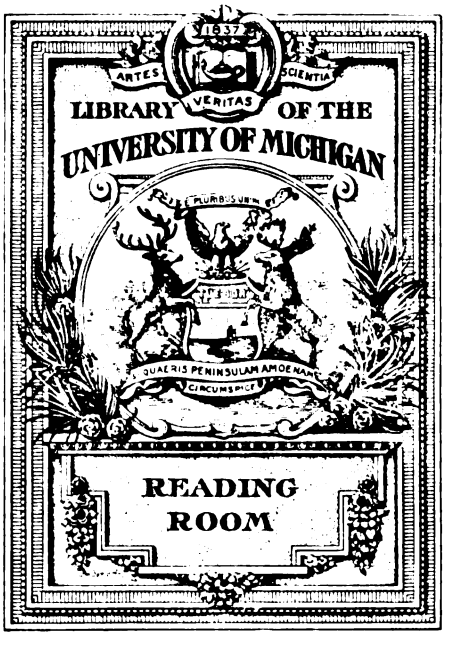
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Masters in Art

A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED

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WATTS

PALMA VECCHIO · VIGÉE LE BRUN

MANTEGNA · CHARDIN · BENOZZO GOZZOLI

JAN STEEN · MEMLINC · CLAUDE LORRAIN

VERROCCHIO · RAEBURN

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI

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Watts

ENGLISH SCHOOL

UofM

WATTS
LOVE AND LIFE
NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART LONDON

Main

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II
PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYER
[5]

WATTS
LOVE AND DEATH
NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, LON

Mau

WATTS
DIANA AND ENDYMION
PRIVATE COLLECTION, ENGLAND

WATTS
PORTRAIT OF MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM
OWNED BY THE HON. PERCY WYNDHAM, SALISBURY, ENGLAND

Main

WATTS
HOPE
NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, LONDON

Main

UofM

WATTS
GANYMEDE
FROM THE ARTIST'S PRIVATE COLLECTION

NOAA

WATTS
SIR GALAHAD
OWNED BY ALEXANDER HENDERSON, ESQ., LONDON

NTSU

WATTS
PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL MANNING
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

Wau

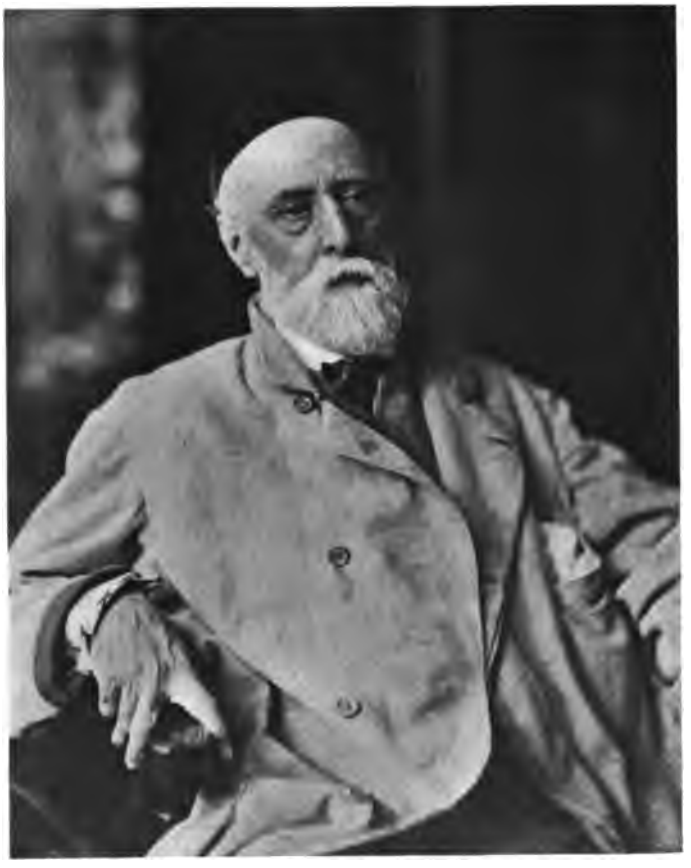
UofT

WATTS
PORTRAIT OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
OWNED BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET, EASTNOR PARK, ENGLAND

Non

U of M

WATTS
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE
FROM THE ARTIST'S PRIVATE COLLECTION



PORTRAIT OF WATTS FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

Watts was below medium height and slightly built, but, even in his old age, erect of carriage. His features were clear-cut and regular; his expression thoughtful and marked by the utmost kindliness and refinement. In appearance he was eminently picturesque. When at work in his studio he frequently wore a long loose blouse, like a carter's frock, and at all times a crimson skull cap. The photograph reproduced above was taken by Frederick Hollyer, in London, when the artist was about sixty-five years old.

George Frederick Watts

BORN 1817: DIED 1904
ENGLISH SCHOOL

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS was born in London on February 23, 1817, of a family which claimed Welsh descent. His father, who had removed from Hereford to London early in the century, in the hope of bettering his fortunes, and who was a man of scientific tastes and some inventive faculty, was by profession a musician, and added to his scanty livelihood by tuning pianos. Of Watts's boyhood few records remain. It is said that almost as soon as he could talk he began to draw, copying when very young the quaint prints in an old Queen Anne prayer-book; and that when he was twelve, fascinated by romance and legendary lore, he painted a series of pictures illustrating scenes from Scott's 'Waverly Novels,' and made a spirited sketch of an incident in Homer's 'Iliad'—the struggle for the body of Patroclus.

At fifteen Watts entered the Academy schools, but finding the teaching there unsatisfactory, remained but a few weeks. A fondness for sculpture then led him to the studio of William Behnes, where he copied plaster casts and watched Behnes at his work, but received from him no direct instruction. His real teachers, he always said, were the Elgin marbles, and he would spend hours in the British Museum absorbed in the study of the beauty of those Phidian sculptures which became his standard for style and form.

When barely twenty, Watts exhibited at the Royal Academy two portraits and a picture entitled 'A Wounded Heron.' Encouraged by their reception, he soon afterwards contributed to the annual exhibition of the Academy subjects from Shakespeare and Boccaccio. But it was not until 1842, when he was twenty-five, that his first real success was attained. In that year a competition was held in London for the decoration of the halls of the new Houses of Parliament, and Watts, whose name was then almost unknown, entered the lists with many of the leading artists of the day, and sent in a cartoon of 'Caractacus led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome,' which won for him a first-class prize of £300. This design was for some reason never carried out in fresco, but with the competition prize-money he was enabled to realize a long-cherished dream of going to Italy, and soon afterwards started on his travels.

Arrived in Florence, he found a friend and patron in Lord Holland, then

British ambassador at the court of Tuscany, and in the literary and artistic circle which was wont to assemble at Lord Holland's house, Casa Ferroni, in the city, and at his summer home among the hills outside of Florence, the young painter was ever a welcome guest.

Four years passed before Watts returned to England—years which were by no means idle, for although he did not spend his time in copying the works of the old masters in the galleries of Italy, he studied them in his own way, absorbing their beauty, and finding inspiration in Florentine form and line, and in the coloring of the Venetians. Portraits of Lord and Lady Holland, and of many of their distinguished guests, were painted by him at this period, and on the walls of their summer villa, Villa Careggi, he painted a fresco representing the execution of the physician who was accused of poisoning his master, Lorenzo de' Medici, to whom the villa had once belonged.

When, in 1847, news was received from London that a second competition for decorations of the Houses of Parliament was to be held, Watts returned to England to again become a candidate. To his astonishment he was again successful, and a first-class prize of £500 was awarded him for a large and vigorous composition of 'King Alfred inciting his Subjects to prevent the Landing of the Danes.' This cartoon was bought by the English government, and hung in a committee-room at Westminster, and Watts was soon afterwards commissioned to paint a fresco of 'St. George and the Dragon' for the upper waiting-hall of the House of Lords. This last work, begun in 1848, was not finished until five years later. It may still be seen, though injured by London fog and smoke, in the Palace of Westminster.

In 1856 Watts again left England; this time to accompany the expedition sent out under Sir Charles Newton to examine and verify many ancient sites of tombs and temples in Greece and Asia Minor. The expedition occupied a year and a half, and even after the return of the party to England, Watts, who was not connected with it in any official capacity, pursued his travels in different parts of Greece and Italy, strengthening his love for classic art and his devotion to Greek sculpture.

Not long after his return to England, in pursuance of a desire that public buildings in London should be adorned with monumental works of art embodying lofty thoughts, he offered to decorate for the barristers of Lincoln's Inn, without remuneration, the north side of their great dining-hall, with a fresco representing 'The School of Legislature.' This work, the largest and finest of its kind in England, was completed in 1859, and, as a mark of their appreciation of his labors, the barristers presented Watts with £500 and a gold cup. The artist's generosity and public spirit, however, met elsewhere with less cordial reception, and his offer to decorate at his own expense the large hall at Euston Station with a series of frescos illustrating the progress of the world was rejected by the directors of the railway.

Disappointed in his attempt to set forth his conceptions on a colossal scale in fresco, Watts turned his attention to the execution of paintings which should express the great truths he felt it to be the mission of art to promulgate. "I want to teach people how to live," he would say, "how to make use

of all their powers, to work, and hope, and enjoy life; not to be mere slaves and drudges, but to care for something higher than money-making and selfish pleasure."

For many years Watts exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy, and notable exhibitions of his works were often held at the Grosvenor Gallery and the New Gallery, London. In 1884–85 some fifty of his pictures were sent to this country and shown at the Metropolitan Museum, New York. From the time when he began to paint regularly in London it becomes difficult to follow him chronologically, for it was his custom to keep a picture on hand for many years, occupying himself with several designs at the same time, working at each one little by little according to his mood or fancy. His large canvas of 'The Court of Death,' for instance, was in his studio for many years, and was exhibited in 1896–97 in an unfinished state, only receiving the final touches and the artist's signature on his eighty-sixth birthday.

It was as a portrait-painter that Watts's reputation was primarily achieved. Compelled in the first place to devote himself to portraiture in order to gain a living, he always declared that attention to this branch of art was the best discipline for an imaginative painter, and when it was no longer necessary to do so gladly turned from his ideal subjects to paint those portraits which alone would have made his name famous. Many of these are portrayals of men eminent in every walk of life—statesmen, lawyers, artists, musicians, men of letters and divines—whom the painter himself asked to sit for him that he might give to the English nation presentments of the leading men of his century. A collection of these portraits, the gift of the artist, is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London, while to the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery), Watts presented more than twenty of the finest of his allegorical, or ideal, subjects. Among these may be mentioned 'The Minotaur,' 'Mammon,' 'Love and Death,' 'Love and Life,' 'The Dweller in the Innermost,' 'The Messenger,' 'Time, Death, and Judgment,' and 'Hope.'

The indifference shown for many years by the general public towards this latter form of his art—a form in which he had so firm and unshaken a faith as the only kind to elevate the tone of English painting—never embittered his spirit nor caused him to swerve from his high purpose of raising the art of his country to the lofty level of her history and literature. The most modest of men, desirous ever of self-effacement, he was yet always ready and eager to serve the public by giving freely of those works which he had painted, because, as he himself simply expressed it, "he had something to say."

In a life so wholly devoted to art as was that of Watts, so marked by singleness of purpose and absorption in carrying out the ideals he had set before himself—a life, moreover, almost monastic in its simplicity, regularity, and seclusion from the outside world—there is but little in the way of incident to relate. He was beloved by his friends, of whom he had many, and reverenced by all who knew him, but he never cared for society as that term is popularly understood.

His marriage to Miss Ellen Terry, the actress, in comparatively early life, was dissolved shortly after it had taken place, and in 1886 he married Miss

Mary Fraser-Tytler, of Inverness-shire—a marriage which brought rare happiness into his life.

Nearly half of each year Watts spent at Little Holland House, his home in Melbury Road, Kensington, London, where a gallery containing many of his famous works was open to the public on every Saturday and Sunday throughout the late spring and summer. As soon, however, as the first chilly days of autumn came, the painter would go to his other home, Limnerslease, a picturesque house near Compton, among the Surrey hills. In this quiet spot he carried on his work, rising very early in the morning, as was his custom, and frequently beginning to paint before four o'clock, so that by noon he would have accomplished an ordinary day's work. His method of painting was unusual. His colors were ground especially for him and kept dry in jars ready for use when needed, when they were mixed with the requisite quantity of linseed-oil diluted with some essential oil. He laid his tints on thick and dry, one alongside of another like mosaic, mingling them at the edges but never putting light or bright colors over darker ones, in order that in course of time the brilliancy of the background should show through and his paintings acquire the qualities of stained glass. He made, we are told, no preparatory studies for his pictures, but, having thought out his subject, sketched it at once upon the canvas with his brush, making use of no palette nor mahlstick, nor, indeed, in many cases, of any model to help him; and if, as in his portraits, a model were before him, refraining from strict adherence to the actual, lest by a close study of the body the spirit should be lost, which in his estimation counted for more than any technical excellence.

In spite of a delicate constitution, indeed, according to his own statement, *because* of it (for his realization of physical limitations had early taught him the necessity of careful living), Watts was able to accomplish far more than many men of strong physique. Although obliged to avoid violent exercise, he was, until within a few years of his death, an admirable horseman, and spent much time in the open air, riding and walking. He was abstemious in regard to food and drink and never smoked, always claiming that greater things had been accomplished in the world before the discovery of tobacco than had been done since.

As a host he was delightful; no one of the many visitors at Little Holland House or Limnerslease failed to find a welcome, nor left without being impressed by the power and charm of his personality. A gifted conversationalist, his manners were of the old school—truly courtly—and well merited for him the title "the Signor," by which he was affectionately known among his friends.

From time to time Watts turned his attention to sculpture, for which he had always had a fondness. Of his works in this direction a bust of Clytie, a large equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, the early ancestor of the Grosvenors, and a striking group entitled 'Physical Energy,' which when cast in bronze will be placed on the grave of Cecil Rhodes in Africa, are among the most prominent.

Of public and official recognition a larger share came to Watts than a man

so retiring by nature could desire. In 1867 he was elected an Associate and in the same year a full member of the Royal Academy, an honor which his disinclination for personal notice at first caused him to decline, but which he was finally prevailed upon to accept. From Oxford he received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law; from Cambridge that of Doctor of Laws. France conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor; Italy made him a knight of the Order of San Luigi. Twice a baronetcy in England was offered to him, but each time firmly and with all respect declined. It was only when the Order of Merit was established, on the coronation of King Edward VII., that he could be induced to accept any mark of public honor from his country.

To the last Watts was actively engaged with his art, and not until he had counted full eighty-seven years did the end come. After an illness of only a few days he died very peacefully, of bronchitis, on July 1, 1904, at his home Little Holland House, Kensington.

A memorial service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and, according to the painter's expressed wish, his body was cremated, and his ashes buried in the cemetery at Compton near his favorite Surrey home of Limnerslease.

The Art of Watts

MY intention has not been so much to paint pictures that will charm the eye as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity.—GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

M. H. SPIELMANN 'NINETEENTH CENTURY' 1897

IT must be recognized at the outset that if Watts's art is to be understood—I do not say in the first instance, accepted—his particular standpoint, both artistic and philosophic, must be made clear. From the beginning his principles have never swerved—principles that include the restoration of art to her true and noblest function, and the personal self-sacrifice of every worker in the commonwealth for the common good. While denying to mere technical dexterity the supremacy over intellectual qualities which it has usurped, he has held—and spent his life in demonstrating—that it is in the power of paint to stir in man something more sublime than is possible to a simple sensuous appreciation of tones and values, color and line; and while himself seeking these things in the highest perfection possible to him, he has sought to express in painter-language the thoughts and emotions that occupy his mind. . . .

"Art," exclaimed Paul Verlaine in an oracular moment to his disciples, "is the being absolutely oneself." The epigram is incomplete; but so far as it goes it may be applied to the art of Watts. Whether noble or ignoble, we usually take a long while to find ourselves out sufficiently to become, even should we dare, "absolutely ourselves." But Watts succeeded early, and has

been so much "himself" that all schools and movements from preraphaelitism to impressionism, he has seen come and go, and has remained untouched by any one of them—still less concerned by any passing fashion, though greatly moved by waves of genuine feeling passing over the nation. These considerations cannot, of course, blind us to faults or stifle criticism, for all the sense of noble patriotism they convey; but they exact nevertheless a more respectful attention for the purely spiritual claims of his work than the young bloods whose cry is "Art for Art" are usually willing to allow.

Aspiration and *intention*—these claim the first consideration of Watts. If the thought to be worked out in a picture be but elevating and ennobling, the subject and even the work itself are regarded as of relatively little importance; they are his sign-posts to the thought to be expressed. Then and only then is his concern awakened to composition of line and rhythmic beauty, and to nobility and character of form, with due reference to artistic principles—for it is fitting that the sign-posts be fashioned as perfect as possible. Finally, color, harmony, and dignity are imported, that the work may result in a monumental whole. But the picture resulting is not necessarily allegorical; it is, more accurately speaking, suggestive. . . .

Years ago Mr. Ruskin declared that Watts was the one painter of thought and history in England. But the artist in a measure repudiates the implied compliment. He makes no claim to be a painter of history; for history-painting is not much more than elaborate genre, resulting in what are practically "costume pieces," that leave us cold, if not indifferent. He is never, therefore, historical in the accepted sense. Literary he may be; but even then not simply narrative; and he always maintains the artistic and poetic sense. Yet, whatever his deserts, Watts seems to care little for consideration as an artist at all — nor as a preacher either, nor as a teacher. He is rather a thinker who would have all men think for themselves; a man of noble dreams who would have those dreams reality; a seer to whom nature has been but partially kind in bestowing on him the gift of elevated conception which he would rather put into words with the pen than with the brush translate them into form. To that cause perhaps we must attribute his passionate desire to raise painting, intellectually, to the side of poetry, and, at the same time, to combat the idea that "Art for Art" is the only principle, or even the best. "I do not deny," he wrote to me many years ago on this very subject, "that beautiful technique is sufficient to constitute an extremely valuable achievement; but it can never alone place a work of art on the level of the highest effort in poetry; and by this it should stand. That any work of mine can do this I do not for a moment claim; no one knows better than I do how defective all my efforts are. But I cannot give up the hope that a direction is indicated not unworthy, and that a vein of poetical and intellectual suggestion is laid bare which may be worked with more effect by some who will come after." . . .

No section of Watts's art, it seems to me, illustrates more completely his strength and his limitations than that of portraiture. It is universally allowed that in portrait-painting realism is the dominant note; so that, as Watts is beyond all else an idealist, it might have been supposed that his greatest quality

might have presented itself as an insuperable defect. The fact is, however, that the word "realism" is a term a good deal misused and misapplied. It has been usurped by the modern French school and appropriated generally by an aspect of art so different from that not only of Watts, but equally of the whole healthy tendency of the English school, that for distinction's sake the quality of his portraiture may best be expressed by the paradoxical term of "ideal realism," and so cast into danger of being confounded with "idealism" pure and simple.

The lights and shadows that played upon the face in the searching studio-light, the wrinkle on the forehead, and the wart upon the cheek would not suffice to satisfy the more thoughtful quality of Watts's mind. While according to facial resemblance all it is in his power to render, he aims chiefly at realizing his sitters' habits of thought, dispositions, and characters, as these might reveal themselves upon their faces. His work in portraiture, therefore, shows a strongly marked individuality of an impersonal kind. It has become sculpturesque and monumental in character, and rich in beauty, in spite of the fact that the painter has never stooped to use that most popular of all portrait-painters' color-mediums—flattery. . . .

Although symbolism is Watts's most obvious characteristic, it is the characteristic not of the painter, but of the thinker. If he were told, as in fact he often has been told, that his work is literary, symbolic, and not to be judged as "art" at all, he would assuredly accept the judgment as welcome praise. The painter's craft, pure and simple, is to him the craft of the painter and nothing more, and its skill, something to employ to good, and not to little purpose.

It is one of the greatest merits of his pictures that they are almost elemental in their simplicity, and that in whatever quarter they may be exhibited they attract alike the cultivated and the uneducated. It is not only that there is a strong feeling among the populace for the ideal, the elevated, and the allegorical; it is also that his art contains in itself so many sympathetic elements. It is Greek in its philosophic spirit and in its display of material beauty, and Christian in its clear appeal to man's righteousness and love.

It is to be observed—a remarkable circumstance in a painter who has devoted a lifetime to ethical and religious thought—that he has never dealt with dogma or doctrine. So unsectarian is he that he has always avoided in his work even the ordinary theological emblems and symbols; indeed, not so much as a cross is to be seen in any of his pictures. He paints Righteousness, but not Religion; and personifies Sin, but never as the Devil.

"You must not speak of my 'theology,'" he said once, when I let fall the word; "it should rather be called religious philosophy. For I do not admit that reason can be banished at the behest of belief." It is wholly absurd to suggest that he is a "mystic," as he is sometimes reproached with being. He doubtless believes that there is something mysterious—the spirit of a great Creator—in all living things, and most of all in man as the greatest in creation, dowered with the greatest brain power and intellect. "It may shock you," he said on another occasion, "but I feel that one creed is as good as

another, and that Nature, Divinity, Humanity, are to me almost convertible terms."

From this philosophic love of humanity springs the fervid, almost passionate, earnestness with which he seeks to combat the Greek idea of Death—of Death the Destroyer; of the grim and grisly specter of Dürer's 'Dance.' His obvious aim has been to impress us with a theme to which he returns again and again in his more lofty compositions, giving us, not Death itself, but rather th[redacted]el of Death—inevitable, inexorable, irresistible, but stripped of the dread [redacted]d horror with which painters have loved to invest it. . . .

Into the technique of Watts's painting it is not needful here to enter, either to criticize or describe. But in explanation, not in excuse, of the artist's occasional departure from academic proportions (which many decry as one of the seven cardinal sins in art) it may be said that, while correct anatomy and excellence of figure-drawing are no more despised by him than by any other master, accuracy, as such, occupying his attention in a minor degree than the main lines of his composition, must yield, if it clash, to the dominating significance of the work.

There are qualities in his pictures to be looked for other than the purity and range of color—the variety of texture which is needed to support the movement of light and atmosphere, the broken surface, which other artists so carefully avoid, the outline which is never insisted on, and is only lost to be found again, and, above all, that mystery which as a quality in painting is the one vital superiority which modern art can boast over that of the great masters of old.

Watts's art is the picture of his life; a life in which independence of character and elevated thought throw into relief the highest philanthropy and patriotism of the perfect citizen; a life which is sustained in its sad outlook upon the grim and threatening future by a simple faith in his fellow-man, like the star shining in his picture of 'Ararat,' or the lyre-string answering to the maiden's touch in his masterpiece of 'Hope.'

ROYAL CORTISSOZ 'THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW' 1904

WATTS was the one painter of his time in England to whom the *idea* was a controlling force, so saturating his art, in all its relations, that you could not approach him in any of his moods without instantly realizing that he had something to say to you, and that this something supplied the picture in question with its chief reason for existing. None of his fellow-countrymen, with the possible exception of William Blake, ever conveyed quite the same impression of art surcharged with thought. Men like Leighton, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, and Millais seem beside him the merest story-tellers. The only point which he ever had in common with them was an inability to acquire complete technical proficiency. In all other respects he occupied a place apart, exercising unique power in the creation of beautiful and significant images, every one of them stamped with the quality of his brain and appealing to us as symbols, not as painted things. . . .

Watts must be considered largely as an isolated phenomenon, if the true

outlines of his artistic character are to be apprehended. There is nothing in his style that can be identified as due to the influence of this or that master. In his youth he had no instruction that amounted to anything, either in the drawing-school of the Royal Academy, which he attended for a time, or in the studio of the sculptor William Behnes, which he entered as a kind of observer. The Elgin marbles are said to have made a deep impression upon him, but they did not make him a classicist. When he obtained a prize in a public competition with a decorative design, and used the money to go to Italy, he stayed there four years without transforming himself into a neo-Italian. Yet, if we are not to make his originality too unnatural a thing, but must link him somewhere with the masters of painting, it is to the great Venetians that I should say he was, in a measure, akin.

He understood and, I believe, loved their language, their large stately way of putting things, and their heroic but restrained passion. Form, in his eyes, as in theirs, took on a certain grandeur, was marmoreal and even hierophantic. Moreover, for him, as for them, it was of little worth, save in so far as it lent itself to the more nobly dramatic issues of the imaginative world. . . .

For a man untrained in the schools, Watts had an extraordinary command over plastic forms, and could, indeed, mold them to his purposes with an authority greater than that of many a skilled Academician. It was not in the *subtleties* of modeling that he excelled. On the contrary, his surfaces were apt to be coarsely handled; his contours were roughly generalized, rather than exquisitely drawn, and his flesh-tints were notoriously muddy. But in the broad massing of forms he was a master; in flinging the sinewy limbs of his men into just the right attitudes, in lending to his mighty deep-bosomed women an air like that of Michelangelo's solemn Amazons, he was not only powerful but fluent. You feel that the man who could treat the human figure in this fashion, nude or draped, had an almost Greek delight, and skill, in solving the most difficult of all artistic problems. Only, for the joy of the Greek in the beauty of form as an end in itself, we have, in Watts, an essentially modern perturbation of soul, a constant concern for the emotions under which these sentient beings, whose bodies he delineates with so facile a hand, may be laboring as he paints them. Nay, they *must* quiver with emotion, else he cannot paint them at all. We have seen how he avoided practical study of the nude, how the Elgin marbles took the place of the living models in his experience. One feels, vaguely, in studying his work, that in his eyes the portrayal of the human form for its own sake must have seemed a kind of sacrilege. No; for him the heroes of mythology or of Scripture, the figures he drew from old or modern literature, and those in which he embodied his own reflections on life and death, were symbols or nothing. This is to be regretted in so far as it placed a drag upon his technical advancement; but it is to be valued, on the other hand, for the stimulus that it must have given to his inventive faculty. Eager to pack his art with meaning, and too original, as he was too lofty of mind, to rely on lifeless accessories for the elucidation of his idea, he made that plastic gift to which I have referred a means to a spiritual end, giving to form an eloquence all his own. . . .

Once, in the catalogue to an exhibition of his, he said: "The great majority of these works must be regarded rather as hieroglyphs than anything else, certainly not as more than symbols, which all art was in the beginning, and which everything is that is not directly connected with physical conditions." I dare say that, with this seeming warrant, there will not be wanting expositors, by and by, to tell us all manner of things about what this man of dreams and deep thought put into his pictures. But there does not really seem to be anything very dark about his "hieroglyphs." Take almost any of his pictures, 'Charity,' 'The Throne of Death,' 'Diana and Endymion,' 'The Death of Abel,' 'Mammon,' 'The Minotaur,' 'Sir Galahad,' 'Love and Death,' and so on through the long list. I do not pretend that every one of them is an open book. But, taking Watts's mythological, allegorical, and illustrative designs all together, there is surprisingly little mysticism in them; they are never wilfully obscure; they stand, first and last, for the effort of a noble spirit to comfort and cheer mankind with fine ideas, set forth in direct fashion. Incidentally, the artist—since he is, after all, an artist as well as a teacher—will exert the charm of beautiful form and monumental design. Incidentally, though he has not the gift of color, but is, on the contrary, always at odds with his palette, and cannot help leaving his tones stringy and impure, without any of the luminosity which one feels the gods ought to have granted him, he will do his best to throw a sensuous glamour over his canvas. But, above all, he will enforce upon you the sublimity of life and death, the magic of poetry, the thought and feeling that makes art always, in the last resort, a matter of humanity as well as of paint and brushes.

If these preoccupations of his tell constantly in his pictures, they are hardly less effective in his portraits, which are so clearly works "of the center," so rich in the qualities of the painter for whom surfaces are only veils but dimly hiding the soul beneath, that they would have given him the rank he enjoyed even if he had never painted anything else. . . .

Some of his early portraits recall the French Academicians of the time. The savor of formalism in them is in curious contrast to the intellectual vitality they possess. Watts was not long, however, in broadening his method, and the tendency in the great mass of portraiture by which he is chiefly known today, the fruit of his riper years, is all in the direction of bolder modeling and looser brushwork. He gives a profounder rendering of structure, and envelops it in a richer atmosphere. From the start he seems to have gravitated toward types of mature and brilliant manhood, rather than toward feminine charm. When he did execute portraits of women, he made them like his portraits of men, studies of character, wasting no time or energy on the petty effects so dear to the fashionable portrait-painter. One among the comparatively small number of these paintings, the famous full-length of the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham, is a portrait of the modern *grande dame*, which for dignity and high-bred sentiment might stand beside the historic canvases of the Venetian school. . . . But for the fullest measure of Watts's genius as a portrait-painter, we must still go to that wonderful array of canvases in which he commemorates the statesmen, poets, and other public men of the Victorian era.

He was their "limner in extraordinary," the interpreter of their genius, and, so far as their personalities were concerned, the custodian of their fame. He had it in his hand to send his sitters down to posterity as so many "frail tenements of clay," or as the embodiment of certain qualities of mind or soul; and somehow, in spite of the technical limitations which always hampered him, he followed with remarkable success the course which his idealistic nature inevitably dictated to him. . . .

In thus creating permanent memorials of the great Englishmen of his time, he not only put the individual in his debt, but laid the nation under a heavy obligation, and it is perhaps worth while to ask what his countrymen did to show their gratitude.

They praised him without stint. They freely accepted the gifts he made to more than one public institution, his splendid addition to the stores of the National Portrait Gallery being received with positive enthusiasm. Twice a baronetcy was offered to him—only to be refused on both occasions. The Academy was quick to honor itself in honoring him, and he was not without the usual official recognition, both at home and abroad, which an artist of his distinction would be bound to receive. Yet England never gave him the opportunity to paint upon the walls of her public buildings those colossal decorations in which his genius might, perhaps, have found its best outlet. . . . Are the English to be blamed? To approach this point is to approach the whole question of Watts's standing as an artist, to ask whether he was one of those commanding geniuses who enforce themselves upon their age, or one of the less fortunate men in whose characters there are hiatuses, imperfections, limitations, which act forever as bars to the achievement of unquestioned fame. There can be no doubt that Watts belonged to this latter class, and it is juster, I think, frankly to recognize that fact than to criticize the English for leaving a talent unexploited at their gates.

Great he was, with the greatness of a fine intellect and a pure imagination; his moral fervor reacted upon his work with results that it would be silly to group with those of the ordinary painter of didactic anecdotes; and all through the tangible fabrics of his creating, in the dramatic sweep of his design, and in the nobility of his forms, you discern a beauty that has the accent of greatness upon it. But Watts was not a great *painter;* he did not reach in drawing, modeling, and color the plane of the great masters, and without that uplift he failed, necessarily, to impose himself absolutely upon his generation, to bend his countrymen to his will, or to found a school.

ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE 'ENGLISH CONTEMPORARY ART'

WATTS once said to a friend, "I paint ideas, not things." The saying requires definition. Ideas, if they are not the whole of art, are the whole of Watts. They have inspired his career; they are his reason for existence. If he paints, it is not for his own pleasure, nor for that of others. He paints to serve his generation. He paints to teach cockneys morality, and to make club-men consider their destinies. It is as if an angel had come down from heaven and said to him, "Work! No matter if your pictures are bad,

you must save souls." For the proper mission of art is to urge men to higher things and thoughts, and, to fulfil this mission, the artist strives to incarnate in his art an echo of the vital interests of life; something that may suggest more to human nature as a whole than the purely artistic conception of his subject. . . .

And not only in his subject and in the aim he pursues, but still more by the method he employs, is Watts an idealist. He is guided in everything by ideas, not by things; not by the idea of beauty, but of appropriateness, of dignity, of stability. He never chooses a subject for mere beauty of form, for he does not consider form in the first place.

His drawing and coloring are also governed by his independent ideas of the impressions made by art. For serious subjects he employs serious coloring, and for other subjects different tones. Then, as it is not fitting that eternal truths should be expressed in language that fades like the grass of the field, he proscribes all mediums, all dilutions of the oils or of any other substance, all mixtures of colors, of the durability of which he is not assured. He lays his colors on dry and clean without moistening them, touch by touch, stroke by stroke, as in pastels. No matter if it looks less well; it is more lasting. His drawing is even more inspired by a preconceived idea than by nature. He does indeed arrange a model before him, but he does not look at it. If he were to gaze at it, the living being might alter his preconceived idea of the myth, and it is the myth alone that concerns him.

There is a patriotic idea, too, which has guided his hand in the grand and solemn outlines of his figures. To do noble work was the first ambition of his youth, the first cry from his heart to his only master, the marbles of Phidias. Why to do noble work? Because it is more lovely than vulgar work? No! Because it is more honorable for England.

When Watts appeared the whole genius of the painters of that day was devoted to painting in detail the costumes of Goldsmith's comic characters, or to producing the gloss on the coat of a dog in a kennel. It might have been said that the English had never been moved by the great scenes of history, or by the high ideals of philosophy. And yet they had a noble literature, a lofty school of poetry in no wise inferior to that of other nations. Was it possible that their painting should continue to persuade the world that only petty pleasures and paltry passions prevailed in the United Kingdom? No! At any cost England should have a heroic art. The painter might fail, but he would have shown at least that if the English are not great artists they are good citizens.

Sometimes a victory is unnecessary, but a struggle is inevitable. Watts, striving to recall to life on his canvas the mutilated marbles of Phidias, was like Lord Cardigan charging at Balaklava. It was a foolish, unheard of, hopeless attempt; success was impossible, and he knew it. But the honor of England required the attempt to be made in the sight of all nations. The general threw his men forward to their destruction on the Russian guns and bayonets; Watts paints his great mythological compositions, over which he will spend his life unsuccessfully.

For if we turn to his work from the consideration of his ideas, we shall experience, at first, most painful surprise and profound disappointment. He is said to draw with his brush and to fix his outlines in color; it is even said that he thus transfers the figure of the model directly to his composition without any intermediate studies, in order not to be influenced for too long a time by the real forms he has under his eye. And his drawing betrays such haste. His figures are like great trees blown into strange contact by the wind. They bend and sway and recover themselves by sudden jerks. He mingles clouds, grass, birds, rays of sunlight, veils, scarfs, folds, floating locks, embraces, contortions, and swoons. There is no knowing where all these lines of crude color are going, whence they come, what they mean. Suddenly his figures turn half of their bodies; the trunk turns for example, while the legs remain stationary in their first position. Forged in thick layers of paint, the limbs are undeveloped and displeasing. As to the soft heavy draperies, blue or gray on glowing grounds, they twist and fold, and break up, and divide into a thousand flowing channels. There is a superfluity of folds. The robes are surplices. The sleeves are plaits. The colors are all out of harmony. Sometimes the violence of one tone diminishes that of another, and a Venetian harmony is the result, but that never lasts long. The accompanying colors are so out of tune that, in spite of the beauty of the duet, the whole produces the effect of a discord, and you are ready to turn away, persuaded that there is nothing worth waiting longer to listen to. And yet you linger, for while Watts's color distracts the eye, his ideas penetrate to the depth of the soul, and slowly arouse something that was sleeping there. These myths, so laboriously brought forth by the artist, apart from all picturesque feeling, by the mere strength of his character and the single energy of his heart, we recognize with surprise are human, are of the present day, are alive.

Some years ago, when I visited the South Kensington Museum, London, for the first time, I took by chance the staircase leading to the library.[1] At that time I held the conviction that mythological painting was a false, decadent, commonplace style; that out of such impersonal figures as Death, Justice, Time, and Love, nothing more could nowadays be made than a spiritless decoration for the ceilings of a public building or of a confectioner's shop. I then thought, like many others, that to infuse fresh life-blood, and moving, speaking feeling, into these myths, worn out by soaring into abstractions, they must of necessity be metamorphosed into portions of contemporary life. I still held this opinion when I mounted the first step of that staircase; by the time I had reached the last step I no longer believed that mythological painting was dead. What was there between these two opinions? Two pictures by Watts.

It is true that these two myths were chosen from those which lose nothing of their fascination as the world loses its sense of mystery. On one side hung 'Love and Death;' on the other, 'Love and Life.' To attract our eyes with curiosity to pictures of beings who have never existed, who merely incorporate a condition of ourselves, they must be beings whose essence we ardently

[1] Several of Watts's pictures, placed temporarily in the South Kensington Museum, then hung on the walls of this staircase.

desire to look into; and, if we know that it is wholly imaginary, it is enough if we also know that nothing in life is more powerful, more inevitable, than these conventional beings. Science and modern criticism have put to flight many allegorical figures, and have dried up many founts of poetry; but two myths have retained all their power and fascination over us, Love and Death. . . .

As long as love lasts poetry will live, even under an abstract form; as long as death lasts religion will not die; and wishing to put new life into the myths, Watts chose the two grandest and most attractive of them, those which science can neither explain away nor lessen to the minds of men—Love and Death. But this choice would not have sufficed had not the master of symbolism brought a new and deep feeling to his presentation of them in default of great esthetic qualities.

Watts is the painter of Love and Death; but not of hateful or ridiculous Death, of the skeleton let out of an anatomical cabinet who heads the 'Dance of Death,' nor of that braggart and tricksy Love, the urchin made to be whipped, who plays tricks on Thorwaldsen's nymphs, or pricks M. Bouguereau's young shepherds with paper arrows. His Love is manly and his Death benevolent. The former sustains life, and the latter heals it. His winged god is the powerful god who makes hearts beat ready for sacrifice; his veiled goddess is the watchful mother who lulls the bodies of her children to rest. And when the aged artist, inspired by a touch of genius, represents this Love and this Death great as he has conceived them, beautiful as he has made them, such as he has revived them, then he reaches the climax of his work and of his thought. The little Love, who fights like a sentinel, who braces himself, who refuses manfully to let the gloomy visitor pass him by, is noble and great; he is satisfied that life is a boon to him whom he is protecting; he would preserve it for him; he does his duty. But great and noble is this phantom also, which advances so calmly, and which seems to say to the courageous child, "You know not what you are doing. You have accompanied and supported him in rugged paths; I will lead him to the kingdom where there is no more weariness. Your part is done; let me accomplish mine. You can do less for him than I can. You dazzle, but I enlighten; you guide, but I gather in; you console, but I cure."

One day Michelangelo met Raphael with his pupils in a Roman garden, and the old man jested with the younger, saying, "You go about surrounded with people, as if you were the head of an army." "And you," replied Raphael, "go about alone—like the executioner."

This saying might be applied to Watts also; to his art which no man follows, to the awe he inspires, to the profound impression he makes on the imagination. Thinking over all the artists who work in England, it is Watts, the gloomiest of them, who makes a mark on the memory. He has painted nothing to amuse us. He has been the executioner of all dreams of joy, of all illusions. Looking at him, as looking at the executioner, we think of the last hour, not only of criminals, but of all mankind; of the only inevitable picture of our life, of what we shall be then, and above all, of what we would have been.—

FROM THE FRENCH BY H. M. POYNTER

The Works of Watts

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'LOVE AND LIFE' PLATE I

"THE truth which the artist has sought to embody in this picture," writes Mr. Edward T. Cook, "is that Love—in its widest sense as charity, sympathy, unselfishness—raises human life upward; that humanity in its rugged path is helped by tender aid on the one hand and tender trust on the other. He has purposely kept the picture light and simple; it is rich in atmospheric quality, pervaded by an exquisitely pearly opalescent hue. The angel of Love at once supports and leads Life up the rocky paths to the blue hills beyond, his sheltering wings shading the rays of light from beating too fiercely upon the frail form."

It is said that of all Watts's allegories this was in his eyes the most full of significance, and considered by him his most direct message to the present generation. One version of the subject, now in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris, he gave to the French nation; another, varying in some slight particulars, was presented by him to the United States, and is now in the White House, Washington; while a third, the one here reproduced, he gave to the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery), London. It measures about seven feet two inches high by nearly four feet wide.

'LOVE AND DEATH' PLATE II

THE most famous picture by Watts, and in some respects his masterpiece, is this painting of 'Love and Death.' The subject was suggested to the artist while painting the portrait of a young man who, endowed with the best of this world's gifts, was to the grief of his family and friends slowly dying of a fatal disease; and as at each sitting the painter saw more and more plainly how vain were the efforts of those who loved him to stay the hand of Death, he conceived the idea which many years later found expression in this picture, which he himself has described as "the progress of the inevitable but not terrible Death, who partially but not completely overshadows Love."

Death, a mighty form whose face we cannot see, draped in a robe of ashen gray, presses onward with relentless force to the very door of the house of him whom she has come to claim, unheedful of Love, who meets her on the threshold and struggles with all the energy of despair to bar the way. But the climbing rose that Love has planted is rudely torn away, its petals are scattered upon the ground, and Love's brilliant wings are crushed, and his fair form darkened by the shadow of Death, who in another second will have passed beyond him into the room.

One version of this picture was presented by the artist to the city of Manchester, England, and another, the one here reproduced, to the English nation. This canvas is in the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery), London. It measures about eight feet high by four feet wide.

'DIANA AND ENDYMION' PLATE III

"CLASSIC legend," writes Cosmo Monkhouse, "supplied Watts with the subjects for perhaps his most perfect pictures, but although as a student of the dead rather than a rival of the living he is above all indebted to the Greeks, it is the art of Venice more that than of Athens of which we are reminded in his lovely vision of 'Diana and Endymion.'"

With exquisite grace Watts has here portrayed the young Greek shepherd, who, sleeping on Mount Latmos, charmed with his beauty the cold heart of Diana. Robed in diaphanous garments of pale, silvery blue, the goddess of the moon bends down from heaven to kiss Endymion, lulling him into an eternal sleep. The idea of the crescent moon has been subtly suggested by the painter in the curve of the hovering figure of Diana and in the cool silvery hues of her drapery and the light gold of her hair. "For grace of line, classic beauty of form, and charm of mystery," writes Mr. Spielmann, "Watts has rarely surpassed this work."

The picture is now in a private collection in England.

'PORTRAIT OF MRS. PERCY WYNDHAM' PLATE IV

ALTHOUGH Watts was, generally speaking, less successful in his representations of women than of men, a notable exception is offered in his portrait of Mrs. Percy Wyndham, which is regarded not only as the finest of his achievements in this special line, but as one of the finest women's portraits painted in modern times. "It has," writes Mr. Quilter, "all the magnificence of action and surrounding of Carolus Duran's work, with a power of color and a simple dignity to which the French artist could never attain."

Mrs. Percy Wyndham, dressed in a rich green robe cut low in the neck, about which is draped some soft white material, stands against a background of laurel branches. Her hair is dark and her complexion clear and pale. One elbow rests upon a garden balustrade, and at her feet is a large open vase of dull red filled with creamy white magnolia blossoms and brown and green leaves. "With the exception of these flowers and of the flesh-tints," writes Sir Walter Armstrong, "the general effect is that of a symphony in green. I can," he adds, "recall no modern portrait which is so striking in the dignity of pose, freedom of drawing, and rich harmony of color."

The portrait, which is here reproduced by permission of Mrs. Wyndham, is life-sized. When first shown at the Grosvenor Gallery, London, it was pronounced "one of the triumphs of the exhibition." It is owned by the Hon. Percy Wyndham, Salisbury, England.

'HOPE' PLATE V

ONE of the most poetic of Watts's ideal subjects is this picture of 'Hope' seated with her lyre in her hand, blindfold, upon the globe. In the dim twilight her robe of palest green gleams almost white against the evening sky, the coloring and the delicate lines of the drapery investing the figure with a dream-like aspect. Surely never was there a sadder, more pathetic Hope, nor one seemingly more closely akin to Despair! But bending over her lyre to

catch the faint sound of the melody for which she yearns, "she strives"—the words are the painter's—"to get all the music out of the last remaining string," while in the sky there shines a single star prophetic of brightness to come.

The picture was painted in 1885. Twelve years later it was presented by Watts to the English nation, and is now in the National Gallery of British Art (Tate Gallery), London. It measures about four feet seven inches high by three feet wide.

'GANYMEDE' PLATE VI

AMONG the pictures of children which Watts has painted, none is more charming than this representation of the youthful Ganymede, the cup-bearer of Zeus, who was borne from earth to Olympus, the abode of the gods, by an eagle—or, as one version of the story has it, by Zeus himself in the form of an eagle—and there endowed with immortality.

Watts has painted him with dark curly hair and large wondering eyes, holding in one hand a bunch of ripe grapes, and in the other a cup. The head of the eagle is seen at the left of the picture, while one wing of the bird extends behind the boy's naked shoulder. Ganymede's draperies are deep red, and the whole color-scheme is rich and harmonious.

The picture was one of the collection of works in the artist's possession at Little Holland House.

'SIR GALAHAD' PLATE VII

ONE of the most popular pictures by Watts is this representation of Sir Galahad, the knight of King Arthur's Round Table so spotless in his perfect purity that to his sight was revealed the Holy Grail, that mystic chalice which contained the blood of Christ, and to him alone was success vouchsafed in its quest.

In Watts's painting Sir Galahad has dismounted from his horse and stands in an attitude of devotion, as if already through the forest shades he saw the heavenly vision. The woody background and tangled vegetation, the figure of the knight with his auburn hair and dark armor, and with his snow-white horse beside him, are well rendered; but, as in all the artist's works, it is the underlying idea which is emphasized rather than any technical merits or defects, and in Sir Galahad, the knight "who knew no fear," Watts has given us an impersonation of youthful fervor, of manly purity, and the inspiration of a great ideal.

There are two versions of this picture, one of which, the earlier and less finished, was given by the artist to Eton College, England, where it hangs in the college chapel; the other, which is here reproduced, is owned by Alexander Henderson, Esq., London.

'PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL MANNING' PLATE VIII

THIS portrait is one of the most striking of that great series of representations of distinguished men painted by Watts and presented by him to the English nation. Cardinal Manning is here shown seated in a carved arm-

chair, wearing the red cope and biretta, or cap, and the white lace robe of his office. The emaciated face with its lofty brow, delicate features, sunken cheeks, and clear gray eyes—the face of an ascetic—is marked with intellectual power.

Cardinal Manning was one of the most notable characters of his day, occupying for many years a prominent position in the religious, literary, social, and political world of England of the nineteenth century. Born in 1808, he was, after graduating from Oxford, ordained in the English Church, but in 1851 was received into the Church of Rome. After various promotions he was consecrated archbishop of Westminster, and, finally, in 1875, created a cardinal.

This portrait was painted in 1882, when he was seventy-four years old. It measures about three feet high by two feet three inches wide, and is in the National Portrait Gallery, London.

'PORTRAIT OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON' PLATE IX

OF the many portraits which Watts painted of Tennyson, who was among his closest friends, the one in the possession of Lady Henry Somerset, at Eastnor Park, England, and here reproduced, is regarded as the finest. It was painted in 1859, when the poet was fifty years old and in the full maturity of his powers.

Tennyson, as is well known, was a man of powerful build and great physical beauty —"one of the finest looking men in the world," Carlyle wrote in describing him to Emerson in 1840; "a great shock of dusky hair, bright, laughing hazel eyes, massive aquiline face—most massive yet most delicate."

This portrait of him by Watts, which from a certain dreamy quality it possesses, suggestive of the poetic glamour of moonlight, is known as "the great moonlight portrait," calls to mind the poet's own lines in which he embalmed the substance of a reply given by Watts in response to his request that the artist would describe his ideal of what a true portrait-painter should be:

> "As when a painter, poring on a face,
> Divinely, through all hindrance, finds the man
> Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
> The shape and color of a mind and life,
> Lives for his children, ever at its best."

'ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE' PLATE X

AMONG those paintings suggested to the artist's mind by classical myths, this picture of 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' which formed part of the collection of works in his gallery at Little Holland House, is one of the most beautiful. Watts painted two quite different versions of the subject, of which the one here represented is the earlier; in the other, the figures are full-length, and in the treatment it is more dramatic, but in both versions the moment chosen by the artist is the same—that pathetic moment when Orpheus, Apollo's son, having descended into the regions of the dead, and by the power of the music of his lyre persuaded Pluto to restore to life his lost Eurydice, sees the beloved

form sink back into death because he had violated the sole condition upon which his prayer had been granted—that until he had with Eurydice reached once more the upper world he should not turn to look upon her face.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY WATTS IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

A LARGE number of pictures by the late George Frederick Watts belong to the collection in the artist's gallery of his works at Little Holland House, London, and in his studio at Limnerslease, Surrey. A comparatively small number are in private possession. The following list includes only such as have already been placed in public collections, with the addition of the version of 'Love and Life,' now in the White House at Washington, D. C., which was presented to the United States by Mr. Watts.

ENGLAND. CAMBRIDGE, TRINITY COLLEGE: Portrait of Lord Tennyson—ETON COLLEGE, CHAPEL: Sir Galahad—LEICESTER, TOWN HALL: Fata Morgana—LONDON, HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, UPPER WAITING HALL: St. George and the Dragon (fresco)—LONDON, LINCOLN'S INN, GREAT HALL: School of Legislature (fresco)—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART: Death Crowning Innocence; Mammon; The Messenger; Eve Tempted; 'She shall be called Woman;' Eve Repentant; Dray Horses; The Spirit of Christianity; Hope (Plate v); 'For he had great Possessions;' Jonah; The Dweller in the Innermost; 'Sic transit Gloria Mundi;' The All-Pervading; Love and Life (Plate i); Love Triumphant; Love and Death (Plate ii); Time, Death, and Judgment; Chaos; Faith; The Minotaur; Psyche; Life's Illusions; Portrait of Watts—LONDON, NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: Sir Henry Taylor; Sir Anthony Panizzi; Dante Gabriel Rossetti; William Morris; Matthew Arnold; Robert Browning; Lord Tennyson; Cardinal Manning (Plate viii); John Stuart Mill; Lord Lawrence; Thomas Carlyle; Lord Lytton; Lord Sherbrooke; Lord Lyndhurst; Earl of Shaftsbury; Earl Russell; Rt. Hon. Friedrich Max-Müller; W. E. Gladstone; Lord Leighton; Dr. Martineau; Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; Lord Lyons; Sir Andrew Clark; Sir John Peter Grant; Sir Charles Hallé; Duke of Argyll—LONDON, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: Time, Death, and Judgment—LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: Head of Lorenzo de' Medici (fresco); Figures and Heads (frescos)—MANCHESTER, ART GALLERY: Love and Death; The Good Samaritan—FRANCE. PARIS, LUXEMBOURG GALLERY: Love and Life—GERMANY. MUNICH, NEUE PINAKOTHEK: The Happy Warrior—ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Portrait of Watts—UNITED STATES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THE WHITE HOUSE: Love and Life.

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Palma Vecchio

VENETIAN SCHOOL

PALMA VECCHIO
ST. BARBARA
CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA FORMOSA, VENICE

Mali

UCFM

PALMA VECCHIO
MADONNA WITH ST. CATHERINE AND ST. JOHN
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

PALMA VECCHIO
THE MEETING OF JACOB AND RACHEL
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

PALMA VECCHIO
MADONNA WITH ST. LUCY AND ST. GEORGE
CHURCH OF SAN STEFANO, VICENZA

Mau

U of N

PALMA VECCHIO
THE THREE SISTERS
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

UofI

PALMA VECCHIO
VIOLANTE
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

M40U

UofM

PALMA VECCHIO
MADONNA WITH SAINTS AND DONORS
NAPLES MUSEUM

Uof I

PALMA VECCHIO
PORTRAIT OF A LADY
COLLECTION OF M. ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD, PARIS

Main

UofM

PALMA VECCHIO
ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS
LOUVRE, PARIS

PALMA VECCHIO
PORTRAIT OF A POET
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

PORTRAIT OF PALMA VECCHIO BY HIMSELF MUNICH GALLERY

This portrait, about which critics are disagreed, is believed by many to be the painting described by Vasari as a likeness of Palma Vecchio painted by himself, in which he is "clothed in a robe of camel's hair, with locks of hair hanging about his head." Vasari praises the "living glance and turning of the eyes," as well as the "grace, dignity, and many other excellencies," which make this portrait, he says, "the best of all the master's works." For opinions regarding the authenticity of this famous panel, see page 24 of the present number of this SERIES.

Jacopo Palma

CALLED

Palma Vecchio

BORN 1480(?) : DIED 1528
VENETIAN SCHOOL

OF the life of no other great Italian artist of the sixteenth century is so little known as of that of the popular painter Jacopo, or Jacomo, Palma, called Palma Vecchio (Pal-mah Vek-kee-o), signifying Palma the old, or elder, to distinguish him from his grandnephew of the same name, also a painter, who, in his turn, was known as Palma Giovine, Palma the young, or younger. The family name was Negreti, and in documents prior to 1512 Palma Vecchio seems to have signed himself Jacomo de Antonio de Negreti; after that date, however, his signature appears as Jacomo Palma, by which name, but more familiarly as Palma Vecchio, he is known to us.

The Venetians claimed Palma Vecchio as a native of their city, and Vasari in speaking of him as "the Venetian Palma" seems to have accepted their claim. But recent research has proved that Boschini, as well as the anonymous writer of Venice known as "The Anonimo," was correct in stating that his origin was Bergamask, and has further established the fact recorded by his later biographer, Ridolfi, that his birthplace was the village of Serina, or Serinalta, in the Valley of the Brembo, not many miles from the town of Bergamo. The house in which he lived in his youth in this little village among the hills of Lombardy is still pointed out as *la cà' del pittùr*—the house of the painter.

The date of Palma's birth is not certainly known. If Vasari is to be believed, he was born in the year 1840, for according to that writer Palma was forty-eight when he died, and documentary proof exists that his death occurred in the year 1528.

Although the first actual evidence of the painter's presence in Venice is his signature in 1510 as a witness to the will of one Sofia, wife of Rocco Dossena, and presumably a Bergamask lady then resident in Venice, it is believed that he went to that city when very young, and that, together with Titian and Gior-

gione, he there entered the studio of Giovanni Bellini, whose influence is perceptible in some of his early works. But whether his master was Bellini, or whether it was to some other fifteenth-century painter that he owed his artistic training, there can be no doubt that he was influenced by both Titian and Giorgione, probably his seniors by only a few years. Another painter with whom he came into close contact in Venice was his countryman Lorenzo Lotto, whom he may have known in Bergamo, and who was both influenced by Palma, and, in his turn, left his impression upon Palma's work.

There is evidence that Palma paid frequent visits to his native place. At Dossena and Peghera—both in the Valley of the Brembo—as well as at his native Serina, examples of his work may still be seen. With the exception of these short journeys, however, he seems to have spent the remainder of his life in Venice, busily engaged in painting altar-pieces, *Sante Conversazioni*, or 'Holy Conversations'—as those pictures are called in which groups of saints in adoration of the Madonna and Child are depicted in peaceful landscapes—and in portraying the features of the men and women of well-known families among the nobility of that time in Venice, notably of the women, of whom Palma may be said to be the painter *par excellence*, and whom he frequently idealized by representing them in classic costumes under such titles as 'Lucrezia,' or 'Judith.'

For only two of Palma's paintings do we possess approximate dates. It is known that in 1520 he was commissioned by Marin Querini to paint an altar-piece for the Church of Sant' Antonio in Venice, of which only a portion has been preserved and is now in the Giovanelli Palace, Venice; and that in 1525 he agreed to paint for a lady of the Malipero family an altar-piece representing 'The Adoration of the Magi,' to decorate the island-church of Sant' Elena. This work, now in the Brera Gallery, Milan, was left unfinished at his death and was completed by a pupil—probably Cariani.

On July 28, 1528, Palma made his will. As he was unmarried the greater part of his fortune was bequeathed to two nephews and a niece, the children of his brother Bartolommeo, who had died four years previously. Twenty ducats were to be distributed among his poor relatives in the territory of Bergamo and in Venice, and, by the painter's desire, prayers were to be said for his soul in the Sanctuary of Assisi. The witnesses to this will were three countrymen of Palma's—Marcus Bayeto, a wine-seller, Zuan da Sant' Angelo, a fruiterer, and Fantin di Girardo, a dyer. From the manner in which the painter speaks of himself in this document it has been surmised that for some time he had been in feeble health; whether this was so, or whether his last sickness was of short duration, it is recorded that he died only two days after signing his will, leaving in his studio over forty pictures to be finished by his pupils. He was buried in the vault of the Confraternity of the Holy Spirit, of which he had been a member, in the Church of San Gregorio, Venice.

Of Palma Vecchio's personal appearance we have conflicting evidence in the two portraits of him published in different early editions of Vasari's 'Lives of the Painters,' and in the portrait reproduced on page 22 of the present number of this SERIES, which is totally unlike either of the others. In regard to

the Vasari portraits, however, there is insufficient ground for belief in their authenticity as likenesses of Palma. As to the last-named work, critics are not agreed. Formerly held to be a portrait of Giorgione by himself, Dr. Mündler has identified it with the picture of Palma Vecchio described by Vasari as "without doubt the portrait of the artist, which he took with the assistance of a mirror," and which is highly praised by this same writer. Morelli, however, although admitting that the broad drawing and modeling point to the authorship of Palma more than to that of any other Venetian, considers the pose of the head and the almost defiant expression of the features to be out of character for such a simple and unassuming painter as Palma, a theory which he fails to strengthen by the statement that "no man who like Palma selected as executors of his will a wine-seller and a fruiterer would ever have borne himself so haughtily as this young man." By this critic the portrait is attributed, though not, be it said, without hesitation, to Palma's contemporary Cariani, an attribution in which Mr. Berenson concurs; but by the authorities of the Munich Gallery, where the picture now hangs, it is unquestioningly assigned to Palma Vecchio, and listed in the latest official catalogue as a portrait of that painter. This attribution is accepted by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Charles Blanc, Dr. von Reber, Signor Pasino Locatelli of Bergamo, and others.

The Art of Palma Vecchio

THE position occupied by Palma Vecchio in the history of the development of Venetian painting is a subject of controversy among critics. Crowe and Cavalcaselle hold the opinion that he was a pioneer who "shared with Giorgione and Titian the honor of modernizing and regenerating Venetian art," and that "from the borders of Piedmont on the west to the Gulf of Trieste on the east there was not a city of any pretensions that did not feel the influence of Palmesque art," whereas Morelli, while acknowledging that "Palma was the most justly celebrated of all the Bergamask artists," maintains that he was a follower rather than an initiator.

The theory of Crowe and Cavalcaselle regarding this painter, about whom so little is definitely known, seems to be based mainly upon the inscription on a picture—a 'Holy Conversation'—formerly in a private collection in Paris and now in the Condé Museum, Chantilly, which bears the artist's name and the letters "M D" (1500)—a date which in their opinion proves that Palma's art, even at that early period, had taken an expanded form, and that his position as a master was then assured. This date, however, is believed by Morelli, and by all modern critics, to be a late forgery. If this be so, Palma has been accorded by Crowe and Cavalcaselle and their adherents too important a place in the development of Venetian painting; if, on the other hand, the date be authentic, then Crowe and Cavalcaselle may be right in claiming for him the position of a leader, an originator, "marching," as Sir Walter

Armstrong has said, "shoulder to shoulder with Giorgione in the sudden expansion of fifteenth-century into sixteenth-century art in Venice."

In the opinion of this last-named critic, indeed, Palma's message was almost complete before Titian "had thrown off the last trammels of the fifteenth century, and created those things which have set him at the head of Italian painting." "It seems," he says, "that although the final cause of the stride taken by Venetian art at the beginning of the sixteenth century was the exceptional personality of Giorgione, the credit due for the wideness, the rapidity, and the completeness of the change belongs in the main to Palma. . . . That before him Giorgione was a finer spirit, and that, during his last years, Titian grew into a more commanding personality, does not affect the question, which is one not so much of rank as of chronology; and, seeing what Palma had done before the sixteenth century had completed its first quarter, it would be unjust to strip him of such honor as belongs to the successful popularizer, at least, of a new idea."

By the majority of critics the position accorded to Palma Vecchio is less important, the general opinion being that, charming as he is in many of his works, even great as he shows himself to be in some few, he cannot claim to be a leader or an epoch-marking painter. "He cannot," as Vasari's recent editors have said, "be placed beside the giants of later Venetian art, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, but he stands in the forefront of the second rank, and he is so thoroughly a Venetian, though Bergamask by birth, that his pictures have been constantly, and still are, mistaken for the work of Titian."

ADOLF PHILIPPI 'DIE KUNST DER RENAISSANCE IN ITALIEN'

PALMA VECCHIO, the painter of portraits of women with soft, gleaming flesh and golden hair, is, next to Titian, the most popular of the Venetian masters. In the landscape backgrounds of his pictures, in the general arrangement of his compositions, and frequently in the figures themselves, Giorgione's influence is perceptible; but he is not Giorgione's equal in intensity of feeling or power of expression. Palma's range is not extended, and the same subject is so frequently repeated that it is not difficult to recognize his pictures. His forte lay in painting women; when he did portray men he was apt to give them gentle and somewhat effeminate faces, and it is only on rare occasions that he succeeded in painting a really strong male figure, such as the St. George in one of his finest pictures, the great altar-piece in the Church of San Stefano at Vicenza.

His figures of women, painted either singly or in groups, were not so often meant to be portraits of any special persons as they were to represent a type; and beautiful as many of them are, more beautiful still than their faces, which although possessing a certain charm are apt to be somewhat vapid, are their garments, to which far more importance is given than to the figures. As to the hands, so significant in the work of many of the great painters skilled in the portrayal of character, they are wholly lacking in any distinctive expression. The landscapes which Palma introduced into his pictures, however, are of ex-

quisite beauty, and a serene and cheerful, though never a very animated spirit pervades his scenes.

When, as was rarely the case, he essayed the nude, as for example the 'Venus' of the Dresden Gallery, and the 'Adam and Eve' in Brunswick, we see that his drawing is less correct and his whole conception far less elevated than in Giorgione's or Titian's treatment of similar subjects. Even in his draped figures of women the flesh is more effective in its coloring than it is true to nature. But the richness of his palette, the enamel-like quality of his technique, the brilliancy of his lights, are all fully displayed in the appurtenances of the toilet, in the care of which the fashionable ladies of Venice spent a great portion of their time; and when he represents their golden or auburn-colored hair, or paints their rich dresses of brilliant hues whose voluminous folds and ample puffs not only covered but completely concealed the shape of the figure, Palma was in his element. In the rendering of costly stuffs all the splendor of his art is displayed, and it is in them that we see in its perfection that Palmesque coloring characteristic of a technique peculiarly his own.

The fact that Palma never signed or dated any of his canvases makes it impossible, in studying his development as a painter, to assign any exact chronological places to his pictures. But as he was neither very profound as an artist nor very varied in his achievement, and as his development was limited almost wholly to the one direction of coloring, uncertainty as to the precise period when any single picture was painted does not prevent an understanding of his work as a whole. Only once did he rise to a great, an almost monumental style, and that was when he painted for the Venetian artillerists the altar-piece for their chapel in the Church of Santa Maria Formosa at Venice, with St. Barbara, the patroness of soldiers, upon the central panel—a figure so truly grand that it is worthy to rank with the finest ideal creations of Italian painting. To this same period may be assigned the important altar-piece of the Madonna and saints in Vicenza.

Prior to the time when these works were painted, several different "manners" led up to the point at which Palma attained his greatest skill as a colorist. His early work, the 'Adam and Eve' in the Brunswick Gallery, is painted in a comparatively speaking colorless way—in brownish tones; later on, his palette became more varied, but the colors, although brilliant, were not blended into an effect of unity; his shadows were dark, and the drawing was distinctly defined. By degrees he arrived at a more fluent execution, overcoming all that was hard in outline and glaring in color, and bathing the whole in an indescribably lovely golden light. To this latest period belong some of his celebrated portraits of beautiful women. . . .

Because of a certain spirit known as "Palmesque," which pervades his work and causes it to make an immediate appeal to the spectator; because, too, of the gem-like quality of color in many of his pictures, to say nothing of the peculiar type of his women's portraits, it has been maintained by some critics that Palma Vecchio was an influential, an epoch-marking painter. In reality, however, his was a nature more receptive than it was calculated to leave its impress upon others. His art, as has been said, was somewhat limited,

but in spite of this his works are characterized by much beauty and expression.—ABRIDGED FROM THE GERMAN

CHARLES BLANC 'HISTOIRE DES PEINTRES'

VASARI is right when he says that Palma Vecchio was more skilful as a colorist than as a draftsman. Devoted to his art, painstaking and patient, he finished his pictures highly, blended his colors harmoniously, and was one of the first artists to paint in that soft, somewhat misty manner, that *sfumato* which was invented by Leonardo da Vinci, but not put into practice by the Venetians until Giorgione adopted it; and as Giorgione was of nearly the same age as Palma, it can be truly said that the latter was among the first painters of Venice to express in his pictures the presence of atmosphere, and who displayed that happy, indefinite quality which gives an effect of roundness to the forms by doing away with all hardness of outline. . . .

Almost without except on, Palma's pictures are marked by softness and gentleness; his work is very delicate, but as it is not finicky in its details it produces as agreeable an effect when seen from a distance as when viewed at close range. Upon examination we appreciate the delicacy of work in which everything has been reproduced, while at a distance we no longer count each hair nor note each tiny fold of drapery or slight imperfection of the skin, but take in at a glance the principal lights and shadows, the effect of the whole; for the painter has understood how to reduce to a mass the most elaborate details.

Although distinctly Venetian, Palma's method of painting differed from that of the other great masters in Venice. Tintoretto, for example, and even Titian himself in his old age, sought for a decorative effect, and often painted with an exaggeration of breadth, laying on the colors with apparent and yet with studied carelessness, so that the effect of their works could be obtained only from a distance, when, modified by the intervening air, they still preserved to some extent their accent and their firmness. Palma, on the contrary, laid his colors on thinly—only in the light places are they slightly loaded—and having obtained his effects by means of glazing, obliterated all strokes of the brush according to the delicate manner of Titian in his early youth.—FROM THE FRENCH

GEORG GRONAU BRYAN'S 'DICTIONARY OF PAINTERS AND ENGRAVERS'

THE fact that Palma Vecchio never signed or dated a picture, together with the very few dates, and even those only of his later years, known from documents, makes it easy to understand how difficult it is to trace his artistic development—the more so, as the character of his painting underwent only slight variations during the different decades of his life. As it was with all painters born in the Bergamask province, his art always preserved a strong character of provincialism, which distinguishes him at once from the native-born Venetians. He must have received his first instruction from one of the fifteenth-century masters who followed more the older traditions. This may be seen from the fact that he painted many pictures of the Virgin with

saints and donors in half-length figures, like one of the generation of later fifteenth-century artists, Bissolo, Catena, or Cima; and that some of his altarpieces, among them his most famous, have the form of a polyptych, a painting in many parts, which rarely occurs in the sixteenth century. But this fifteenth-century element is discernible only on the outside of Palma's art; his treatment of form, his sense of color, his understanding of nature, give him his position with the masters of the sixteenth century, with Giorgione, Titian, and Sebastiano del Piombo. So that he occupies a place in Venice not unlike Fra Bartolommeo's in Florence—that of an artist who invested the composition of a previous period with the form of the classic style in Italian art.

But it is not this alone that gives Palma Vecchio a distinct position in the history of Venetian art. He did not, perhaps, introduce, but he certainly developed more than any of his contemporaries the theme generally characterized as a 'Holy Conversation'; this means the reunion of various saints around the Holy Family seated in a meadow, with a background of dark trees and a view of an open landscape extending to the blue mountains beyond. Again and again he repeated this theme, which afterwards became more popular in the work of his pupil Bonifazio. Besides this, Venetian art is indebted to Palma for certain pictures of beautiful women—not portraits, but highly idealized forms with somewhat sensual expressions. . . .

As a colorist Palma Vecchio has his own position among the Venetian masters of his time. Even at a glance it is easy to recognize his work. His color-scheme is brilliant and of a light, almost golden, general tone. The hair of his women is very light and the flesh-tones fair. His handling of the brush is smooth, so that the general impression of his art is frequently somewhat effeminate. In his later years his pictures are sometimes pale in coloring; not a few of these were finished by his pupils, Bonifazio and others; some of them, indeed, because of the large share which his assistants had in completing them, have up to the present time remained unrecognized as his work.

CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE 'A HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTH ITALY'

THE real source at which Palma drew is more distant than annalists imagined; it will be found in Giovanni Bellini, Carpaccio, and Cima; and starting from this point, Palma shared with Giorgione and Titian the honor of modernizing and regenerating Venetian art.

He was not a great master in the full meaning of the term; he had neither the weight nor the versatility of Titian, nor the highest gifts of the colorist which distinguish Giorgione, nor the force or impetuosity of Pordenone—but he was very little behind Giorgione, and he had a much more elevated feeling than his rivals. In the small field which he cultivated he was a fine composer; his drawing was quick and resolute, his touch unhesitating, firm, and fluid. The type of figure to which he clung was full and ripe, ennobled in the faces by delicate chiseled features, and wanting only in the perfect dignity of carriage and mien familiar to Titian. His forms had seldom those infallible marks of breed which are revealed in clean articulations and perfectly proportioned extremities. It may have been lack of attention. it may also

have been want of power to seize and realize the subtlest finesses of anatomy which caused him to conceal the conformation of the human framework under flesh and fat; he certainly generalized with convenience, and carried out movements by suggestion more than by analysis; but in this suggestiveness he was frequently happy even when verging on affectation. . . .

The melody of his tones is not so deep nor so rich as Titian's or Giorgione's, but is striking for its "brio;" there is, perhaps, no painter who dazzles more by his light than Palma. In contrast with pearly skin, especially of women, the clear and varied vestment tints, deadened by juxtaposition, are full of sparkle. Solid, oily impast blended with excessive care and purity is brought to a gay transparence in flesh by opal grays forming the transition to shadow. The general preparation, remodeled at a second painting by half-bodied scumbles, is finished with the very slightest veil of glazes, the whole surface acquiring at last a warm, clear, golden polish. We can always detect the Palmesque handling by the shrivel of the thick first coat of paint and a peculiar form of crackle. Palma's taste in dress was greatly cultivated, and condescended to the smallest minutiæ of ornament and detail; his drapery is more often characterized by breadth and flatness of surface than by flow; it is broken by shallow depressions into angular sections of irregular shape, and varied by the play of reflections in the texture of silks and brocades. Like Giorgione—and in this the true follower of Giovanni Bellini—he was fond of natural backgrounds, and he painted smiling landscapes at the period of their brightest verdure.

We have no authoritative information as to Palma's having been apprenticed to any painter of name, but, like most Bergamasks, he studied the principal masters of Venice at the close of the fifteenth century. In the process of assimilation he held as a colorist to Giovanni Bellini; but in that—as in the absorption of elements derived from Cima and Carpaccio—his reproduction was modern and original. In portraits, and most frequently in portraits of women, where he revealed that sort of excellence which has been coupled with the name of Giorgione, he remained unsurpassed for brilliancy of palette, rich blending and softness of tone, elegance of demeanor, and taste in dress.

MARY LOGAN 'GUIDE TO THE ITALIAN PICTURES AT HAMPTON COURT'

PALMA'S flesh-painting, which has surfaces more even and glossier than Titian's or Lotto's, comes close to Bellini's, and his stuffs, by their lack of luster and heavy texture, tend to produce an effect of dignity which suggests the older rather than the younger generation of Bellinesque painters. Indeed, among the younger men he may be considered as Bellini's most faithful follower, being, in fact, the only one of them who retained as much of the old as he adopted of the new. This gave him a certain solidity and gravity so marked as to distinguish him in the same way that Titian is distinguished for his magnificence and Lotto for his refinement.

The fact that Palma was by birth a peasant from a mountain country may help to explain these qualities, and also to account for the simplicity and even homeliness of some of his pictures. The well-known 'Jacob and Rachel' at

Dresden is a case in point. In the midst of a landscape as romantic as any by Giorgione, Palma has placed a youth and maiden who, in their *bourgeois*, matter-of-fact heartiness, irresistibly suggest Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea.' This tendency, always present, seemed to grow upon him, and he tended to adapt himself more and more to the heavy peasant type with which he was familiar. It has been said of him that he "translated the courtly poetry of Giorgione into the simple language of villagers." Yet if Palma's sense of poetry was weak, his coloring, on the other hand, always remained powerful. In the beginning he used the brownish tones of Bellini; later, under the influence of Giorgione, he became dazzling and gorgeous; and some years before his death he developed a scheme of color of his own, with a decided preference for an extremely blond treatment. He may have acquired this manner through painting those portraits of fat blondes for which he is particularly famous, for it is known that all the fashionable women of Venice flocked to him for their portraits. It may be, on the other hand, that they employed him because he made them look more blond than any other painter would have done, for yellow hair and shining white skin were an indispensable element of fashionable beauty in Venice at that time. . . .

Palma was the inventor of the *Santa Conversazione*, a kind of composition which quickly found great favor in Venice. These pictures purporting to be the Holy Family, alone or with saints grouped around them, are in reality nothing but representations of the Venetians at their favorite recreation, a day's picnic in the country; and his followers did not scruple to introduce into such compositions plates of fruit and even hampers of food. For Palma's originality and power were great enough to place him at the head of a distinct following within the school of Giorgione. One of the most delightful painters of the day, Bonifazio, was so close an adherent of Palma as at times to be almost indistinguishable from him. Cariani, too, was his pupil, and Jacopo Bassano, although not a direct pupil, worked upon his lines. Painters from the country seemed to be attracted to a master whom Venice never succeeded in weaning from his love of rural homeliness.

P. ALBERT. KUHN 'ALLGEMEINE KUNST-GESCHICHTE'

IN Palma Vecchio's works the human form is fuller, rounder, more opulent, and less ideal than in Giorgione's; the colors in his pictures are not so rich nor so deeply shadowed—indeed, the whole scale on which they are painted is lighter and clearer, and the tones are blended into a soft and harmonious unison by means of a golden haze, and frequently by a most delicate *sfumato*. It is by his technique, and by the peculiar breadth and plumpness of his figures, rather than by any imagination or inventive power, that Palma's works are characterized. He excelled in the same directions as did Giorgione—in the painting of altar-pieces; in the portrayal of those *Sante Conversazioni*, or 'Holy Conversations,' scenes in which sacred personages are represented, and which may be said to correspond to Giorgione's poetic idyls of rural life; and lastly, in a kind of portrait, or fancy character-study, partaking of the nature of genre.

In Palma's religious pictures painted for churches the figures are sometimes strong and powerful, marked by dignity and elevation, and to these qualities a dazzling beauty is added, and a fullness of form decidedly suggestive of this world.

The so-called 'Holy Conversations' were not intended for churches, but for the decoration of private houses. In these the theme is always the same, though carried out with variations, the sacred subject becoming in Palma's hands a sort of religious story of every-day life; for in all these outdoor scenes his conception is free and unconstrained, and somewhat mundane, although beneath it all there lies a rich strain of poetic beauty, and, as a rule, there is an ideal splendor and harmony of color.

More characteristic of Palma than any of the kinds of work just named, however, are the half-length figures of women, of which he painted so many that they are inseparably associated with his name, and in which he shows himself to be more truly Venetian than in any others of his works. Even in his altar-pieces we often find female figures—not excepting the Madonna herself—in which he has reproduced the features of one or another of the beautiful women who played so prominent a rôle in the brilliant life of Venice of that day. To the gifts of beauty with which nature had so richly endowed them, we are told that they sought to add new charms by means of the secret arts of the toilet. In his work, written in 1590, on the costumes of the time, Cesare Vecellio relates how skilful they were in imparting a tint yellow as gold to their naturally dark hair. And it would seem that Palma Vecchio freely took advantage of this feminine accomplishment, and in his turn understood how to offset the golden hue of the long braids or of the loosely flowing waves of hair with the most delicate flesh-tones, contrasting the whole with a splendid harmony of color in the garments and in the background. He never tired of glorifying this ideal of Venetian beauty, painting over and over again, in different positions and surroundings, the women who sat for him, sometimes concealing the identity of the model with classic garments and under a classic name, but oftener still portraying her in the rich and picturesque costume of Venice of the sixteenth century —FROM THE GERMAN

JULIA CARTWRIGHT 'CHRIST AND HIS MOTHER IN ITALIAN ART'

PALMA VECCHIO never dated his pictures, but as his style passed through three successive stages, we are able to determine the chronology of his works with some degree of exactness. During his first period he followed the orthodox traditions of Venetian art, and painted in the sober and dignified manner of his master Giovanni Bellini. In the second or middle period his style became more fully developed, and displayed a freedom and splendor of coloring that were plainly the result of his intercourse with Giorgione and Titian. Finally, in his last years he adopted a broader technique and a soft golden tone, which often recall Correggio's style, and are recognized as marks of his third or "blond" manner.

Among the finest works of his maturity are the altar-pieces in the Church of San Stefano at Vicenza, and in Santa Maria Formosa at Venice. The first

is modeled on the old traditions of the fifteenth century, and represents the Virgin enthroned between St. Lucy and St. George, with a child-angel playing a lute on the steps at her feet. The second was painted for the chapel of the Bombardieri in the Church of Santa Maria Formosa, Venice. Here the queenly form of St. Barbara, in crimson robes with a crown on her head and a palm in her hand, is one of Palma's grandest creations. A third altar-piece, now in the Academy of Venice, represents St. Peter enthroned, with an open book on his knee and six other saints at his side. To the same period belong the best of those 'Holy Families,' known as *Sante Conversazioni*, which Palma was the first to introduce, and which soon became popular in Venice. These happy groups, resting in sunny meadows or forest glades, with farm-houses perched on the heights above, and blue hills in the distance, naturally appealed to the rich Venetians' taste for country life, and Palma, who had peasant blood in his veins, took especial delight in these pastoral surroundings which recalled the rural scenes of his mountain home. The fashion which he had set was quickly adopted by contemporary artists, and developed on a larger scale by his pupil Bonifazio. One splendid example of this class of composition by Palma's own hand is in the gallery of Naples; another is the well-known 'Adoration of the Shepherds' in the Louvre. But of all these rural scenes the fairest and most perfect idyl is the 'Meeting of Jacob and Rachel,' in the Dresden Gallery.

Yet a third class of subjects must be named among Palma's works. These are the portraits both of men and women, which, like all his Venetian contemporaries, he painted in large numbers at every period of his career. Chief among his pictures of men is the famous poet of the National Gallery, with the laurel background and the gold chain on his crimson robe—one of Palma's noblest works. The beauties whom he painted, whether under their own names or in the characters of Lucrezia and Venus, were mostly Venetian ladies of great houses, such as the Contarini, the Priuli, and Querini, who were all among Palma's most liberal patrons. Soon he became the fashionable painter of these large, white-skinned, yellow-haired ladies who bathed their locks with golden washes and sat on the roof while their hair dried in the sunshine. Many are the portraits of this type that meet us in public and private galleries. There is the 'Lucrezia' of the Borghese Gallery, Rome, and the 'Venus' of Dresden, a nude woman lying on a white cloth—painted, it must be confessed, with little of Titian's power or of Giorgione's charm. There is the 'Judith' of the Uffizi Gallery and the so-called 'Bella di Tiziano,' formerly of the Sciarra Gallery, in her red mantle, holding the jewel-case in her hand. And there are the 'Three Sisters,' at Dresden, all three of whom have the same full-blown forms, the same placid, comely faces, the same yellow hair, and are painted in Palma's blondest manner, without much sense of refinement, but not without a certain charm. The Imperial Gallery at Vienna boasts no less than six of Palma's beauties, among them the famous 'Violante' with the violet at her breast and the masses of wavy golden hair, who was so favorite a model with the Venetian masters of that time. . . .

To the end of his life Palma's art bore signs of the hardy robustness which

he had inherited from his mountain race, and remained more vigorous and imposing, if less refined and intellectual, than that of the other great Venetian masters.

H. KNACKFUSS AND M. G. ZIMMERMANN 'ALLGEMEINE KUNSTGESCHICHTE'

ALTHOUGH not so profound nor so richly endowed with creative power as Giorgione or Titian, Palma Vecchio occupies an important place in the history of the Venetian Renaissance, for, if he lacks the lofty genius which inspired their art, and gives expression in his pictures to more superficial things, he may for that very reason be said to be the portrayer of the joyousness of the Venetians and of their delight in outward existence, and therefore to hold a position during the early part of the sixteenth century similar to that held by Paolo Veronese during the latter part of the same period.

The superficiality of Palma's artistic nature is manifested in the first place by his careless drawing, which shows the absence of any firm anatomical construction of the figure. Without the gift of dramatic composition, he excels in his representations of peaceful, uneventful existence, and he is full of feeling for that radiant and sumptuous beauty which is embodied for us in his charmingly idealized portraits of women. His colors have less depth than those of his contemporaries, but they are unequaled in their rich and gleaming brilliancy, and seem to exhale the very joy of life. The well-defined forms and hard colors of his early works became, as time went on, constantly broader and freer, his execution became stronger, and finally the outlines were lost in melting softness, and his canvases were suffused in a golden light.—FROM THE GERMAN

The Works of Palma Vecchio

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'ST. BARBARA' PLATE I

THIS world-renowned picture, justly regarded as Palma's greatest work, forms the central panel of an altar-piece painted in the artist's middle or Giorgionesque period, at the request of the Bombardieri, or Venetian artillerists, for the altar of their chapel in the Church of Santa Maria Fomosa at Venice, where it still occupies its original place.

On both sides of this figure are panels on which are represented respectively St. Sebastian and St. Anthony Abbot. Above these are half-length figures of St. John the Baptist and St. Dominic, with a Pietà in a lunette between. These figures, on a smaller scale than is that of the central panel, are excellently rendered and are full of feeling, but none of them equals in beauty or grandeur the St. Barbara, standing upon her pedestal in a majestic attitude, and, as Yriarte has said, "with all the noble serenity of a saint who is yet a woman." Her robe of rich warm brown and her flowing mantle of deep red completely infold her form. A white veil is twisted among the tresses of her golden hair,

and on her head she wears a royal diadem, emblem, as is the palm she holds, of her martyrdom.

St. Barbara is the patroness of soldiers, and for that reason her form was chosen to decorate the altar of the chapel where the artillerists were wont to offer their prayers for her protection in the perils of war, and to give thanks for victory won. Palma has painted at her feet on either side a cannon, and behind her, outlined against the sky, the tower emblematic of her imprisonment by her father, who caused her to be shut up within its walls that her beauty might not attract suitors. The legend relates that while thus confined she was converted to Christianity by a disciple of the famous Origen, who, disguised as a physician, came at her request to instruct her in the tenets of the new faith, reports of which had reached her ears. After her baptism she requested to have three windows made in her tower in recognition of the Trinity, whereupon her father, in his anger at this acknowledgment of her belief, would have killed her with his sword had not angels concealed her and borne her to a place of safety. Her hiding-spot being revealed to him, however, by treachery, she was thrown into a dungeon and finally beheaded.

In describing Palma Vecchio's great altar-piece, Crowe and Cavalcaselle say, "No other of his works combines in a higher measure vigor and harmony of tint with boldness of touch and finished blending. Nowhere is he more fortunate in reproducing the large, soft rounding to which he so usually inclines; in no other instance has he realized more clever chiaroscuro." And in the opinion of Vasari's recent editors, Palma has in this altar-piece "left a picture which for completeness, dignity, decorative feeling, and depth of color may be ranked with the great masterpieces of the Venetian school."

'MADONNA WITH ST. CATHERINE AND ST. JOHN' PLATE II

AN excellent example of Palma's early middle period is offered by this picture in which the forms are somewhat more plastic in their modeling than in his later works, the colors stronger, and the religious sentiment more emphasized. In composition, execution, and in feeling, it ranks as one of his finest conceptions. "Never," writes Mrs. Jameson, "were childhood, motherhood, maidenhood, and manhood combined in so sweet a spirit of humanity."

The Madonna, in a robe of rich red and a blue mantle, with a white kerchief over her brown hair, is seated before a green curtain, clasping the Child in her arms. She tenderly presses his face against her own as she extends one hand to take a parchment scroll offered her by St. John the Baptist, a muscular, swarthy man, wearing a green mantle over his garment of camel's skin, who presses forward with eager face. Between them stands St. Catherine of Alexandria, resting one hand upon her wheel, emblem of her martyrdom. Her face, with its fair complexion and framing of long golden hair, is of that type so often painted by Palma Vecchio, but in this instance the features are more refined, and are marked by a more thoughtful expression than is usually found in his portraits of Venetian women. The landscape back-

ground, deep bluish-green in tone, is suggestive of the mountain scenery of the artist's early home in the Valley of the Brembo, near Bergamo.

The picture is painted on wood, and measures about two feet two inches high by a little over three feet wide. It was purchased in Venice in 1749 for the Elector of Saxony, and is now one of the treasures of the Royal Gallery, Dresden.

'THE MEETING OF JACOB AND RACHEL' PLATE III

FOR many years attributed to Giorgione, this famous picture in the Royal Gallery, Dresden, in which Palma's hand was first recognized by Morelli, is now without a dissenting voice ascribed to Palma Vecchio. "Every part of this picture proves it to be by that painter," writes Morelli; "the rosy flesh-tints characteristic of his third and so-called blond manner, the type of Rachel, which coincides with that of the 'Venus' by him in this same gallery, her robust and somewhat heavy figure, and the manner in which the shepherd-boy is drawn and painted, the form of whose ear would alone betray the hand of Palma. I know no other work of the master so full of pleasantness and charm and so poetically conceived as this delightful idyl."

The letters "G. B. F.," which in the painting are discernible on Rachel's wallet, and which Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who recognized the Bergamask character of the picture and ascribed it to Palma's pupil Cariani, took to mean "Giovanni Busi fecit"—Giovanni Busi being Cariani's real name—are, Morelli says, an obvious and late forgery, undoubtedly intended for Giorgio Barbarelli (Giorgione), who as far back as 1684, when the picture was in the possession of some monks of Treviso, was believed to have painted it.

'The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel' was a favorite theme with Italian painters, and by no one has it been more successfully treated than by Palma Vecchio, whose rendering is unsurpassed in its simplicity and tenderness of expression. Jacob is here portrayed in the dress of a Bergamask shepherd, with a blue jacket, white woolen tights, and ankle-boots. Rachel also wears a peasant's costume. Near these central figures is a shepherd watering his flocks, and at the left another shepherd lying beside a well, "a whole Arcadia of intense yearning," says Symonds, "in the eyes of sympathy he fixes on the lovers."

The landscape in which these figures are grouped is full of poetic beauty. The hills are crowned with houses shaded by clusters of trees, and cattle and sheep graze in the valley. The colors are blended into a soft harmony, all harshness of outline is obliterated, and the whole canvas is suffused in a glow of golden light. The picture measures nearly five feet high by a little over eight feet wide.

'MADONNA WITH ST. LUCY AND ST. GEORGE' PLATE IV

BETWEEN 1515 and 1525, when Palma was a finished master in Venice, he was commissioned to paint two large altar-pieces, one for the church of Zerman, a village near Treviso, and one for the Church of San Stefano at Vicenza. It is this last which is here reproduced.

Against a red tapestry hanging, on either side of which is seen a landscape of exquisite beauty, the Madonna sits enthroned. Upon her knee stands the Christ-child, his hand raised in blessing as he turns towards St. Lucy, who is on the right, holding in one hand the palm indicative of her martyrdom, and in the other her attribute, a dish containing her eyes, which, according to the legend, she herself plucked out and sent to an importunate lover who had declared that their beauty had captivated his heart. On the other side of the throne is St. George, clad in gleaming armor and with uncovered head. One hand rests upon his hip, the other holds a banner. This figure of St. George, the noblest male figure portrayed by Palma's brush, is strikingly suggestive in pose and bearing of the famous St. Liberalis of Giorgione's Castelfranco altar-piece (see MASTERS IN ART, Part 47, Vol. 4). Upon the steps of the Madonna's throne, between St. Lucy and St. George, is seated a little angel with outspread wings, singing to the music of his lute.

Crowe and Cavalcaselle find fault with the "artificiality of the contours" in this picture, and criticize what they call "a certain disproportion between the small infant Christ and his large, portly mother," as well as a similar discrepancy between the size of the boy-angel and the saints on either side. They maintain that "a dullness of flesh-tone, thinness of surface tints, and haze in the landscape" point to the probability that when this picture was painted Palma's powers were on the wane, and suggest that the painter may have been assisted in the work by his pupil Cariani. By most critics, however, the altar-piece is assigned to the period when Palma was at the height of his powers; indeed, Morelli regards it as "perhaps his finest and most perfect work."

The principal figures are life-sized, and the whole picture measures over thirteen feet high. It is in the Church of San Stefano at Vicenza.

'THE THREE SISTERS' PLATE V

A CELEBRATED example of Palma Vecchio's third or blond manner is this painting in the Royal Gallery, Dresden, sometimes called 'The Three Graces,' but more often 'The Three Sisters,' a work which, as Kugler says, "is the embodiment of the painter's fair and full-blown type of beauty."

"Without the high and aristocratic air of 'La Bella di Tiziano,'" write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, or "the youth and delicacy which dwell in the 'Violante' at Vienna, yet with a tasteful splendor of dress that has its piquancy, these three young women are grouped with pleasing variety and artifice in front of a charming landscape. There is hardly a single peculiarity of the master remaining unrepresented—his melting shapes, his fair, almost waxen complexions, his fine, chiseled features, small hands, brocades and slashes, his draperies without depth, flow, or winding contour. There is, perhaps, less than usual transparency and modeling in the skin; and the touch being loose and washy creates an impression of emptiness."

It is generally supposed that in this picture Palma employed the same model for each of the three figures, which are noticeably of the same type. All have the same fair complexions, the same wavy golden hair, the same full, rounded forms and somewhat vapid expressions. The rich dresses, similar in

design, vary in color, that of the central figure being blue, while her sisters are clad one in red and the other in yellow.

The painting has unfortunately been so seriously injured by the restorer that it is difficult to form a just opinion of its beauty when seen in 1525 by "The Anonimo" in the house of Taddeo Contarini in Venice. It is on wood and measures nearly three feet high by about four feet wide.

'VIOLANTE' PLATE VI

AMONG Palma Vecchio's many portraits of golden-haired women in the Imperial Gallery, Vienna, none is more celebrated than the 'Violante,' which was formerly supposed to represent the painter's daughter, who, tradition said, was dearly loved by Titian; but as no proof exists that Palma had a daughter—indeed, there is every evidence that he died unmarried—it would seem that the famous Violante was a favorite model of the day in Venice, whose features frequently recur on the canvases of both Palma and Titian. In the picture here reproduced she wears a blue bodice with full sleeves of brownish-yellow brocade. A mantle of blue is draped over her left arm, and in the finely plaited ruching of her muslin chemisette is placed a violet, presumably in allusion to the sitter's name.

Violante's features are delicately drawn, her complexion is of dazzling purity, her eyes dark, and her flowing wavy hair, confined by a narrow ribbon, is of that peculiar golden hue affected by the beautiful women of Venice, and which Palma's brush was so skilful in rendering. The panel on which the portrait is painted measures about two feet high by one foot eight inches wide. The figure is life-sized.

Unfortunately the work has been injured by cleaning and over-painting. The final glazes have been lost, and, as a consequence, the colors are more positive, the harmonies less soft, than in their original state. In spite of all this, however, "the charm of the picture," writes Sir Walter Armstrong, "is overpowering. It fascinates by an intense femininity, a femininity which in Titian and even in Giorgione is leavened too often with a touch of masculine severity. Palma is content with woman as she is, and here, as well as in many another portrait from his brush, it was by those intimate beauties which fit her for her work in life that his labor was invited."

'MADONNA WITH SAINTS AND DONORS' PLATE VII

PALMA VECCHIO is generally regarded as the originator of that style of picture known as a *Santa Conversazione*, or 'Holy Conversation'—an idyllic scene in which the Madonna and saints are grouped in a sunny landscape. Of his many works of this description, the example in the Naples Museum which is here reproduced is one of the most beautiful—worthy, Morelli says, to rank with his 'Adoration of the Shepherds' in the Louvre (see plate IX).

The Madonna is here shown seated upon a knoll in an undulating country, holding in her arms the Child, who turns to bless the kneeling and reverent donors, a nobleman and his lady, whose heads and shoulders are seen in the

right-hand corner of the picture and who are presented to the holy group by St. Jerome, white-haired, and wearing a red mantle. On the left, St. John the Baptist points to the kneeling pair, whose rich apparel of silks and fur is in striking contrast to the tattered garb of the two saints. Just behind St. John, her hand upon his shoulder, her form somewhat shadowed by the branches of a tree, is St. Catherine.

The scene is one of quiet, tranquil beauty. The sun shines upon the distant hills and touches the groups of houses, and the trees and bushes with which the landscape is diversified. The figures are well placed in relation to each other, and there is a freedom and vigor in the drawing and an originality in the composition which, combined with a richness of color, entitle the picture to a high place among Palma's works.

'PORTRAIT OF A LADY' PLATE VIII

THIS portrait, which until within recent years hung in the Sciarra-Colonna Palace, Rome, but is now owned by M. Alphonse de Rothschild, Paris, was formerly believed to be the work of Titian, and is still often spoken of by the title which it long bore, 'La Bella di Tiziano.' It is now, however, held by all authoritative critics to be by Palma Vecchio, and is regarded as one of that painter's most charming portrayals of a famous beauty of the day in Venice—"as noble in her calm repose," says Taine, "as a Greek statue."

The face, with its finely chiseled features, is turned to the spectator. "One hand," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "plays with the locks of hair which fall luxuriantly over the shoulder, the other holds a box of ornaments on a marble pedestal. The snow-white bosom is chastely veiled by a fine web of white drawn together in the closest and most delicate plaits. Over this comes a parti-colored mantilla of stiff tissue in gay shades of red and ruby, cut into numerous angular sections, lined with bright ultramarine diversified with the snowy texture of a muslin handkerchief. From wrist to elbow the arm is lightly decked with a lace sleeve braced at intervals with ribbons of red and green, and striped with colors of the same. It is impossible to conceive anything more indicative of quality than this figure, and though we notice a certain want of balance in the mass of the draperies, and a lack of nature in the kaleidoscopic mode of setting them, the harmony of all the bits thus put together is so grateful and bright, the touch is so delicate in grain, that we wonder and admire."

'ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS' PLATE IX

"IN the Gallery of the Louvre," writes Théophile Gautier, "there is a superb picture by Palma Vecchio which for many years was attributed to Titian—an attribution which is by no means surprising when we see how warm and rich are the colors, and how glowing the harmonies." This painting, called the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' was evidently intended for a votive offering, for in one corner the kneeling figure of the donor, in a fur-trimmed robe of gray, is introduced. St. Joseph and the Virgin are represented seated before some picturesque ruins, and between them on a little

basket crib is the Child, lovingly encircled in his mother's arms. Mary's robe is red, and across her knees a blue mantle is draped. St. Joseph, wearing a long brown cloak, leans on his staff as he turns to look upon a young shepherd in tattered raiment who humbly kneels before the infant Christ, his face expressive of tender and adoring love. In a sunny landscape beyond, other shepherds are seen upon a hill, gazing at a group of angels in the sky bringing them the glad·tidings of the Saviour's birth.

"The beauty of the heads, the easy grace of the figures, the soft fall of the draperies, and the brilliancy of the color-scheme," writes Gautier, "all combine to render this work one of the most beautiful of the Venetian school."

The picture measures about four and a half feet high by nearly seven feet wide. The figures are under life size.

'PORTRAIT OF A POET' — PLATE X

FORMERLY ascribed to Titian, this portrait in the National Gallery, London, is now by the majority of authoritative critics conceded to be by Palma Vecchio—one of the rare existing examples of his portraits of men. As to the identity of the person represented, that, as well as the authorship of the painting, has long been a subject of controversy. It was for many years believed to be a portrait of the celebrated sixteenth-century Italian poet Ariosto, but a comparison of the face with several authenticated likenesses of the author of 'Orlando Furioso' proved the fallacy of such a theory. Mr. W. Fred Dickes considers that the painting, which be believes to be not by Palma but by his great contemporary Giorgione, is the likeness of Prospero Colonna, a famous captain in the Italian wars of the sixteenth century, whose portrait, preserved in several early engravings, bears a strong resemblance to the so-called poet of this much-discussed picture. The laurel branches forming the background, which have caused the mysterious personage here represented to be regarded as a poet, might, Mr. Dickes maintains, be interpreted with equal justice as the emblem of a victorious soldier.

The dress of the unknown man, be he poet or warrior, is crimson and purple, and over one shoulder hangs a mantle of fur. A gold chain is worn around his neck, and in one hand, which rests upon an upright book, he holds a rosary. His hair and eyes are dark, and his face is marked by a dreamy expression, more indicative, it must be acknowledged, of poetic feeling than of martial fire. The drawing and modeling are admirable, the glowing colors and deep shadows, with their contrasting high-lights, testifying to the influence of Titian, and still more to that of Giorgione.

The picture, which in 1857 was transferred from panel to canvas, measures about two feet eight inches high by two feet wide.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY PALMA VECCHIO WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. BUDAPEST GALLERY: Madonna with St. Francis—VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: John the Baptist; The Visitation; Madonna and Saints ('Santa Conversazione'); Lucrezia; Violante (Plate VI); Five Portraits of Women; Portrait of an

Old Man—VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: Holy Family and Saints ('Santa Conversazione')—ENGLAND. ALNWICK, DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S COLLECTION: Portrait of a Lady with a Lute—CAMBRIDGE, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: Venus and Cupid—CANFORD, LORD WIMBORNE'S COLLECTION: Portrait of a Lady—HAMPTON COURT, ROYAL GALLERY: Portrait of a Lady; Madonna and Saints ('Santa Conversazione')—HORSMONDEN, OWNED BY MRS. AUSTEN: Portrait of a Woman—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Portrait of a Poet (Plate X)—LONDON, OWNED BY R. H. BENSON, ESQ: Madonna and Saints ('Santa Conversazione')—LONDON, OWNED BY WYCKHAM FLOWER, ESQ: Madonna and Saints ('Santa Conversazione')—LONDON, OWNED BY LUDWIG MOND, ESQ: Portrait of a Woman—FRANCE. CHANTILLY, CONDÉ MUSEUM: Madonna with Saints and Donor (?)—PARIS, LOUVRE: Adoration of the Shepherds (Plate IX); Holy Family and St. John—PARIS, COLLECTION OF M. ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD: Portrait of a Lady (Plate VIII)—GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Portrait of a Man; Two Portraits of Women—BRUNSWICK MUSEUM: Adam and Eve—DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Madonna with St. Catherine and St. John (Plate II); The Three Sisters (Plate V); Venus; The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel (Plate III); Holy Family with Saints ('Santa Conversazione')—HAMBURG, OWNED BY CONSUL WEBER: The Annunciation—MUNICH GALLERY: Madonna with St. Roch and Mary Magdalene; Portrait of Palma Vecchio (see page 22)—ITALY. BERGAMO GALLERY, LOCHIS COLLECTION: Madonna with St. John and Mary Magdalene—DOSSENA, CHURCH: Altar-piece—FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Judith—GENOA, BRIGNOLE-SALE COLLECTION: Madonna with St. John and Mary Magdalene—MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: St. Helena, St. Constantine, St. Roch, and St. Sebastian; Adoration of the Magi (in part)—MILAN, POLDI-PEZZOLI MUSEUM: Portrait of a Woman—MODENA, OWNED BY MARCHESE LOTARIO RANGONI: Madonna and Saints—NAPLES MUSEUM: Madonna with Saints and Donors ('Santa Conversazione') (Plate VII)—PEGHERA, CHURCH: Altar-piece—ROME, BORGHESE GALLERY: Lucrezia; Madonna, Saints, and Donor ('Santa Conversazione')—ROME, CAPITOLINE GALLERY: Christ and the Adulteress—ROME, COLONNA GALLERY: Madonna with St. Peter and Donor—ROVIGO, PALAZZO COMUNALE: Madonna with St. Helena and St. Jerome—SERINA, CHURCH: Altar-piece—VENICE, ACADEMY: St. Peter Enthroned; Christ and the Adulteress; Assumption of the Virgin; Madonna with St. Catherine and St. John—VENICE, GIOVANELLI PALACE: Sposalizio (fragment of an altar-piece)—VENICE, OWNED BY LADY LAYARD: Knight and Lady (a fragment)—VENICE, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA FORMOSA: Altar-piece with St. Barbara, four other Saints, and a Pietà (see Plate I)—VENICE, QUIRINI-STAMPALIA GALLERY: Portrait of a Man; Unfinished portrait of a Woman—VICENZA, CHURCH OF SAN STEFANO: Madonna with St. Lucy and St. George (Plate IV)—ZERMAN GALLERY: Madonna Enthroned with Saints—RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, LEUCHTENBURG GALLERY: Madonna and Saints ('Santa Conversazione').

Palma Vecchio Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH PALMA VECCHIO

SIGNOR LOCATELLI'S 'Notizie intorno a Giacomo Palma il Vecchio' (Bergamo, 1890), Dr. Rosenberg's 'Jacopo Palma der Aeltere,' in the Dohme Series (Leipsic, 1879), notices of the painter and his works in Morelli's 'Italian Painters' (London, 1893), and a chapter devoted to him in Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'History of Painting in North Italy' (London, 1871) may be mentioned as helpful in a study of Palma Vecchio. The recent researches of Dr. Gustav Ludwig, published in the 'Beiheft' of the 'Jahrbuch der Kōniglich preussischen Kunstsammlungen' for 1903, are valuable in throwing some additional light upon the little-known history of this painter.

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MAGAZINE ARTICLES

ARTE E STORIA, 1888: E. Fornoni; Il cognome e la patria di Palma Vecchio — JAHRBUCH DER KÖNIGLICH PREUSSISCHEN KUNSTSAMMLUNGEN, 1901: G. Ludwig; Bonifazio di Pitati da Verona, eine archivalische Untersuchung. 1903 (Beiheft): G. Ludwig; Archivalische Beiträge zur Geschichte der venezianischen Malerei — MAGAZINE OF ART, 1893: W. F. Dickes; The Portrait of a Poet — PORTFOLIO, 1892: W. Armstrong; Violante — ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR BILDENDE KUNST, 1868: G. F. Waagen; Meisterwerke der Braunschweiger Galerie. 1879: A. Rosenberg; Der Altar der heiligen Barbara.

Madame

Vigée Le Brun

FRENCH SCHOOL

VIGÉE LE BRUN
PORTRAIT OF MADAME MOLÉ-RAYMOND
LOUVRE, PARIS

Non Mau

VIGÉE LE BRUN
MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN
PALACE OF VERSAILLES

Mau

VIGÉE LE BRUN
PORTRAIT OF THE COMTE DE VAUDREUIL
PRIVATE COLLECTION, PARIS

Main

VIGÉE LE BRUN
MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER
LOUVRE, PARIS

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VIGÉE LE BRUN
PORTRAIT OF HUBERT ROBERT
LOUVRE, PARIS

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VIGÉE LE BRUN
PORTRAIT OF MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

Mail

VIGÉE LE BRUN
PORTRAIT OF THE MARQUISE DE JAUCOURT
OWNED BY THE MARQUIS DE JAUCOURT, PARIS

Mau

VIGÉE LE BRUN
PORTRAIT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE
PALACE OF VERSAILLES

VIGÉE LE BRUN
MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER
LOUVRE, PARIS

Main

VIGÉE LE BRUN
PORTRAIT OF HUBERT ROBERT
LOUVRE, PARIS

WAU

VIGÉE LE BRUN
PORTRAIT OF MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

Mall

VIGÉE LE BRUN
PORTRAIT OF THE MARQUISE DE JAUCOURT
OWNED BY THE MARQUIS DE JAUCOURT, PARIS

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VIGÉE LE BRUN
PORTRAIT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE
PALACE OF VERSAILLES

Mau

VIGÉE LE BRUN
PORTRAIT OF STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS PONIATOWSKI
LOUVRE, PARIS

Mau

UofM

VIGÉE LE BRUN
PEACE BRINGING PLENTY
LOUVRE, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN BY HERSELF
ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE, ROME

Madame Vigée Le Brun painted at least twenty portraits of herself. The one here reproduced was executed in Rome in 1789 or 1790 for the Academy of St. Luke in that city, of which she was elected a member. The artist was then about thirty-four years old.

Marie-Louise-Élisabeth Vigée Le Brun

KNOWN AS

Madame Vigée Le Brun

BORN 1755: DIED 1842
FRENCH SCHOOL

MARIE-LOUISE-ÉLISABETH VIGÉE, better known under her married name of Le Brun, and generally spoken of as Madame Vigée Le Brun, was born in Paris on April 16, 1755. Her father, Louis Vigée, was a pastel painter of moderate talent, devoted to his art and always ready to commend and encourage his daughter's talent. In those 'Souvenirs' in which Madame Vigée Le Brun has recorded the incidents of her life, she tells us that her love for painting had already declared itself when, as a child of six, she was sent to a convent school, where she was in constant disgrace with her teachers because she decorated her copy-books and those of her schoolmates, and even the walls of the dormitory, with faces and landscapes in colored chalks. On one occasion, when at home on a holiday, she drew by lamplight a vigorous little sketch of the head of a man, which so delighted her father that he exclaimed, "You will be a painter, my child, if ever there was one!" These words Élisabeth Vigée never forgot, and that childish drawing, made when she was but seven or eight years old, was cherished by her as long as she lived.

When she was eleven Élisabeth's education was considered complete. To her great delight she then left school for good, and returned to her home, "overjoyed," she writes, "at not having to leave my parents again." The atmosphere of the household was artistic and the child had every opportunity to indulge her natural tastes. The painter Doyen, an intimate friend of her father's, helped her in her efforts to draw, and Davesne, a professor at the Academy of St. Luke, asked to be allowed to give her lessons. The lessons do not seem to have amounted to much, for beyond a few suggestions as to setting her palette Élisabeth was allowed to follow her own devices.

These were happy days for the little girl; she spent many hours in her father's studio experimenting to her heart's content with his crayons, and dutifully accompanied her mother, who, we are told, was "good to the point of

austerity," to high mass and to evening prayer. She took pride in the cleverness of her brother, three years younger than herself, and assures us with naïve frankness that he was much prettier than she. Indeed, at that time Élisabeth, from her own account, was far from beautiful; her eyes, she says, were deep-set, her face was pale and thin, and, moreover, she was growing so fast that she could not hold herself erect.

All this was a trial to her mother, who showed a marked preference for her younger child, whom she spoiled with indulgences, whereas with Élisabeth she was strict and even severe. The father's love and devotion, however, were unremitting, and in return Élisabeth lavished upon him the tenderest affection. Her grief, therefore, was great when, in May, 1768, her father died. She was then thirteen years old. "So heartbroken was I," she writes, "that it was long before I felt equal to taking up my pencil again. Doyen used to come to see us sometimes, and as he had been my father's best friend his visits were a comfort. It was he who urged me to resume the occupation I loved, and in which, to tell the truth, I found the only consolation for my grief."

In order to distract her daughter's mind from the sorrowful thoughts upon which the girl constantly dwelt, Madame Vigée used to take her to the Luxembourg Palace to see Rubens's works, then in a gallery there, and to various private collections of pictures where specimens of the old masters were exhibited. "As soon as I entered one of these galleries," she writes, "I immediately became just like a bee, so eagerly did I gather in knowledge that would be of use to me in my art, and so intoxicated with bliss was I in studying these works of the great painters."

It was at this time that Élisabeth began to paint from nature. Several portraits, in pastels and in oils, were accomplished, and to improve herself she copied some of Rubens's, Rembrandt's, and Van Dyck's pictures, and several heads of young girls by Greuze which she thought offered a good lesson in flesh-painting.

She was already beginning to be noticeable for the beauty which was one of her charms in after-years, and was even now a source of gratification to her mother, who saw with pride the plain, pale-faced child developing into a fair and blooming young woman. Her progress in art was rapid, she was already talked about to some extent, and her name became known to various painters prominent in that day, among whom was Joseph Vernet. He gave her cordial encouragement and earnestly advised her to follow no school system, but to study only the works of the great Italian and Flemish masters, and, above all, to turn to nature—"the first and best of all teachers." This counsel, Élisabeth says, she faithfully followed, and was never indebted to any one master for her instruction.

Success came to her very early in life, and at fifteen she was already earning so much money as a portrait-painter that she contributed largely to the support of the family, left penniless at her father's death. But with all her courageous efforts it was difficult to meet the household expenses and to defray the cost of clothing and schooling for her brother, and before very long Madame Vigée, prompted thereto, it may be, by a wish to assist her daughter in her struggles to support the family, decided to marry a rich jeweler, Monsieur Le

Sèvre by name, who, however, soon proved himself so penurious that his wife and stepchildren found themselves reduced to the bare necessities of life, although Élisabeth handed over to him everything she earned by her brush. Joseph Vernet and other friends, indignant at the manner in which she was thus defrauded, begged her to grant merely an allowance to her parents and to keep the rest of her earnings for herself; but fear lest her mother should be made to suffer for any such action deterred her from adopting this measure.

At this time Élisabeth's home in Paris was in the rue Saint-Honoré opposite the terrace of the Palais Royal, which her windows overlooked. In the garden of the palace she frequently saw the Duchesse de Chartres walking with her ladies-in-waiting, and before long the young girl discovered that she herself was in her turn, and with the kindliest interest, observed by the duchess, who finally sent for her and asked her to paint her portrait, recommending her also to many of the court ladies, who forthwith visited the studio in the rue Saint-Honoré and commissioned Élisabeth to paint their portraits. No doubt the youth and beauty of the artist did much towards making her the fashion she now became, and as she was charming in manner as well as fair of face, and was, moreover, gifted with a quick and ready wit, many of the gay young courtiers who became her sitters openly expressed their admiration, somewhat to her annoyance. "It may readily be supposed," she writes, "that some admirers of my face gave me commissions to paint theirs in the fond hope that they might in this way win my good graces; but I was so absorbed in my art that nothing could distract me from it, and as soon as I detected any inclination on the part of the gentlemen who sat for me to make sheep's eyes at me, I used to paint them looking in another direction, and then at the least movement of their pupils towards me I would cry, 'Now I am doing the eyes!' This was, of course, rather trying to them, and my mother, who was always present, used to laugh quietly to herself."

These were busy days for the young artist, who found her brush in such demand that she could with difficulty execute the commissions which poured in upon her. On Sundays and saints' days she allowed herself a little rest, and on those occasions, after hearing high mass, she tells how her mother and stepfather would take her to walk in the beautiful gardens of the Palais Royal, where the fashionable world, arrayed in its best, was wont to disport itself, and where her beauty attracted much attention. At that time the opera-house was close to the palace, and at half past eight on summer evenings, when the performance was over, every one adjourned to the gardens, where singing and instrumental music were continued until the small hours of the morning. Paris was light-hearted and careless in those years preceding the terrible Revolution of 1789, so soon to break forth in all its horrors, but so little suspected then by the frivolous world of fashion.

From the time she was fifteen, Élisabeth was much sought after in the most distinguished society. Princes and dukes showed her marked favor; all the celebrated artists were numbered among her acquaintances, as well as men of letters and those who had attained celebrity on the stage. But none of the social functions at which she was made welcome could induce her to neglect her work; in that her interest continued unabated.

In the autumn of 1774, when she was nineteen, she was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke. Soon after this she became acquainted with Jean-Baptiste-Pierre Le Brun, a well-known picture dealer who was looked upon in that day as one of the first connoisseurs of paintings in Europe. He showed conspicuous attention to the young girl, inviting her to visit his rare collection of works of the old masters, and lending her many of his most precious specimens in order that she might copy them. At the end of six months he asked for her hand in marriage, and Élisabeth, although far from wishing to become his wife, was persuaded after much indecision and many misgivings to accept his offer, led thereto by the urgent desire of her mother, and still more induced by her own longing to escape from the misery of living with her stepfather. "But so little did I feel inclined to sacrifice my liberty," she writes, "that even on the way to church I kept saying to myself: 'Shall I say "yes," or shall I say "no"?' Alas," she adds, "I said 'yes,' and thereby merely exchanged present troubles for others."

In short, Le Brun, a man many years older than she, although agreeable enough in manner, proved a spendthrift and a dissipated gambler, who, having made way with his own fortune, felt no scruples in spending all the earnings of his young wife, whom he seems to have married in order to obtain an easy means of support. At his request the marriage was for some time kept secret, and many friends of the bride's, unaware that the event had been consummated, took occasion to warn her against a step which they well knew would cause her nothing but unhappiness. Alas, that these warnings should have come too late! Élisabeth Vigée was already Madame Le Brun, and only too soon did she learn for herself that the misery predicted for her by her friends was indeed hers. Fortunately, absorption in her art and a naturally buoyant disposition enabled her to bear her lot.

At the desire of her husband that their income should be increased she now consented to give lessons in painting, but this expenditure of her time and strength was so distasteful to her that she soon abandoned it for her beloved portrait-painting. "The number of portraits I painted at this time," she says, "was really prodigious."

As the fashionable painter of the day Madame Le Brun's name was in every one's mouth, and verse as well as prose was employed to eulogize her talents and her personal charms. Once when she was present at a meeting of the French Academy on the occasion of La Harpe's discourse on the talents of women, the poet, when he came to the somewhat extravagant words:

> "Le Brun, the model and the painter of beauty,
> A modern Rosalba, but more brilliant than she,
> Unites the voice of Favart with the smile of Venus,"

turned towards the object of his praise, and at once the audience, including the Duchesse de Chartres and the King of Sweden, rose to their feet, and, turning in her direction, applauded her with enthusiasm, so that she was "almost overcome with confusion."

But all these pleasures of gratified vanity were, she assures us, as nothing compared with the joy she felt when in 1780 her child was born—the little girl, Jeanne-Julie-Louise, whom she has represented in more than one of her pictures clasped in her own loving embrace.

In 1779 Madame Vigée Le Brun painted the first of her many portraits of Queen Marie Antoinette, whose favorite painter she became and with whom she was always on a footing of affectionate intimacy. At the first sitting, it is true, the artist was somewhat intimidated by the imposing air of the queen, but this impression was soon dissipated by Marie Antoinette's graciousness, and we are told of the duets that were sung by the royal model and the painter at the close of the morning séance, for the queen dearly loved music and Madame Le Brun had a charming voice.

One day illness prevented Madame Le Brun from keeping her appointment at the palace, and when on the following morning she went to Versailles to make her apologies, she was coldly received by one of the chamberlains, who reminded her that the previous day had been that appointed for the sitting, and that as the queen was then about to go out to drive he was sure nothing could be arranged for that day. When admitted to the royal presence, however, she found the queen far more ready than the chamberlain to excuse her remissness. Upon learning that Madame Le Brun had been ill, and had come then only to offer apologies and to receive further commands, she begged the artist not to go, revoked the order for her carriage, and willingly gave Madame Le Brun a sitting. "I remember," says the painter, "that in my confusion, and my eagerness to make a suitable reply to all this kindness, I picked up my paint-box so excitedly that it upset, and all my brushes and crayons were spilled upon the floor! As I stooped to pick them up the queen said, 'Never mind, never mind,' and in spite of anything that I could say, she gathered them all up herself."

In addition to her portraits of the queen, Madame Le Brun painted those of all the royal family, with the exception of that of the Comte d'Artois. While at work upon the one of "Monsieur," brother of the king and afterwards Louis XVIII., she has told us that the prince, whose conversation was always witty and entertaining, liked to vary the sittings by singing songs which were not so pleasing as his talk, and were rendered less so by a voice by no means true. "How do you think I sing?" he asked one day. "Like a prince, your Highness," was the quick reply.

In 1782 Madame Le Brun accompanied her husband upon a business trip into Belgium and Holland. She writes enthusiastically of all that she saw in the way of art in those countries, and was so struck by the beauty of Rubens's picture 'Le chapeau de paille' (The Straw Hat), then in Antwerp, that she at once painted a portrait of herself in a similar style. The picture, which, like its prototype, is now in the National Gallery, London, added considerably to her reputation, and was the occasion, upon her return to Paris, of her being proposed by Joseph Vernet as a member of the Royal Academy of Painting. This honor was conferred upon Madame Le Brun in 1783, and for her re-

ception picture she painted 'Peace bringing Plenty' (plate x). As a member of the Academy she was now accorded the privilege of exhibiting her works at the Salon, a privilege which in those days belonged exclusively to academicians.

Madame Le Brun lived at this time in the rue de Cléry, Paris, where her husband occupied large and richly furnished rooms in which he kept his valuable collection of pictures; she herself was relegated to a small anteroom and a simply furnished bedroom which served also for her drawing-room. There she received her numerous visitors, and gave her famous evening parties to which all were so eager to come that the little room was frequently crowded to overflowing; even marshals of France, she says, were obliged to sit on the floor for want of chairs! Great musicians furnished the music on these occasions, and famous actors took part in the impromptu charades given for the entertainment of the guests. At ten o'clock a simple supper was served, and at midnight the company dispersed. On one memorable occasion a repast after the manner of the ancient Greeks was devised, the idea for the entertainment being suggested to the hostess by her brother's reading of 'Anacharsis,' in which a Grecian dinner is minutely described. The cook was at once summoned and instructed how to prepare the viands, the ladies hastily arrayed themselves in Greek costumes, the materials for which were furnished by the studio belongings of Madame Le Brun, similar costumes were improvised for the men, Etruscan pottery was borrowed from one of the guests, hanging lamps were appropriately arranged, and at half past nine all was in readiness to surprise two late comers, the Comte de Vaudreuil and Monsieur Boutin, who upon entering the room found the assembled company grouped around the table singing Gluck's chorus, 'The God of Paphos,' and whose astonishment and enthusiasm knew no bounds. Reports of this novel entertainment spread all over Paris, and accounts of what was denounced as Madame Le Brun's lavish expenditure were grossly exaggerated. Twenty thousand francs, it was said, had been spent upon this famous Greek supper; from twenty thousand the sum grew to forty, then to sixty, and finally to eighty thousand. "In reality," writes Madame Le Brun, "the supper had occasioned an outlay of somewhat less than fifteen francs" (three dollars).

It will be seen from this that Madame Le Brun was not without enemies, who, jealous of her beauty and success, not only accused her of extravagance, but circulated reports detrimental to her fame and honor, coupling her name with that of Monsieur de Calonne, the minister of finance, whose portrait she had painted and from whom, they falsely asserted, she sometimes received sums of money large enough to ruin the treasury of France. It was even said that the fine house recently built by Monsieur Le Brun in the rue du Gros-Chenet had been paid for by the minister.

Such calumnies were deeply distressing to Madame Le Brun. As a matter of fact, her indifference to the luxuries attainable by money was marked. Her dress, she tells us, was of the simplest; except on state occasions she was habitually attired in white muslin or lawn dresses, and as the money she earned

was invariably appropriated by her husband, it often transpired that she had no more than six francs which she could call her own.

Her 'Souvenirs' record a number of visits which she paid to various châteaux in the neighborhood of Paris, her hosts being the Prince de Condé, the Duc d'Orléans, the Comte de Vaudreuil, the Duc de Nivernais, Madame du Barry, and many other equally noted personages. While staying at Louveciennes, where Madame du Barry lived, unmistakable signs of the approaching Revolution made themselves felt. The news from Paris became more and more alarming, and when Madame Le Brun, filled with forebodings, returned to her new home in the rue Gros-Chenet she was subjected to repeated insults from the populace, daily becoming more desperate and unruly.

Upon the outbreak of the Revolution in 1789, horrified by the deeds of violence enacted daily about her, and terrified for the safety of herself and her child, she resolved to leave France and seek refuge in Italy, where she could pursue her art unmolested. Accordingly, at midnight of the fifth of October of that ill-omened year, having disguised herself in the rough garb of a working woman, she and her little daughter, accompanied by a governess, set off in the public coach, were safely conveyed beyond the French border, and, after passing through Switzerland, arrived in Italy. There the journey became almost a triumphal progress; everywhere the artist went the most flattering welcome was accorded her; at Bologna she was elected a member of the Academy of that place, at Florence she was asked to contribute her own portrait to the collection of artists' portraits in the Uffizi Gallery, and at Rome, where she was made a member of the Academy, the academicians presented her with the palette of the young French painter Drouais, who had lately died, and begged that in exchange she would allow them to have some of the brushes with which she was accustomed to work. The most distinguished society of Rome opened its doors to her and the most eminent people made her welcome.

At the end of a sojourn of nearly eight months in Rome she went to Naples, where again she was the recipient of marked attentions from people high in favor at court, and where during her six months' stay she painted portraits of members of the royal family and of many well-known people, among them the beautiful Lady Hamilton, whose husband was at that time British ambassador at Naples.

After leaving Naples, a short stop was made in Rome before traveling to Perugia, Florence, Siena, Parma, Mantua, and finally to Venice, where she spent some time before going on to Verona, Milan, and Turin. From there she had planned to return to France, but upon learning of the grievous events which had taken place in Paris, and finding Turin filled with French refugees who had been driven from their country, the idea of returning home was relinquished and Vienna was decided upon instead.

In that city Madame Le Brun passed two years and a half, receiving flattering attention wherever she went, entering into the gay social life of the Austrian capital, and busying herself with her painting. Her stay there was saddened by the news received from Paris of the tragic fate of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, as well as of many of her friends and acquaintances who

had met death on the scaffold. Return to France was now not to be thought of, and, desirous of adding to the fortune she had already acquired during her absence, Madame Le Brun decided to go to Russia, where she had many friends. Passing through Prague, Dresden, and Berlin, she finally reached St. Petersburg towards the end of July, 1795. No reception could have been more gratifying than that accorded her upon her arrival in the Russian capital. A call from Count Esterhazy, the French ambassador, preceded her presentation to the Empress Catherine II., who received her with gracious kindness and ever after bestowed upon her marks of favor and regard.

Dinners and balls and entertainments of every description in the gay city of St. Petersburg followed each other in quick succession, until one wonders in reading the vivid account given in the 'Souvenirs' how time could have been found for the numerous portraits which Madame Le Brun executed while in Russia. The one she was to have painted of Catherine II. was never accomplished, owing to the death of the Empress in 1796, but of the Empress Maria, wife of Catherine's son and successor, Paul I., she painted in the following year a full-length portrait, and innumerable titled people, men and women, sat before her easel. Finally, the honors shown her were crowned by her election as a member of the Academy of Arts.

In the midst of her gay and brilliant career in Russia one sorrow darkened her life; that was the marriage of her dearly loved daughter, then seventeen years old. Wilful by nature and spoiled by her mother's blind and idolizing affection, the young girl had set her heart upon accepting the offer of marriage made her by a certain Monsieur Nigris, secretary to Count Czernicheff, a man twice her age, and one of whom her mother knew enough to feel convinced that no happiness could accrue from such a union. Her veto, however, was withheld provided Monsieur Le Brun would give his consent, and until such time as a letter from him could be received the daughter wounded her mother by her coldness and suspicions. The marriage finally took place; and to Madame Le Brun's grief, what had seemed to be genuine feeling on the part of the young bride proved a mere passing infatuation, which at the expiration of a fortnight came to an end.

Heart-sick and broken in health by her anxiety, Madame Le Brun resolved to leave St. Petersburg, and in October, 1800, she took up her residence in Moscow, where she spent five months. At the end of that period she had grown so sad and ailing that notwithstanding the entreaties of her friends and the many orders for portraits, sufficient in number to keep her occupied for many months to come, she made up her mind to return to her own country. Accordingly she journeyed back to St. Petersburg, then in a tumult of excitement over the assassination of the emperor, Paul I., bade adieu to the daughter who was still estranged from her, took leave of her many friends, and, having had a farewell audience of the new emperor, Alexander I., and his empress, who begged her to reconsider and remain in Russia, where they promised that everything possible should be done to restore her health, Madame Le Brun, touched though she was by so much kindness, reluctantly left the land where many happy years had been spent.

During a short stop in Berlin she met with the utmost consideration from Queen Luise of Prussia, who welcomed her at Potsdam and of whom she made two portraits in pastel. Before her departure from Berlin she was informed by the director of the Academy of Painting there that she had been chosen a member of that body.

In the summer of 1801 Madame Le Brun reached Paris, after an absence of twelve years. Her husband still occupied the house in the rue Gros-Chenet, and on the occasion of his wife's return, elaborate preparations were there made to receive her. The staircase was lined with flowers, costly hangings of green and gold decorated her bedroom, and a crown of gold stars was placed over the bed. She seems to have been in no way unappreciative of these demonstrations, although she remarks, not without a touch of bitterness, that she herself was obliged to pay for them with her own earnings.

Paris had undergone many changes during these twelve years. Napoleon Bonaparte as First Consul now held sway at the Palace of the Tuileries, and such festivities as were given there seemed to Madame Le Brun dull and conventional compared with those she remembered in the days of the old régime. "The whole city, too," she writes, "presented a far less lively appearance."

But for Madame Le Brun herself, pretty and charming as she still was at forty-six, the same gay and social life which she had before enjoyed, and was accustomed to lead wherever she might be, was at once resumed. All who were left of her old friends flocked about her, and on the first occasion of her appearance in a concert-hall where the Parisian world was assembled, every one turned in her direction when she entered and heartily applauded the popular artist, even the musicians rapping on their violins with their bows.

The following year Madame Le Brun made a journey to England, a country she had long wished to see. Arrived in London, she was the object of much attention from the prominent people of the day, among them the painter Sir Joshua Reynolds. As usual, her brush was in demand and her working time was quickly filled. Some jealousy seems to have been aroused among the English artists when it was learned that she had been commissioned to paint the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.).

Her stay in England, which had been intended to last but a few months, had continued for nearly three years when news reached her that her daughter had arrived in Paris. She at once returned home, but her joy in again seeing her child seems sadly enough to have been in no way reciprocated by that daughter, who obstinately refused to live with her mother and insisted upon associating with companions whom Madame Le Brun could not admit to her house.

Only one more journey of any length is recorded in the 'Souvenirs.' This was to Switzerland in 1808–9, where she painted a number of landscapes, and at Coppet made a portrait of Madame de Staël. It was after her Swiss tour that, "having at length acquired," she says, "an inclination for rest," she purchased a country seat at Louveciennes, near Paris, which became, as her house in Paris had been, the center of a highly cultivated and brilliant circle.

Especially was this the case when, after the Napoleonic rule, the Bourbons under Louis XVIII. came once more into power.

In 1813 Monsieur Le Brun died—an event which seems to have caused his wife genuine grief in spite of the trials to which he had subjected her during their years of married life. "This blow, however," she admits, "was far less than the cruel grief experienced at the death of my daughter. All the wrong-doings of the poor little thing were blotted out," she says; "I saw her as in the days of her childhood—as I still see her. Alas! she was so young! Why did she not outlive me?"

This was in 1819. In the following year Madame Le Brun's brother also died, and thus the last of her near ties was severed. She herself lived on until she had grown to be an old woman. To the end she took pleasure in the gay and social side of life, to the end she worked at her beloved art. Her time was divided between her apartment in the rue Saint-Lazare in Paris and her summer home at Louveciennes. Two nieces, Madame de Rivière, the daughter of her brother, and Eugénie Le Brun, afterwards Madame Tripier Le Franc, a niece of Monsieur Le Brun, were devoted in their care of her.

On March 30, 1842, Madame Vigée Le Brun died very peacefully, in Paris, at the age of eighty-seven. According to her wish she was buried in the cemetery at Louveciennes.

The Art of Vigée Le Brun.

ANDRÉ MICHEL JOUIN'S 'CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE'

IN the history of portrait-painting in France there is a period between Nattier and Gérard which may he said to belong to that charming woman Madame Vigée Le Brun. Boucher, who had indeed fallen completely from popular favor, was dead, the nymphs and goddesses of Nattier had taken flight to their faded bowers and desolated groves, and in those last years of what is known as the "old régime" the fashionable world of Paris adopted for its painter Élisabeth Vigée, who had already won fame for herself under that name when, by an unfortunate marriage, she became Madame Le Brun.

There was so close, so intimate, a connection between this painter and her models that although she lived well into the nineteenth century, dying as recently as 1842, she yet remains in the history of French art the portrait-painter *par excellence* of the court of Marie Antoinette. When, upon the approach of the Revolution, she fled from France, terrified by the first distant rumblings of that reign of terror, it may be said that her work had virtually been accomplished; for her best, her really significant, portraits all belong to her early years.

If we would catch in an attitude or in a look the moral reflection, so to speak of an epoch, if we would read the thoughts or divine the dreams harbored under the elaborate head-dresses of the great ladies of that day, or would guess

the secrets of those hearts, sometimes full of tenderness, again light and flippant, concealed beneath transparent muslin fichus, it is to the works of Madame Vigée Le Brun that we must turn for answers to our queries.

The extraordinary vogue which the painter enjoyed in her lifetime has to some extent continued, so that her fame is distinct and lasting, but it would assuredly be but a doubtful tribute to her memory were her graceful figure to be placed upon any very lofty pedestal, and there made to assume any sort of imperious or magisterial attitude. Moreover, to apply the word "masterpiece" to any work of hers would be to make too free a use of a word the full significance of which has been somewhat weakened by the indiscriminate way in which eloquent chroniclers have applied it. Madame Le Brun would be the first to admonish us not to speak of her in any way but simply, and without undue abuse of superlatives.

To the artist herself it was a constant source of regret that because of the overwhelming number of orders for portraits which she received, in a word, by reason of her very success, she was debarred from devoting her talents to great "historical painting." Fortunately for her, however, as well as for us, she remained a portrait-painter and a woman. Her aspirations for the "grand style" did not carry her away so far as to do violence to her natural bent, nor to change in any way the limpid purity of her gentle and graceful talent. Full of tender sentiment, as was in accordance with the prevailing taste of the age in which she lived, she yet never descended to silly sentimentality or flat insipidity. "I always tried so far as it lay in my power," she writes in her 'Souvenirs,' "to give to the women whom I painted characteristic attitudes and expressions; those who had no special individuality I painted in nonchalantly pensive positions." In the advice which she gives in regard to the painting of portraits she says: "Before beginning a portrait, engage your model in conversation, try several different poses, and finally select not only the most comfortable and natural, but the one that best suits his or her age and character; for all that helps to make the likeness better. When your sitter is a woman," she naïvely adds, "you should compliment her; tell her that she is beautiful; that her complexion is lovely, etc. This puts her into a good humor, and enables her to pose for you with more pleasure." . . .

The charm and beauty with which in her secret desire to please her models Madame Le Brun invests her pictures is naturally apparent also in her portraits of herself. She was very pretty, and in her old age she used to recall with an amused sort of complacency the days when a crowd would gather round her in the street or at the theater, and when more than one admirer of her beauty would go to her to have his portrait painted, "in the hope of succeeding in pleasing her."

Neither in her art nor in her nature was there anything morbid about Madame Le Brun. If we examine the portrait which she has left us of herself and her daughter we shall find something more than light-hearted happiness in her delicate face; beneath and beyond all that there are the marks of courage. Life did not spare her its sorrows—sorrows that were keenly felt. She was as unhappily married as a woman well could be, but she kept

intact that treasure of sweet temper and gay spirits which we see in her laughing eyes.

She was devoted to her art, painting, she tells us, "with fury;" and this absorbing passion was a refuge and a consolation to her in her hours of tribulation. Moreover, notwithstanding her sorrows, she had a keen love of life and of society as it was understood and enjoyed in France before the terrible year of 1789, and in spite of her hours of sadness and melancholy she delighted in her great success as a woman and an artist.— FROM THE FRENCH

CHARLES BLANC 'HISTOIRE DES PEINTRES'

ALL the fairies gathered around the cradle of Élisabeth Vigée as at the birth of a little princess in the kingdom of art. One endowed her with beauty, another with wit; the fairy Grace presented her with a pencil and a palette. It is true that the fairy Marriage, who had not been invited, told her that she was to wed Monsieur Le Brun, the connoisseur in pictures; but to comfort her the fairy Travel promised to guide her from court to court, from academy to academy, from Paris to Rome, to St. Petersburg and to London, with her gaiety, her talents, and her easel before which all the sovereigns of Europe, as well as all those whom genius had crowned, should pose as subjects for her brush. . . .

As a painter Madame Vigée Le Brun belongs wholly and distinctly to the eighteenth century; that is to say, to that period in the history of French art which was brought to an abrupt termination by the works of Louis David. So long as she followed the counsels of Joseph Vernet her pencil evinced a certain suppleness and her brush a certain force; but unfortunately she too often sought—especially was this the case in her later works—to imitate Greuze, and weakened the likeness to her models by an exaggerated mistiness. She became the fashion so early in her life that she was debarred from any thorough study, and she was too frequently satisfied with a clever suggestiveness in her portraits.

Without estimating her so leniently as she was in her own day estimated by the French Academy, we nevertheless must needs assign Madame Le Brun an honorable place in the history of painting in France; for, notwithstanding revolutions and reforms, she continued to pursue, as long as she lived, the dainty and delicate art of Watteau, of Nattier, and of Fragonard—an art at once graceful and intrinsically French.—FROM THE FRENCH

R. PINSET AND J. D'AURIAC 'HISTOIRE DU PORTRAIT EN FRANCE'

MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN is one of the most charming painters of the French school. In their freshness, their life, and their spirit, her works are unsurpassed; and if they are open to criticism on account of a certain feminine softness and delicacy, the flesh-tones, by way of compensation, are of undeniable excellence. Moreover, in all the accessories of her portraits, to say nothing of the attitudes of her models, her skill was admirable. She possessed, too, one rare quality—a quality characteristic of only true artists—and that is *universality;* in other words, her portraits do not owe their beauty

to the fact that they belong to any one special period, or because they bear the imprint of any definite epoch, but they are and always will be beautiful because of the universal truth they express.

The great French Revolution of 1789 was destined to bring about changes not only in manners and in laws, but also in art. A new class of people naturally demands a new style of painting. Above all, for the reformation, the regeneration, of a school with whose principles the new order of things finds fault, a painter is needed whose intrepid spirit shall prompt him to boldly break with the prevailing tastes and traditions of the day. After the Revolution it was plain that a new school was about to come into being—all that was needed was a leader, and that leader was found in Louis David. The exquisite grace of Madame Vigée Le Brun was, therefore, the last expression of what may be called eighteenth-century painting in France.—FROM THE FRENCH

LOUIS BERNARD 'CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE DE PEINTURE AU MUSÉE DU LOUVRE'

MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN painted in the graceful and charming style of Watteau and of Fragonard, but with greater sobriety and with a note of sincerity that was exceptional in the eighteenth-century art of France. She could not, however, wholly escape those mannerisms characteristic of the century which gave her birth, and in some of her portraits we are conscious of a certain artificiality. All her life she vibrated, so to speak, between the method of painting of Jean-Baptiste Regnault and that of Jean-Baptiste Greuze—borrowing from the one his suave and supple touch, his insipid manner of softening, and from the other the exaggerated roundness of his modeling.

The vogue which Madame Le Brun acquired upon her first appearance, and which she always retained, the adulation accorded her as a woman even more than as an artist, sadly interfered with all hard study in the rudiments of her profession, and caused her to rely for her success entirely upon her exceeding facility.—FROM THE FRENCH

SOPHIA BEALE 'PORTFOLIO' 1891

WITH regard to Madame Vigée Le Brun's position as an artist, there is no doubt that the work left behind her proves her to have been equal to most of her contemporaries, and superior to many. Gros was more dramatic, Louis David had more force and vigor in his touch, and Prud'hon was immeasurably above her in his subject-pictures—a line in which Madame Le Brun never shone; but she is vastly superior in technique and bold handling to Hubert Robert or Gérard, and there is an elegance and grace about her portraits which is eminently womanly in the best sense of the word. Still, although her talent was considerable, she owed a great deal of her success to her personality and her industry, for she had the love of work and the perseverance without which even genius is of little use. . . .

Madame Le Brun was not a great portraitist; but if not a Velasquez, a Rembrandt, or a Rubens, her work is elegant and refined, and possesses a charm which is not common. "She has neither the force nor the virility of

some of the great painters of France," says her biographer, M. Charles Pillet, "but because of the exquisite delicacy of her touch she is one of the most *aimable* painters of the French school." *Aimable*—that little French word exactly expresses Madame Le Brun's position in the great army of portrait-painters.

The Works of Vigée Le Brun

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'PORTRAIT OF MADAME MOLÉ-RAYMOND' PLATE I

'THE Lady with the Muff,' as this celebrated portrait of Madame Molé-Raymond, an actress of the 'Comédie Française,' is often called, is one of Madame Le Brun's most popular works. The composition has sometimes been criticized for its lack of repose, but in the dash and breeziness of the graceful figure, apparently painted as in the act of running, there is an undeniable charm.

Madame Molé-Raymond, her hands hidden in a huge brown muff which she presses against her breast, wears a bluish-lavender dress and a blue apron. A broad-brimmed blue hat trimmed with a bow of ribbon and a feather is jauntily placed upon her elaborately curled hair, and around her neck is a white muslin fichu, with long ends crossed and tied at the back of her waist.

"The painting," writes Sir Charles Eastlake, "is admirable in execution, reminding one in certain qualities of Gainsborough, but more finished and even in impasto."

This picture was painted in 1786, exhibited at the Salon in the following year, and bequeathed in 1865, by Mademoiselle Maurice Raymond, a daughter of the lady represented, to the Louvre, Paris, where it now hangs. The figure is life-sized, and the panel on which it is painted measures about three and a half feet high by two feet four inches wide.

'MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER CHILDREN' PLATE II

THE most celebrated portrait of Marie Antoinette is this large picture painted by Madame Vigée Le Brun in 1787, in which the queen is represented with her children seated in the Palace of Versailles. She is dressed in a robe of red velvet trimmed with fur, and wears an elaborate toque of the same color decorated with ostrich plumes. The little Duc de Normandie, then two years old, is on his mother's lap; "Madame Royale" stands at the queen's side tenderly clasping her arm, while on the right the Dauphin lifts the curtain of an empty cradle, generally supposed to be that of his younger brother, but which according to M. de Nolhac belonged to a little sister whose death occurred at about the time of the painting of this group.

The picture was finished for the Salon of 1788, but the artist had many misgivings as to its reception. The time was certainly unpropitious for the ex-

hibition of a portrait of Marie Antoinette, whose popularity was already on the wane, and who in the eyes of the populace was responsible for a large part of the misery of France. Madame Le Brun has related how even the frame of her large picture, having been sent to the Salon before the canvas, evoked a number of ill-natured remarks. "That 's the way the money is spent," people said. "Finally," she writes, "I sent in my picture, but could not muster up courage to follow it and find out what its fate was to be, so fearful was I lest it should be badly received by the public. In fact I was fairly sick with fright. I shut myself in my room, and there I was praying the Lord for the success of *my* royal family when my brother and a host of friends burst in to tell me that my picture had met with universal approbation.

"After the close of the Salon, the king had it taken to Versailles, and there M. d'Angivillers, then minister of the Fine Arts, and director of the royal establishments, presented me to His Majesty, who was good enough to converse with me at some length, and to say that he was much pleased with my work. Then he added, looking again at my picture, 'I do not know much about painting, but you make me love it!'

"The picture was placed in one of the apartments at Versailles through which the queen always passed in going to and returning from mass. After the death of the Dauphin, early in 1789, the picture reminded her so vividly of her cruel loss that she could not look at it without weeping. She therefore ordered it to be removed, but with her usual thoughtful kindness she at once apprised me of her reason for doing so. It is, indeed, to the queen's sensitive feeling that I owe the preservation of my picture, for had it been left where it was the bandits and fishwives who soon afterwards marched to Versailles in search of the king and queen would certainly have destroyed it."

After her return from Russia, Madame Le Brun relates how she went one morning to Versailles to see her picture. It had been banished to a corner of the palace, and was placed with its face against the wall. She was told that Napoleon, hearing that many people went to Versailles on purpose to see the painting, had given orders for its removal—orders which apparently were not strictly carried out, as the custodian continued to show the picture and by so doing had gained so much money that he refused to accept any gratuity from Madame Le Brun, declaring that owing to her he had already earned enough.

This painting now hangs in the Palace of Versailles. It measures about eight feet long by seven feet wide.

'PORTRAIT OF THE COMTE DE VAUDREUIL' PLATE III

JOSEPH FRANÇOIS DE PAULE, Comte de Vaudreuil, is described by Madame Le Brun, who knew him well, as distinguished in appearance, courteous, witty, and gifted with infinite tact. A lover and connoisseur of art, his wealth enabled him to indulge his taste for the works of the great masters, of which he possessed a valuable collection.

De Vaudreuil was high in favor at court and many honors were conferred upon him. He was made grand falconer, given command of the citadel of Lille, and created a member of the Order of the Holy Ghost—the highest

order of chivalry under the Bourbons. Upon the downfall of that house he sought refuge in England, but at the time of the Restoration returned to France, where he was made a peer of the realm and appointed governor of the Louvre, a position he held until his death in 1817.

Madame Le Brun's portrait of the Comte de Vaudreuil, here reproduced, shows him at the age of forty-four, when he was at the height of his power. He wears a richly embroidered coat, and across his breast the sky-blue watered ribbon, the *cordon bleu*, insignia of the Order of the Holy Ghost.

The picture is in a private collection in Paris.

'MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER' PLATE IV

THE most popular, and in many respects the most beautiful, of Madame Le Brun's numerous portraits of herself is this picture, now in the Louvre. It was first exhibited at the Salon of 1789, and was presented by the artist to Monsieur d'Angivillers, minister of the Fine Arts.

Madame Le Brun has here represented herself in a gown of white muslin with a red scarf tied around her waist. Her brown hair, arranged in curls in front and knotted on the top of her head, is bound with a band of red ribbon, and a green mantle is draped about the lower part of her figure. Her little daughter, whom she clasps in her embrace, and who in turn has thrown her arm about her mother's neck, is dressed in blue.

"In this picture," writes M. Charles Pillet, "Madame Le Brun's face is expressive of happiness and maternal pride. The arm placed about her child is delicately and skilfully modeled, and its roundness is admirably shown against the slightly bluish tone of her white muslin gown. The sprightly air of the little girl, and the manner in which she presses closely against her mother in quick response to the loving embrace, are exquisitely natural. The general tone of the painting is harmonious, and the picture is one of Madame LeBrun's finest achievements in portraiture."

The panel measures a little over four feet high by about three feet wide.

'PORTRAIT OF HUBERT ROBERT' PLATE V

THIS portrait of the French landscape-painter Hubert Robert was painted in 1788, the year before Madame Le Brun left Paris for Italy. He is represented with one hand resting on a stone parapet, while in the other he holds his palette and brushes. His coat is lavender, with a collar of red velvet, his waistcoat is yellow, and a white neck-cloth is carelessly tied about his throat. M. Charles Pillet commends the naturalness of the pose and the simplicity of the composition. "The manner in which it is painted," he writes, "is supple, the touch broad and free; the contrasts are well rendered and the colors harmonious. The portrait belongs to the best period of Madame Le Brun's art, and has none of that hardness sometimes perceptible in her later works."

Hubert Robert was born in 1733. He was therefore fifty-five years of age when Madame Le Brun painted this portrait. "Of all the artists of my acquaintance," she says, "Hubert Robert was by far the most versatile. Fond of every kind of pleasure, not excepting that of the table, he was always in such

demand that I do not believe he dined at home three times a year. Theaters, balls, dinners, concerts, garden-parties—he went everywhere that he was invited, and spent all the time that was not occupied with his painting in amusing himself. He was witty, well informed without being in the least pedantic, always in good spirits, and the most amiable man imaginable."

Robert's vogue as a painter was in his lifetime very great. His facility was amazing; it was said that he could paint a picture as quickly as he could write a letter. As a consequence his works, some twenty of which are now in the Louvre, are very numerous.

'PORTRAIT OF MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN' PLATE VI

WHEN in Florence in 1789, Madame Vigée Le Brun was asked to paint a portrait of herself for the collection of artists' portraits in the Uffizi Gallery in that city. Her promise to comply with this request, an honor she duly appreciated, was fulfilled soon after her arrival in Rome, where her first work was the well-known portrait here reproduced.

Madame Le Brun, who was then thirty-four years old, has represented herself as seated before an easel, palette and brushes in hand, engaged in tracing in white chalk upon her canvas the features of Queen Marie Antoinette. The artist's dress is black, and she wears a red sash falling in long ends behind.

The portrait is painted on canvas, and measures three feet three inches high by two feet eight inches wide. It is in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

'PORTRAIT OF THE MARQUISE DE JAUCOURT' PLATE VII

NO subject could have been more congenial to Madame Le Brun's graceful brush than was the beautiful Marquise de Jaucourt whom the artist has here represented dressed in a simple muslin gown with a lace-edged fichu about her shoulders and a ribbon sash tied around her waist. Her broad-brimmed hat, trimmed with loops of ribbon, is slightly tilted upon her dark curls, which enframe a delicately modeled face with large brown eyes and a charmingly childlike expression.

Perhaps no other portrait by Madame Le Brun better exemplifies her taste in costume, and skill in posing her model. It offers an instance of what Lady Dilke has called her "ingenious eye-catching arrangements, which," that critic says, "gave to her clever pencil a charm that induces us to pardon the somewhat superficial character of her intelligence and her art."

The picture is owned by the Marquis de Jaucourt, Paris.

'PORTRAIT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE' PLATE VIII

MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN painted between twenty and thirty portraits of Marie Antoinette, of which one of the most charming is this picture in the Palace of Versailles, where the queen is represented in a garden tying up a bouquet of flowers. Her dress is of gray taffeta trimmed with delicate lace, she wears a hat of gauze decorated with ostrich plumes, while around her throat and wrists are strings of pearls.

Madame Le Brun describes Marie Antoinette as "tall and with a fine fig-

ure." "Her arms," she says, "were superb, her hands small and perfectly formed, and her feet charming. She had the best walk of any woman in France, carrying her head erect and with a dignity that stamped her queen in the midst of her whole court; and yet this majestic mien in no wise diminished the sweetness and gentleness of her expression. Her features were not regular; she had inherited the long and narrow oval peculiar to the Austrian race; her eyes, almost blue in color, were rather small; her nose was delicate and pretty, and her mouth not too large, although her lips were somewhat thick. But the most remarkable thing about her face was her brilliant complexion. I have never seen any so dazzling."

There is every reason to believe that all Madame Le Brun's portraits of Marie Antoinette were decidedly flattering as likenesses, so that although, as M. de Nolhac has said, they will always remain the most charming presentments of that queen, they are by no means the most truthful.

The picture here reproduced measures about three and a half feet long by nearly three feet wide.

'PORTRAIT OF STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS PONIATOWSKI' PLATE IX

AMONG Madame Le Brun's distinguished friends in Russia was Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski, the last king of Poland, who, after the downfall of his kingdom, took up his residence in St. Petersburg, where he lived as a private gentleman. Kindly by nature, courteous and considerate, a delightful conversationalist and a charming and most genial host, he was beloved by all who knew him. As to his personal appearance, "he was," writes Madame Le Brun, "very tall and handsome. His face expressed gentleness and affability; his carriage was erect; his bearing dignified; and he was wholly without affectation. His kindness was most unusual. I remember an instance that makes me feel ashamed of myself whenever I think of it. When I am painting I refuse to see any one in the world except my model—a custom which has more than once caused me to be very rude to people who have interrupted me in my work. One morning, just as I was finishing a portrait, I heard the noise of horses at my door, and instantly guessed that it was the King of Poland who had come to see me; but I was so interested in my work that I lost my temper and cried out as he opened the door, 'I am not at home!' Without a word the king put his cloak on again and went away. When I had laid down my palette, and in cold blood thought over what I had done, I was so repentant that that same evening I betook myself to the house of the King of Poland to apologize, and to beg forgiveness. 'What a reception you gave me this morning!' he exclaimed as soon as he saw me, and then immediately added, 'I understand perfectly how trying it must be to a busy artist to be interrupted while at work, and you may rest assured that I am not in the least angry with you.' He then insisted on my remaining to supper, and no further allusion was made to my misbehavior."

Of the two portraits which Madame Le Brun painted of Poland's last king, the earlier, now in the Louvre, Paris, is reproduced in plate IX. His hair is powdered and he wears a mantle of red velvet richly trimmed with ermine.

The painting has a distinction and a greater force and brilliancy than are usually to be found in the artist's work.

The oval canvas measures about three feet three inches high by two feet eight inches wide.

'PEACE BRINGING PLENTY' PLATE X

'PEACE bringing Plenty' was painted by Madame Le Brun for her reception picture, when, in May, 1783, she was made a member of the French Academy of Painting. It was exhibited at the Salon in that same year and is now in the Louvre, Paris.

'Plenty,' her blond hair decorated with flowers and sheaves of wheat, and holding a cornucopia filled with fruit, was painted from Mademoiselle Lucie Hall, daughter of a Swedish miniature-painter then resident in Paris, while Mademoiselle Adèle, her sister, was the model for 'Peace,' with a crown of laurel in her dark locks and a branch of the same symbolic tree in her hand.

The composition is wholly in accordance with the art traditions of that period, and while possessing a certain grace is inferior to most of Madame Le Brun's work in portraiture. The canvas measures about three and a half feet high by four feet three inches wide.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN painted at least six hundred and sixty portraits, fifteen subject-pictures, and about two hundred landscapes. A chronological, though not an altogether complete, list of her works will be found in the last volume of her 'Souvenirs.' The greater number of her works are in private possession. The following list includes the most important of the comparatively few examples of her art contained in collections accessible to the public.

ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Portrait of Madame Vigée Le Brun — LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Portrait of a Boy; Portrait of Madame Perrégaux — FRANCE. CHANTILLY, CONDÉ MUSEUM: Portrait of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria; Portrait of Marie Caroline, Queen of Naples; Portrait of Marie Louise Joséphine, Queen of Etruria — MONTPELLIER, MUSEUM: Portrait of Princess Marie of Russia — PARIS, CZARTORYSKI GALLERY: Portrait of Princess Isabella Czartoryski — PARIS, LOUVRE: Peace Bringing Plenty (Plate X); Madame Vigée Le Brun and her Daughter (Plate IV); Portrait of Paesiello; Portrait of Hubert Robert (Plate V); Portrait of Joseph Vernet; Portrait of Madame Molé-Raymond (Plate I); Madame Vigée Le Brun and her Daughter; Portrait of Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski (Plate IX) — ROUEN, MUSEUM: Portrait of Madame Grassini — TOULOUSE, MUSEUM: Portrait of Madame de Crussol — VERSAILLES, PALACE: Marie Antoinette and her Children (Plate II); The Dauphin and Madame Royale; Portrait of Marie Antoinette (Plate VIII); Portrait of Marie Antoinette with a Book; Portrait of Marie Antoinette with a Rose; Portrait of the Duchesse d'Orléans; Portrait of the Queen of Naples with her Daughter; Portrait of Grétry; Portrait of Jean de la Bruyère; Portrait of André Hercule de Fleury — VERSAILLES, PETIT TRIANON: Portrait of Marie Antoinette with a Rose — ITALY. BOLOGNA GALLERY: Portrait of Mademoiselle Le Brun — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Portrait of Madame Vigée Le Brun (Plate VI) — ROME, ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE: Portrait of Madame Vigée Le Brun (Page 22) — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, GALLERY OF PRINCE YOUSSOUPOFF: Madame Catalini Singing — SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Portrait of Marie Caroline, Queen of Naples; Portrait of Princess Christine of Naples.

Vigée Le Brun Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN

THE chief source of information concerning Madame Vigée Le Brun is her 'Souvenirs,' first published in Paris in 1835-37. Several English translations of this entertaining book have appeared from time to time.

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ARGOSY, 1896: Isabella Fyvie Mayo; A Genius and a Beauty — MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, 1897: Anonymous; Famous Portrait Painters — PORTFOLIO, 1891: Sophia Beale; Elizabeth Louise Vigée-Le Brun.

Mantegna

PADUAN SCHOOL

UofM

MANTEGNA
MADONNA WITH ST. JOHN AND MARY MAGDALENE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Mau

MANTEGNA
MEETING OF LODOVICO GONZAGA AND CARDINAL FRANCESCO
CAMERA DEGLI SPOSI, CASTELLO, MANTUA

Microfilm

MANTEGNA
THE HOLY FAMILY
COLLECTION OF DR. LUDWIG MOND, LONDON

Mau

MANTEGNA
THE CRUCIFIXION
LOUVRE, PARIS

MANTEGNA
THE TRIUMPH OF CAESAR [FOURTH SECTION]
ROYAL PALACE, HAMPTON COURT

MANTEGNA
THE MADONNA OF VICTORY
LOUVRE, PARIS

MANTEGNA
ST. JAMES BEFORE HEROD AGRIPPA
CHURCH OF THE EREMITANI, PADUA

MANTEGNA
MADONNA AND CHILD WITH CHERUBS
BRERA GALLERY, MILAN

Microfilm

MANTEGNA
PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL SCARAMPI
BERLIN GALLERY

Mall

UofM

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE
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MANTEGNA
PARNASSUS
LOUVRE, PARIS

BRONZE BUST OF MANTEGNA
MANTEGNA'S CHAPEL, CHURCH OF SANT' ANDREA, MANTUA

Fifty years after Mantegna's death, his grandson, Andrea, placed in the chapel of the Church of Sant' Andrea, Mantua, where the painter is buried, the now celebrated bronze bust of Mantegna here reproduced. Formerly attributed to the medalist, Sperandio, this fine work is now ascribed by some to Bartolommeo di Virgilio Meglioli; by others to Gian Marco Cavalli. Whoever the sculptor, the massive head crowned with laurel, and with eyes in which we are told diamonds once blazed, is superbly modeled, and in its strongly marked features are revealed the rugged strength, the proud and uncompromising spirit, the mighty energy, of the great artist.

Andrea Mantegna

BORN 1431: DIED 1506
PADUAN SCHOOL

ANDREA MANTEGNA (pronounced Man-tane'yah) was born at Vicenza, in the neighborhood of Padua, in the year 1431. Nothing is known of his parentage except that his father's name was Biagio. The story told by Vasari, that, like Giotto, Mantegna was "occupied during his childhood in the tending of flocks," is without foundation, and all that is actually known of his early years is that he went to Padua when very young, was there adopted by the painter Squarcione, and at the age of ten was admitted to the gild of painters in Padua, being registered in the books of the fraternity as "Andrea, the son of Messer Francesco Squarcione, painter."

Although Squarcione's title to fame rests to-day largely upon the fact that he was Mantegna's earliest master, he occupies a not unimportant position in the history of the development of art in northern Italy. Originally a tailor and embroiderer by profession, he won a reputation as a connoisseur of antique art, his taste for which he indulged during travels in Italy, and some say in Greece, where he collected specimens of sculpture, bas-reliefs, architectural remains, and drawings made from inscriptions and decorative work. Upon his return to Padua he established an art school, where no less than one hundred and thirty-seven students from all parts of Italy were assembled.

In this school the young Mantegna received his first instruction, and thus from his earliest years a love for antique art was formed, a love which remained throughout his life the dominant feature in his art, though other influences contributed towards making him the finished master he became.

Whether Jacopo Bellini, the Venetian painter, was one of the teachers employed in Squarcione's school, or whether, during the residence in Padua which he is known to have made, he set up a separate and rival studio, cannot be determined, but in Mantegna's work, as well as in that of other Squarcionesques, his influence is clearly perceptible. From the Florentine painter Paolo Uccello, who was at work in Padua in Mantegna's boyhood, the young student probably acquired an interest in the art of perspective and foreshortening in which Paolo excelled; but by a far greater master, the famous sculptor Donatello, who with a crowd of assistants went from Florence to Padua and there lived and worked for a period of about ten years, he was still more

powerfully influenced. Donatello's classic ideals and types, his forceful interpretation of the spirit of the Renaissance, to say nothing of his marvelous technical skill, all made a deep impression upon Mantegna's mind.

Bred up among such influences, and imbibing from his earliest youth the intellectual atmosphere of the old university town of Padua, the home of scholars, poets, artists, and philosophers, Mantegna grew to manhood. At seventeen he had painted his first recorded picture, a 'Madonna in Glory,' no longer in existence, for the Church of Santa Sofia in Padua. Four years later he painted a fresco over the portal of the Church of Sant' Antonio, and in 1454 he executed for the Church of Santa Giustina a large altar-piece of St. Luke with eight saints and a Pietà, now in the Brera Gallery, Milan. At the age of twenty-three he had, therefore, been employed in work for the three principal churches of Padua, from which it may be inferred that even at that early stage of his career he had acquired a reputation and was highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens.

Before finishing the St. Luke altar-piece Mantegna was engaged upon a work which was to make his name famous. With others of Squarcione's pupils he was employed in decorating in fresco (or, more properly speaking, in tempera on the dry plaster, the method employed by Mantegna for all his wall-paintings) the Chapel of St. James and St. Christopher in the Church of the Eremitani in Padua, and in the six celebrated wall-paintings which remain of his work there we have a priceless record of his early art.

Before the completion of these paintings Mantegna's marriage with Nicolosia, daughter of Jacopo Bellini, took place. Two years later he broke off all connection with Squarcione, from whom he demanded and obtained his freedom on the ground that when he had signed an agreement to work for him he was but a minor, and, moreover, that he had been deceived by his master.

According to Vasari, the rupture between Squarcione and his pupil was caused by the latter's marriage with the daughter of Squarcione's "rival," Jacopo Bellini, which so displeased Mantegna's master that, whereas he had previously much extolled his pupil's works, he from that time censured them with violence, finding fault with Mantegna's frescos in the Church of the Eremitani because the figures therein resembled antique marbles. "Andrea," adds Vasari, "was deeply wounded by his disparaging remarks, but they were, nevertheless, of great service to him; for, knowing that there was truth in what Squarcione said, he forthwith began to draw from the life."

By most modern critics the change which took place at about this period in Mantegna's manner of painting is attributed not to any adverse criticism from Squarcione, but to the counsel of his brother-in-law, Giovanni Bellini (between whose early works and some of Mantegna's a strong resemblance exists), who induced him to soften the rigor of his style and turn more to nature than to the cold and lifeless models of antique art.

The fame of the Eremitani frescos quickly spread, and before long Mantegna was regarded as the chief painter of Padua. His genius was extolled by scholars, and poems were written in his honor, while princes and church dignitaries sought to obtain examples of his art. While at work upon a large

altar-piece in six parts for the Church of San Zeno in Verona, he received, in 1457, a pressing invitation from Lodovico Gonzaga, marquis of Mantua, to enter his service and take up residence at the Mantuan court, then one of the most brilliant in Italy. But the painter, fully occupied with work, and loath to give up his home in Padua, a town to which he was so strongly attached that as long as he lived he frequently affixed to his signature the words "Civis Patavinus" (Citizen of Padua), hesitated to accede to Lodovico's wish, and it was not until the end of two years, and after repeated appeals from the marquis, who courteously but persistently plied him with letters filled with liberal promises,—a salary of fifteen ducats a month should be at his disposal, free lodging, corn and wood enough for six people, and all traveling expenses paid,—that Mantegna, after many excuses,—first, that he must be allowed to finish his altar-piece, then that he must go to Verona to place it in the Church of San Zeno,—finally yielded, and in 1459 removed with his family to Mantua. From that time on until his death he remained the special court painter and the devoted subject of the Gonzaga family, being privileged to make use with some slight change of the Gonzaga coat of arms, and being treated with the utmost regard by the successive rulers of the house, who were well aware that his presence added luster to their court and city.

Among the earliest works executed after his arrival in Mantua were a small triptych, or altar-piece in three parts, now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, and a 'Death of the Virgin' in Madrid. His decorations of Goito, the favorite hunting-castle of the marquis, have perished, as have also his frescos in various neighboring palaces of the Gonzagas.

In the summer of 1466 Mantegna went to Florence on business of his master's, but no account of his four months' stay there has come down to us. In December of that year he was in Mantua again, executing a variety of tasks for the marquis, from drawing designs for tapestries to painting the walls of a room in the Castello, known as the 'Camera degli Sposi.'

These famous frescos were finished in 1474, and as a reward the marquis presented Mantegna with an estate upon which the painter began to build for himself a stately house, where, however, he seems never to have actually lived, but where it was his hope that he would be free from the annoyances he suffered from his neighbors. Again and again Mantegna, who seems to have been of an irascible temper, quick to imagine slights and to resent fancied injuries, appealed to his master, the marquis, to redress his wrongs. Now it was to beg him to punish a tailor who had spoiled a piece of his cloth; now to bitterly complain of a neighbor who, he declared, had robbed his garden of five hundred fine quinces; again, to beg for justice regarding the boundary-line between his estate and the next. To all appeals from his testy painter Lodovico turned a patient ear, adjusting matters to Mantegna's satisfaction whenever possible, though sometimes forced to decide against the irritable artist, who on one occasion himself administered what he felt to be justice, and soundly thrashed an engraver whom he suspected of having purloined his plates. This time a lawsuit followed in which Mantegna fared badly, for we find him again appealing to the marquis for help.

Lodovico, always ready to treat Mantegna with forbearance, was not, however, so prompt to satisfy his frequent and more reasonable complaints that his salary was in arrears. In 1478 the painter wrote to remind his patron that the promises made to induce him to leave Padua had never been fulfilled, but that now, after laboring in the Gonzagas' service for nineteen years, he was still poor and in need. Lodovico replied kindly and with apologies, assuring Mantegna that he should be paid, even if his own possessions had to be sold, but that money was scarce in the Mantuan treasury, and even then his own jewels were in pawn. Three weeks after this Lodovico died, after ruling for thirty-four years, and to his son, Federico, were left his dukedom and his debts.

This new marquis had all his father's love of art and luxury, and towards the court painter he showed continued kindness and appreciation of his genius. He kept him, indeed, so constantly employed that Mantegna was forced to refuse many of the commissions he received from different parts of Italy. The painter was at the height of his powers and success when, in 1484, Federico died, and was in his turn succeeded by his son, Francesco, then but a boy; and Mantegna, seemingly uneasy as to his position at the Mantuan court, wrote to offer his services at that of Florence. What answer he received we do not know, only that he remained in Mantua and that his new patron, the young marquis, Francesco, proved as appreciative of the painter's genius as his father and grandfather had been before him.

The first important work undertaken by Mantegna after the accession of Francesco was the execution of a series of nine large paintings representing 'The Triumph of Cæsar,' now at Hampton Court, England, but long used to decorate a palace of the Gonzagas. This great work was interrupted by a journey to Rome in 1488, made in compliance with a request to Francesco Gonzaga from Pope Innocent VIII. that he would send his favorite painter to Rome to decorate a chapel in the Vatican. Such a request could not be refused, and accordingly Mantegna was allowed to depart, having first had conferred upon him by his master the honor of knighthood.

For two years he remained in Rome, but unfortunately the frescos with which in that time he decorated the pope's chapel have perished, the entire chapel having been destroyed in 1780, when Pope Pius VI. enlarged the Vatican. Several letters written by Mantegna to the marquis, Francesco Gonzaga, during his residence in the papal city, have been preserved, in which he tells of the honor and favor shown him by the pope, who, he says, though gracious, was not generous, for that he had been obliged to work for a year with nothing in return but his board — a statement which would seem to be corroborated by the anecdote told by Ridolfi that the painter, having been bidden to portray the seven deadly sins, placed beside them an eighth figure, and that when the holy father asked him what that signified Mantegna replied, "Ingratitude," which he held to be the worst of all. To which the pope, seeing the meaning of the painter's words, replied, smiling, "On this side then paint the seven virtues, and for an eighth figure add Patience, which is not inferior to any of the rest." After this, however, it is said that Mantegna's money was promptly paid.

As time went on and the artist did not return, Francesco became impatient, and in December, 1489, when his marriage with the beautiful Isabella d'Este, daughter of the duke of Ferrara, was about to be celebrated, he wrote urgently to both the pope and the painter, stating that Mantegna's services were needed in Mantua. But when the wedding took place, in the following February, Mantegna was still in Rome, detained by sickness, and not until the next autumn was he able to return to Mantua. All his attention was then devoted to the completion of his 'Triumph of Cæsar,' about which he had been so anxious while in Rome that in his letters to the marquis he had more than once given explicit directions as to the care to be taken of these precious works, of which he says himself, "Truly I am not ashamed of having made them, and hope to make more, if God and your Excellency please."

Henceforth Mantegna's life was passed without interruption in Mantua. His talents were in constant requisition by the marquis and by his accomplished wife, Isabella, who, during the frequent absence of Francesco on military service, governed the state ably and wisely. To commemorate a battle in which the marquis, although defeated, had borne himself bravely, Mantegna painted his famous 'Madonna of Victory' (plate VI); to adorn the private study of Isabella, he painted the two mythological scenes, 'Parnassus' (plate X) and the 'Triumph of Wisdom,' both now in the Louvre, Paris. For the monks of Santa Maria degli Organi he painted the altar-piece of the 'Madonna and Saints,' now owned by Prince Trivulzio in Milan; and when his brush was not actively employed his creative powers found expression through his pencil or his burin, for Mantegna was famous not only as a painter but as a draftsman and an engraver.

Scarcely a dozen genuine examples of his drawings have survived, but these show him to have been a master in that branch of art, and as an engraver he stands in the foremost rank. Of the twenty-three plates formerly ascribed to his hand only seven are now regarded as unquestionably his. All these are notable for the beauty and originality of the designs, powerful imagination displayed, and great technical skill.

Mantegna's irascible disposition, which rendered him an almost impossible neighbor, does not seem to have prevented his being held by the distinguished scholars of his day to be a delightfully agreeable companion, whose varied accomplishments and cultivated tastes excited general respect and admiration. As a collector of antiquities he had acquired a reputation, and we are told that he took much pleasure in poetry, and even wrote verses himself. Upright, loyal, and proud, he was, as one of his biographers has said, "a man who took life earnestly, ardently, with no doubts of its worth, or of the value of his own labors therein, and with no half-heartedness in the fulfilling of them; he was fired by the true Renaissance zeal, enthusiastic and devoted."

To the very last he applied himself with characteristic energy to his art, and in his later years produced some of his most vigorous works. To this period many critics assign the powerful but repellent 'Dead Christ,' now in the Brera Gallery, Milan. A 'St. Sebastian' in the collection of Baron Franchetti, Ven-

ice, belongs to this period, also the monochrome painting called the 'Triumph of Scipio,' in the National Gallery, London.

Mantegna's last years were saddened by pecuniary losses and domestic troubles. Partly through his own too lavish expenditures, and partly because of the misdeeds of one of his three sons, Francesco, who was in constant disgrace at the Mantuan court and a sore trial to his father, he found himself deeply involved in debt. So urgent, indeed, was his need that, unable to work fast enough to satisfy his creditors, he was forced to part with the most precious of all his antiques, a Roman head of Faustina, his "dear Faustina," as he called it. This he offered to the marchioness, Isabella, for the sum of one hundred ducats, but Isabella, away from home at the time, strangely enough delayed answering the pathetic appeal of the old painter, and when she did write it was to endeavor to acquire the bust at a lower price. Mantegna, deeply hurt by her long silence, angrily refused to part with his treasure for less than the sum named, and the marchioness finally acceded to his terms. Her agent, Jacopo Calandra, writing to her that he had at last obtained possession of the bust for her, tells how Mantegna put the precious marble into his hands with great reluctance, recommending it to his care with much solicitude and with such demonstrations of jealous affection that, adds Calandra, "if he were not to see it again for six days I feel convinced he would die."

And, indeed, the end came soon after the parting from his dearest possession. Mantegna was ill at the time, and six weeks later, on Sunday, the thirteenth of September, 1506, he died, at the age of seventy-five. In accordance with his wish he was buried in the Church of Sant' Andrea, Mantua, in a small chapel there which in his old age he had purchased for a last resting-place.

The marquis, Francesco Gonzaga, was absent from Mantua at the time of Mantegna's death, and one of the painter's sons, writing to apprise him of the event, tells him how, a few minutes before the end, Mantegna, loyal to the last to the family he had served so long and so honorably, had asked for his master, "and grieved much to think that he should never see his face again." Isabella seems to have taken the news of the old painter's death very casually, and in a letter written at the time to her husband, alludes to the event in merely passing terms. Others, however, felt the loss more keenly. Albrecht Dürer, on his way from Venice to Mantua to visit the great Mantegna, to whose art he owed much and with whose genius his own was in deep sympathy, when he learned that the painter was no more, declared, and was often heard to repeat the words, that in all his life no sadder thing had ever befallen him; and Lorenzo da Pavia, the noted Venetian collector of antiquities, who had known and admired Mantegna, wrote to the marchioness, Isabella, "I grieve deeply over the loss of our Messer Andrea Mantegna, for in truth a most excellent painter—another Apelles, I may say—is gone from us. But I believe that God will employ him elsewhere on some great and beautiful work. For my part I know that I shall never again see so fine an artist."

The Art of Mantegna

EUGÈNE MÜNTZ 'HISTOIRE DE L'ART PENDANT LA RENAISSANCE'

AMONG the precursors of Raphael, Andrea Mantegna stands conspicuously in the foremost rank between Masaccio on the one side and Leonardo da Vinci on the other. No artist is more representative of one of the two chief factors of the new era—the study of antiquity; and when in addition we remember that his imagination was the most powerful, his style the most restrained and the most finished, we may indeed ask if he were not the greatest painter of the early Renaissance. . . .

Besides the instruction Mantegna received from Squarcione and from Jacopo Bellini, Donatello's influence is noteworthy. The Florentine sculptor, as we know, lived in Padua from 1444 to 1453, and therefore it is probable that Mantegna knew him personally. At all events, the young Paduan painter modeled his style upon that of Donatello even more than upon that of either Squarcione or Bellini, borrowing from him the types of his children with their puffed-out cheeks and tiny mouths, as well as the type of Christ and of the Virgin. Finally, he learned from Donatello that quality of pathos which is found in his portrayals of the Crucifixion and the Entombment. Once indeed, in one of his frescos in the Church of the Eremitani, Padua, he copied Donatello's 'St. George.'

Instruction imparted more or less directly by a sculptor to a painter has its disadvantages. A too rigorous imitation of sculpture (I am speaking now not only of Donatello's bronzes but of antique statues as well) gave a cold quality to Mantegna's coloring, in which there is something hard and dry. Only at times, perhaps under the influence of his brothers-in-law Giovanni and Gentile Bellini, did he strike a warmer and more genial note, a richer and more golden tone.

Another Florentine, Paolo Uccello by name, was his exemplar in linear perspective and the art of foreshortening. This twofold preoccupation of Mantegna's plays so important a part in all his compositions that it sometimes interferes with the painter's poetic inspiration. In both branches, perspective and foreshortening, he acquired a skill so consummate that it has never been surpassed, perhaps not even equaled.

But the chief source of his indebtedness, that of all others from which he most freely drew, was antique art. To search with all the eagerness of an antiquary and all the scientific thoroughness of an archæologist for the least fragment in the way of statues, bas-reliefs, coins, inscriptions, marbles, and bronzes, which could be useful to him in reconstructing an image of the Roman world; to study even to the most infinitesimal details the costume, the furniture, and the armor of the ancients; to consult the most learned scholars as to the shape of a sword, the bit of a horse, or the kind of boot used in the Roman armies, and then from this infinity of material and with inexhaustible patience to create a picture at once living and poetic, quickening with his imagination

erudition which in another would have remained sterile;—such was the task which Mantegna accomplished with signal success.

His enthusiasm for the study of antiquity, however, did not lead him to neglect nature. Possibly if antiquity could have provided him with more numerous and more varied models, Mantegna would not have turned to nature for a guide; but much is lacking, especially for a painter, in the models offered by antique art. Types, it is true, it gave him, and costumes, armor, furniture, buildings—in short, a complete archæological outfit; but no color, no vegetation, no landscapes, and accordingly Mantegna, fortunately for us, was forced to turn his attention to the men and things of his own time; in a word, to complete his rôle of archæologist by that of realist. And so it was that, like Donatello, his immortal prototype, and like Raphael in later years, his art embraced two entire worlds—the world of antiquity, of paganism, and the world of Christianity—and he became the enthusiastic student of the one, the fervent interpreter of the other. . . .

Among the many high qualities of Mantegna's achievement, qualities which through him have become the common patrimony of Italian art, composition may be said to owe more to him than any other one branch of art. He was undoubtedly the first to give thought to the construction of a picture; that is to say, to substitute for a simple juxtaposition or a picturesque grouping of the figures an arrangement which had been thoroughly thought out as a whole, and of which the most insignificant parts should be placed as carefully as figures on a chessboard in the hands of a skilful player. Throughout his work we are conscious of a firm will and a brain ceaselessly alert. The arrangement of some of his pictures is as studied in its accuracy as a demonstration in geometry—too studied, indeed, for if this great artist can be reproached with a fault it is with over-conscientiousness. A little more freedom, a little more spontaneity, would sometimes be acceptable.

Science in the disposition of drapery was also carried by Mantegna to a point of perfection unknown before his day. His inspiration in this direction was derived from both the precepts of Paolo Uccello and from the Greek and Roman sculptors. He was not satisfied to skilfully arrange his draperies upon the human body, to make them follow the lines caused by the slightest movement, and dispose them in accordance with the most complicated anatomical problems—all this he regarded as but a preliminary step, not an end. He wished in addition to grapple with those problems of harmony and of elegance which had been solved with such marvelous perfection by the sculptors of antiquity. Thus it was that the flow of the drapery became by turn in Mantegna's hands picturesque, bold, and, again, truly eloquent. . . .

Here, too, the artist, conscientious above all, sinned through excess. When studied carefully his draperies will often be found to be too hard, too stiff. Striving with implacable logic to reproduce even the smallest folds, the tiniest ripples, of those surfaces which in their very nature are pliable, he gives them a metallic appearance; no matter how softly flowing their folds, his materials are frequently so painted that they seem to be made of tin.

As was the case with Donatello, Mantegna's fame and influence were widely

extended, and yet he cannot be said to have founded any school, properly so-called. But if he had no direct pupils (none of his three sons, Francesco, Lodovico, and Bernardino, nor his favorite scholar, Carlo del Mantegna, attained celebrity), his imitators were numerous. There were Cosimo Tura and Melozzo da Forli, who were indebted to him for what is best in their art; Raphael, who borrowed from him the motive for his 'Entombment'; Sodoma, who in his decorations of the Stanza della Segnatura in the Vatican derived his inspiration from Mantegna's circular ceiling fresco in the Castello at Mantua; Correggio, Paolo Veronese, Albrecht Dürer, Holbein, and countless others.

As is usually the case in this work of propagandism, the engraver eclipsed the painter. A print travels easily, and can be quickly multiplied and spread. For every ten artists who could see one of Mantegna's paintings, a hundred were able to study his engravings; and so it came to pass that his plates—studies to which Mantegna attached but a low value—did more towards establishing his fame than his most celebrated paintings.

Mantegna died at Mantua in 1506, and in losing him Italy lost that one of her painters who contributed more than did any other before Raphael towards the development of the art of composition. Who knows, indeed, if in losing him she did not lose the prince of draftsmen of all time?—FROM THE FRENCH

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD 'ITALIAN CITIES'

MANTEGNA looked not only at nature, but looked with passion and devotion upon the art of others, the art of the men who had been his forerunners by a millennial and a half. From his own personality and the work of the Greeks and Romans he evolved grandeur of style, dignity, rhythm, measure; from his own personality and the observation of nature he acquired a robust naturalism to be used when needed, and the capacity for an untiring rendering of every kind of detail; and from his own personality and his loving study of Donatello, he gave to many of his figures a kind of feverishly vital movement, especially facial movement. . . .

Taking Mantegna's figures, we may roughly divide them into the pseudo-Roman, the realistic contemporaneous, and the ideal types of saints, angels, and holy personages. It is most of all in his 'Triumph of Cæsar,' next in certain of the Eremitani frescos, that Mantegna developed his Roman types; and perhaps, before saying more of them, it is well to note that in the frescos the very first impression is made by the architecture. In the cartoons of the 'Triumph of Cæsar,' the accessories, though less important than in the Eremitani pictures, are also very notable.

In the frescos Mantegna has fairly lavished his architecture, and has reveled in his stage-setting. This architectural framing dominates, and it may be said here that Mantegna's elaboration of perspective, even more than his elaboration of detail, interfered with the unity of impression produced by each fresco as a whole. The science is too apparent; he wishes to know all, and does n't mind your knowing that he knows; the architecture is too emphatic, and the emphasis is increased by the fact that this master of linear perspective was, like most of the other primitives, sadly hampered when he came to a mat-

ter of atmospheric perspective. He is, however, in like case with many another; for, save in the hands of a very few Venetians and Umbrians, the fifteenth-century background would no more "down" than would Banquo's ghost. Mantegna's buildings are, after all, only in the second plane, not the third or fourth; and, for all that atmospherically they do not "know their places," they are splendid and stately frames, more accountable perhaps than any other one thing for the effect of the frescos. If his architecture is all antique, his costumes are, in three of the rectangles of the Eremitani frescos, frankly fifteenth-century; in the others they are of that pseudo-Roman character which we may call Mantegnesque.

That he would have had them altogether Roman we do not doubt; but the great artist cannot forget himself wholly, for even in his most earnest admiration Mantegna's personality asserts itself, as it should; he is more violent than the Greek, and he refines upon the later Roman. His people sometimes move with a nervous brusqueness that is unsculptural and therefore un-pagan; more often they stand statuesquely, or march rhythmically, as in the 'Triumph.' Their long, thin bodies are evolved directly from Mantegna's own personality. In the 'Triumph of Cæsar' they have much of antique grace; in the frescos, it is combined with a great deal of medieval meagerness. They are of that type which Mantegna preferred to all others, in which there is a mixture of ugliness and elegance and even beauty, leaning now to the beauty side, with the striplings and children of the Mantuan cartoons, now to the side of ultra-elongation, as in 'The Crucifixion'—the type with a powerful, sharply muscled thorax, slender but elegantly graceful arms and legs, and small heads. . . .

In his purely sacred pictures Mantegna's type of the Madonna is akin to Bellini's, in that she is always the close-hooded descendant of the Byzantine Marys; there is no opportunity for the picturesque arrangement of hair and veil dear to the Tuscans; the limitation is trying and calls for greater feeling for facial beauty in women than Mantegna possessed. In the delightful army of Italian winged children Mantegna's hold honorable office; real babies hardly existed in antique art, so he could obtain no inspiration from his Romans, and it is rather the little angels of Giovanni Bellini who are the brothers to Mantegna's children, who, we suspect, try to look like the little bronze musicians of Donatello's famous Paduan altar; but they are not so forceful as Donatello's children, nor so winning as Bellini's. . . .

In immediate relation to his flying children is a purely decorative and altogether delightful element in Mantegna's pictures, of which he was, if not the inventor, at least the typical adapter to pictorial purpose. He brought to a fuller color-life the Della Robbia garlands of green and white, and swung them across his frescos. They are heavier and thicker than Luca's festoons—so heavy, indeed, that infant geniuses easily ride astride or climb them like trees. Flowers and fruits almost as solid-looking as the glazed earthern pears and apples of the Della Robbia are set in them with a perfect regularity which, like the formalizing of Italian gardens, makes them but more decorative. . . .

Having glanced, if ever so hastily, at types, architecture, and ornament, the material from which Mantegna evolved his art, let us even more briefly con-

sider his technique, his drawing, color, and composition. M. Müntz asks if we may not call him the prince of draftsmen of all time. The critic's question cannot be answered; for there are many ways of approaching the summit of Parnassus, and its upper slopes throne many who, as our mood changes, may sit in turn with Apollo. Raphael and Michelangelo, Leonardo and Titian, Correggio, Paolo Veronese, and Tintoretto make up a charmed circle, and when the threshold of the sixteenth century is crossed the gates swing together, closing upon an older and a different order of things, where the masters whom we call primitive must still linger, deprived of the wholly rounded perfection that came to those of the High Renaissance. But though they may be without it, nearest to this circle, in *our* hearts at least, sit the earnest Giovanni Bellini and the lofty-minded Mantegna.

M. Müntz in his enthusiasm sounds the key-note, for Mantegna, in his challenge to posterity, stands firmly as one of his Romans upon design and style, those bases of pictorial art. No matter how harsh his figures may be, his outline in most of his wall-pictures, all of his engravings, and nearly all of his distemper panels is delicate and sensitive, full of character, full also of grace in his Roman striplings of the 'Triumph of Cæsar.' His modeling is close and dry, and his draperies and architectural ornaments are sometimes almost painfully elaborated.

With his design must be reckoned his treatment of perspective, which he made an important, perhaps too important, part of that design. Nevertheless, he performed with it some very pretty feats, adding to the attractiveness of his work, especially in his placing of his foreground figures exactly upon the floor line of his composition in wall-panels to be seen from below (as in the 'Triumph of Cæsar' and the Eremitani frescos), and then making the feet of his people of the second plane vanish behind his horizon; but he was still at a point where he cared more for the solution of the problem than for any enhancement afforded by it to his picture. . . .

Mantegna loved to compose, and liked to handle a great deal of material at a time; the Madonna and Child quite by themselves by no means tempted him as a subject, as they did his brother-in-law Bellini, for instance. He liked a procession much better, or a whole scene elaborately set, with architecture and landscape. His draperies, though dignified in general disposition, were in detail what the French would call tormented, full of little crinkly folds that seemed to suggest the copperplates of Nuremberg, and to emphasize the fact that Mantegna was engraver as well as painter. For a fifteenth-century artist he composed well with light. He knew the effect of light falling upon objects in the round; yet it cannot be said that he enveloped his figures, for he seemed to see everything in nature circumscribed by a pure line. In his expression through design he exhibited a dual artistic personality; pushed a little further in one direction, his drawing of 'Judith,' in the Uffizi, might form part of a Greek vase painting; pushed a little further in the opposite direction, his Gonzaga nobles of the Mantuan Castello would become caricatures. Though an earnest student of the antique marbles, he was a keen observer of contemporary life as well. Moving in this wide gamut of elevated realism and noble

idealism, he always preserved a loftiness of feeling which made him at times a peer of Michelangelo, while he possessed a *terribilità* of his own a quarter of a century before the great Tuscan began to work. His love of sculptural repose and dignity did not prevent him from being intensely dramatic in his predella of the San Zeno Madonna, and although his figures often grimace and distort their features, yet the contortion which became pathos with Bellini deepened into tragedy with Mantegna.

As might have been predicted, this lover of sculpture was lacking in feeling for color, a deficiency which few critics have noted, and which the late Paul Mantz has characterized admirably, remarking that Mantegna was a "brilliant but rather venturesome colorist," and that, "tones which are fine, if considered by themselves, are heard above the general harmony of the music, and are rather autonomous than disciplined.". . .

In his earlier works, the frescos of the Eremitani of Padua, Mantegna is in his coloring like a child with a toy paint-box, spotting out impartially here a yellow mantle and there a green tunic, without reference to any general scheme of color. He learned later from Bellini to use rich, strong tones in the Madonnas of San Zeno, at Verona, and of Victory in the Louvre. Whether the unevenness, the lack of composition of color in those works, was wholly Mantegna's fault we cannot tell; for in considering the color of these, as of many old pictures, we are unable to speak with confidence, since time has so altered the relations that we can no longer in anywise verify the master's original arrangement, and alterations would be peculiarly apt to occur in the heavy garlands of Mantegna, with their coral and fruits, where the strong reds may have remained brilliant, while the greens have fallen into warm, deep browns. Nevertheless, when all allowance is made, it must be confessed that this mighty master of style and of composition of lines was almost wholly lacking in the sense of color-composition. Indeed, it could hardly be expected that the same temperament which could so keenly perceive and so adequately render the grave music of noble and exquisite line could be equally susceptible to the deep-chorded harmonies of rich and subdued color.

Considering his whole product, his cartoons and his wall-pictures, his tempera work and his engraving, we find that immediately after the five or six greatest names in the history of Italian art comes that of Andrea Mantegna; he stands at the head of the group of secondary painters which counted Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, and Filippino Lippi, Bellini, Signorelli, and Perugino among its members. His name brings with it the memory of a lofty and intensely characterized style, of figures of legionaries, long and lean as North American Indians, Roman in their costume, medieval in their sharp, dry silhouette; of saints, hard and meager, but statuesquely meager; of figures stern almost to fierceness, yet exquisitely refined in the delicacy of their outline; of realistic Mantuan nobles impressive in their ugliness; of stately Madonnas; of charming boy angels, flying or holding up festoons of flowers and fruits; of delicate, youthful figures with long curling hair and crinkled drapery, where every tiny fold is finished as if in a miniature; of canvases filled with long files of captives, with chariots loaded with treasure, with sky-lines broken by

standards and trophies, with armored legionaries, curveting horses, elephants with jeweled frontlets, and with statues towering above the crowd; of processions where the magnificent vulgarity of ancient Rome and the confused lavishness of an antique triumph are subdued to measured harmonies and sculptural lines.

Mantegna's is essentially a virile genius; he does not charm by suggestiveness, nor please by *morbidezza;* he lacks facile grace and feeling for facial beauty; he is often cold, sometimes even harsh and crude, and in his disdain for prettiness and his somewhat haughty distinction he occasionally impresses us with a rather painful sense of superiority. Something of the antique statues that he loved and studied and collected entered into his own nature and his work. As Fra Angelico was the Saint, and Leonardo da Vinci the Magician, Mantegna was the Ancient Roman of art. His were the Roman virtues,—sobriety, dignity, self-restraint, discipline, and a certain masterliness, as indescribable as it is impressive,—and to those who appreciate austere beauty and the pure harmonies of exquisite lines Mantegna's art will always appeal.

The Works of Mantegna

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'MADONNA WITH ST. JOHN AND MARY MAGDALENE' PLATE I

TO the closing years of the fifteenth century may be assigned this picture in the National Gallery, London. The Madonna, wearing a rose-colored robe and a gray-blue mantle, is seated upon a low throne, beneath a red canopy, humbly inclining her head towards the Christ-child, who stands firmly poised upon her knee. On one side is St. John the Baptist with cross and scroll, his gaunt figure draped in a garment of bluish purple; on the other, Mary Magdalene, with fair hair and majestic mien, clad in robes of green and pale purple. Dark green orange and lemon trees and a silvery sky form the background.

"The tenderness and simplicity of the Virgin's face," writes Sir Edward J. Poynter, "the beauty of the heads of the two saints, the exquisite drawing and painting of the fruit-trees, the perfection of the execution, and the purity of the color, all combine to make this picture one of Mantegna's masterpieces. The draperies especially are of extraordinary beauty. The rose-colored dress of the Virgin is delicately heightened with gold, and the garments of the two saints are of materials shot with colors of exquisite harmonies. The whole work is in perfect preservation."

'MEETING OF LODOVICO GONZAGA AND CARDINAL FRANCESCO' PLATE II

TEN years after his removal to Mantua, Mantegna began to decorate a room in the Castello known as the "Camera degli Sposi" (the nuptial chamber), with frescos representing Lodovico, marquis of Mantua, sur-

rounded by his family and court. Over the entrance door is a group of winged boys bearing a tablet, and on the ceiling are medallions and mythological subjects, with a simulated circular opening in the center through which figures in violent foreshortening look down over a balustrade.

In plate II, the principal portion of one of the best preserved of the wall-paintings of this famous room is reproduced. The marquis Lodovico, in short riding-coat and wearing long spurs, stands at the left with his two eldest grandsons, Francesco, afterwards marquis of Mantua, whose features even in this early picture are the same that we see in his portrait introduced into the 'Madonna of Victory' (plate VI), and a younger brother, Sigismondo, afterwards a cardinal, who holds the hand of his uncle, Lodovico, the youthful bishop of Mantua. Lodovico's hand in turn is clasped within that of his older brother, Cardinal Francesco Gonzaga, whose meeting with his father, the marquis, upon his return from Rome and prior to his state entry into Mantua in 1472, forms the subject of this picture. At the extreme right, in a stiffly plaited gold mantle, stands Federico Gonzaga, father of the two children represented, and heir to the Mantuan principality. Nobles and attendants are grouped about, and in the landscape background with its deep blue sky is a walled city with monuments and ruins suggestive of Rome.

"Mantegna," as Mr. Blashfield has said, "here shows himself a realist. The portrait figures are of a monumental ugliness which impresses at once by its sincerity, and a dignity that is half grotesque and half majestic." The composition is stiff and the figures are posed without any attempt at ease or grace; but in spite of this, and notwithstanding the injured condition of the frescos, the Camera degli Sposi offers one of the most perfect existing examples of domestic decoration.

'THE HOLY FAMILY' PLATE III

IN this picture, belonging to Dr. Ludwig Mond, London, the Christ-child stands on the marble rim of a well, representing the *hortus inclusus*, or inclosed garden, the source, or fountain, of the Song of Solomon. In one hand he holds an olive-branch, in the other a crystal globe. Beside him is the infant St. John, pointing to the Lamb of God, and to the right St. Joseph, against whose garnet-colored cloak is outlined the delicate profile of the Virgin, inclined in prayer. The background is composed of the dark green branches of an orange-tree, gleaming with golden fruit.

"Whether we consider this canvas," writes Mr. Berenson, "from the point of view of line or of color—a quality of which Mantegna is not often absolute master—whether from the point of view of modeling or of expression, we shall rarely find its rival among the other works of the great Paduan, and never its superior."

Mr. Claude Phillips says that "apart from the originality of its composition the most unusual feature of this work is the strange and profound spirit of mysticism which pervades it. This is no usual 'Holy Family,' where the Virgin, while adoring, protects the divine Child, nor is it any mere portrayal of the Infant Jesus; it is rather the Christ, who, with all the appearance of a

God, stands erect upon the margin of the well as upon a throne, while all present devoutly humble themselves before this radiant manifestation of divinity."

'THE CRUCIFIXION' PLATE IV

IN 1457–59 Mantegna painted a large altar-piece in six parts for the Church of San Zeno, Verona. The enthroned Madonna and Child, surrounded by singing angels, occupy the main central division; on either side are four standing figures of saints, while the three lower panels forming the predella represent, in the center, 'The Crucifixion,' and in the side compartments 'The Agony in the Garden' and 'The Resurrection.' This picture was carried off to Paris by the French in 1797, but in 1815 the three panels composing the body of the altar-piece were restored to Italy, and are now in their original place in Verona. The predella, however, was not returned. Its two side divisions are in the Tours Museum, while the finest of the three, 'The Crucifixion,' here reproduced, remained in Paris, and is now in the Louvre.

In this little panel, measuring not much more than two feet high by three feet wide, many characteristics of Mantegna's art are to be found—the composition, built up with geometrical precision, the carefully studied perspective, the figures unnaturally elongated, yet drawn with bold and severe realism, the sculpturesque draperies, the landscape, in which the rocky foreground has the appearance of being cut with a chisel; above all, the impressive dramatic effect, produced not so much by any violent movement as by contrast in the delineation of character and feeling.

In his later works Mantegna displays a greater freedom, a less uncompromising severity, a keener sense of abstract beauty; but in depth of pathos and in power of dramatic feeling this picture of the Crucifixion is unsurpassed.

'THE TRIUMPH OF CÆSAR' [FOURTH SECTION] PLATE V

IN this great work, painted between 1484 and 1492 for Francesco Gonzaga, Mantegna has portrayed in a series of nine pictures a triumphal procession of a Roman conqueror. Probably intended to adorn a long gallery in the marquis's palace of San Sebastiano, at Mantua, six of these canvases were at one time used as the stage decorations of a theater temporarily fitted up in the Castello for the performance of Latin plays. In 1627 the whole work was bought for King Charles I. by his agent in Italy, Daniel Nys, and taken to England, where it now forms the chief treasure of the Royal Gallery of Hampton Court. In the eighteenth century it was barbarously "restored" by Louis Laguerre, so that to-day but little remains of Mantegna's splendid work save the composition and general forms; but even in its present state of ruined grandeur 'The Triumph of Cæsar' ranks as one of the greatest achievements of the early Renaissance.

The painting is on canvas, in tempera, and is light in color and decorative in effect. Each of the nine sections measures nine feet square, so that the whole work extends for a distance of eighty-one feet. The first section shows the trumpeters and standard-bearers heading the procession; these are fol-

lowed by warriors with battering-rams and the captured images of gods, armor, and other trophies of war; then come bearers of costly vessels, more trumpeters, and white oxen wreathed for sacrifice and led by beautiful youths (see plate v); next come elephants carrying flaming candelabra on their backs, then soldiers with more booty, and, following these, a line of captives, men, women, and children, mocked and taunted by jesters and clowns; then more soldiers and standard-bearers, and finally, in the last section of all, the magnificent triumphal car in which Julius Cæsar himself is seated, while behind a winged figure of Victory crowns the conqueror with laurel.

'The Triumph of Cæsar' is, as has been said, "a superb exposition of what Mantegna loved best to study and express; it is the very quintessence of his genius." "This rhythmic procession," writes John Addington Symonds, "modulated to the sound of flutes and soft recorders, carries our imagination back to the best days and strength of Rome. . . . The life we vainly look for in the frescos of the Eremitani chapel may be found here—statuesque, indeed, in style and stately in movement, but glowing with the spirit of revived antiquity. The processional pomp of legionaries bowed beneath their trophied arms, the monumental majesty of robed citizens, the gravity of stoled and veiled priests, the beauty of young slaves, and all the paraphernalia of spoils and wreathes and elephants and ensigns, are massed together with the self-restraint of noble art subordinating pageantry to rules of lofty composition. What must the genius of the man have been who could move thus majestically beneath the weight of painfully accumulated erudition, converting an antiquarian motive into a theme for melodies of line composed in the grave Dorian mood?"

'THE MADONNA OF VICTORY' PLATE VI

THIS picture, the most sumptuous of Mantegna's altar-pieces, was painted to commemorate what was claimed to be a victory by Francesco Gonzaga, general of the Venetian troops, over the French army at Fornovo under Charles VIII. Although Gonzaga acquited himself with bravery, the battle, as a matter of fact, terminated not in victory but in defeat for the young marquis, who had vowed, should success attend him, to dedicate a church to the Madonna; and exactly a year afterwards, on July 6, 1496, Mantegna's great canvas of the 'Madonna of Victory,' painted by order of Francesco, was conveyed in solemn procession from the artist's studio in Mantua to the new church built after Mantegna's own designs for its reception. Three hundred years later, in 1797, the French carried off the picture as a trophy of war to Paris, where it has ever since been one of the treasures of the Louvre.

Under an arched bower of green foliage adorned with golden fruit and red coral, the Madonna, wearing a red robe interwoven with gold and a blue mantle lined with green, and holding on her knee the upright figure of the Child, is seated upon a richly decorated throne of colored marble. At her feet, his dark face turned upward to the holy group, kneels Francesco Gonzaga, clad from head to foot in armor. Opposite him is the kneeling figure of St. Elizabeth, in a green dress and orange-colored head-dress, and beside her the little St. John. The heads of St. Andrew and St. Longinus, the patron

saints of Mantua, are seen in the background, while on either side of the Madonna, holding the hem of her outspread mantle, stand the warrior-saints, St. Michael and St. George.

"In the 'Madonna of Victory,'" writes Herr Kristeller, "Mantegna goes far beyond the art methods of his day. The picture represents the freest and most mature form of religious composition which the art of the Renaissance was capable of attaining prior to Raphael, Titian, and Correggio, and was the prototype, or point of departure, of the creations of the great masters of the golden age."

'ST. JAMES BEFORE HEROD AGRIPPA' PLATE VII

MANTEGNA'S earliest important works are his famous frescos in the Chapel of St. James and St. Christopher in the Church of the Eremitani in Padua. The commission to decorate this chapel with scenes from the lives of their patron saints was given by its owners, the Ovetari family, to Squarcione, who intrusted the work to his pupils, chief among whom were Niccolò Pizzolo and Mantegna, and so wide a reputation did these frescos attain that when completed the chapel became throughout the north of Italy a sort of school for the study of style.

A difference of opinion exists among critics as to the extent of Mantegna's share in the decorations, but it is generally agreed that six of the principal wall-paintings—four from the life of St. James and two from that of St. Christopher—are attributable to his hand. Of these the one representing 'St. James before Herod Agrippa' is here reproduced. The scene, a Roman court-room, is imposing in its stately architectural setting. The saint, clad in a dark green mantle and surrounded by Roman soldiers, stands before the judgment-seat of Herod. We are conscious in this picture of the artist's preoccupation with the problems of perspective, as well as of his "tendency to subordinate the human to the architectural interests." A statuesque immobility marks many of the figures, notably that of Herod and of the isolated warrior to the left (said to be a portrait of the artist), but there are also perceptible—in the attitudes of some of the guards and in the natural pose of the officer within the marble paling—signs of the beginning of that gradual emancipation of Mantegna's art from the lifeless rigidity of form which characterized his work at this early period to the broader, freer, and more natural treatment of his later productions.

'MADONNA AND CHILD WITH CHERUBS' PLATE VIII

WHEN, in 1885, this picture, now in the Brera Gallery, Milan, was subjected to a thorough cleaning it was found to be not a work of the school of Giovanni Bellini, as it had long been considered, but a veritable Mantegna, a fine example of the artist's middle period. Signor Frizzoni, Signor Morelli, and others, believe it to be the identical picture painted by Mantegna in 1485 for the Duchess Eleonora of Ferrara, whose daughter, Isabella d'Este, was then betrothed to Francesco Gonzaga, marquis of Mantua,—the "painting on wood of Our Lady and the Child with Seraphim," concerning which

many letters passed between the duchess and her future son-in-law, and which long remained in the possession of the Este family at Ferrara.

The Madonna, one of the most beautiful ever painted by Mantegna, wearing a red robe and a hooded mantle of blue lined with green, holds on her knee the standing figure of the Child, who, with arms clasped about his mother's neck, is listening with rapt expression to the song of the encircling angels floating with outspread bright-colored wings among the clouds.

'PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL SCARAMPI' PLATE IX

AMBITIOUS, talented, passionate, and unscrupulous, Lodovico Scarampi was one of the most remarkable men of his day in Italy. Born in Padua in 1402, he became distinguished as a leader of the papal troops, and as a reward for his military services was invested with high ecclesiastical honors, being created archbishop of Florence, patriarch of Aquileia, bishop of Bologna, and finally given a cardinal's hat. From his rich revenues he amassed enormous wealth, and lived with a lavish display of luxury, dying in 1465, from disappointment, it was said, that he never succeeded to the papal chair.

In Mantegna's famous portrait in the Berlin Gallery, painted probably in Padua in 1459, Cardinal Scarampi is clad in a red silk cloak and a finely plaited white surplice. The powerful head with its crop of short gray hair has the appearance of being cast in bronze, and the stern features, sharply cut mouth, keen eyes, and contracted brows reveal in all its force the character which history has handed down to us of the arrogant, iron-willed priest.

'PARNASSUS' PLATE X

SOON after 1500, Mantegna, then seventy years of age, painted for the study of Isabella d'Este, in the Castello of Mantua, two pictures, representing, one 'The Triumph of Wisdom,' the other 'Parnassus.'

For all paintings destined for her own special room Isabella gave exact directions as to subject, composition, distribution of light, and dimensions. It was her custom to provide any artist she employed, not only with a sketch, but to send him pieces of ribbon denoting the requisite height and width of the picture ordered. In carrying out her wishes in regard to the work here reproduced, "Mantegna," writes Miss Cruttwell, "entered on a new phase of development, and showed himself already a sixteenth-century painter—the precursor, one might almost say, of Poussin and Watteau."

The scene represents 'Parnassus,' the favorite haunt of Apollo and the Muses, where, upon a rocky archway crowned with orange-trees, stand Mars, god of war, and Venus, goddess of love and beauty. At their side is Cupid playfully casting darts at Vulcan, who is seen at his forge on the left. In a meadow below, the Muses, in light garments of varied tints, dance to the music of Apollo's lyre, celebrating the triumph of love, and at the right is Mercury, messenger of the gods, and himself the god of eloquence, with the winged horse, Pegasus, beside him.

In this picture, conceived with the brightness of youth, "all the aged painter's knowledge of classic lore," writes Paul Mantz, "finds expression, but

devoid of the archaism and austerity which characterize his early works. Such defects have disappeared, and only pure rhythm and harmony of line remain. It is the very flower, the essence, of the poetry of the Greeks."

After the sack of Mantua in 1630, 'Parnassus' and its companion, 'The Triumph of Wisdom,' were taken to France, and are now in the Louvre, Paris.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY MANTEGNA WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

MANTEGNA'S wall-paintings are spoken of as frescos, but as a matter of fact they were executed in tempera upon a dry surface. Tempera was also the medium he invariably used for his easel-pictures.

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: St. Sebastian — DENMARK. COPENHAGEN, MUSEUM: Christ upheld by Angels — ENGLAND. HAMPTON COURT, ROYAL GALLERY: Triumph of Cæsar (nine sections) (see plate V) — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Madonna with St. John and Mary Magdalene (Plate I); Agony in the Garden; Samson and Delilah; Triumph of Scipio — LONDON, OWNED BY LADY ASHBURTON: Adoration of the Magi — LONDON, OWNED BY DR. LUDWIG MOND: Holy Family (Plate III) — FRANCE. AIGUEPERSE, PUY-DE-DÔME, CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME: St. Sebastian — PARIS, LOUVRE: Crucifixion (Plate IV); Madonna of Victory (Plate VI); Parnassus (Plate X); Triumph of Wisdom; Judgment of Solomon — PARIS, OWNED BY MADAME ANDRÉ-JACQUEMART: Madonna and Saints — TOURS, MUSEUM: Agony in the Garden; Resurrection — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Portrait of Cardinal Scarampi (Plate IX); Presentation of Christ — BERLIN, OWNED BY HERR SIMON: Madonna and Child — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Holy Family — IRELAND. DUBLIN GALLERY: Judith — ITALY. BERGAMO, CARRARA GALLERY: Madonna and Child — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Altar-piece in three parts; Madonna of the Quarries — MANTUA, CASTELLO, CAMERA DEGLI SPOSI: [wall frescos] Lodovico Gonzaga and his Family; Meeting of Lodovico Gonzaga and Cardinal Francesco (Plate II); Winged Children with Tablet; [ceiling frescos] Figures leaning over Balustrade with playing Children; Medallions; Mythological Scenes — MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: Altar-piece of St. Luke with Saints and Pietà; The Dead Christ; Madonna and Child with Cherubs (Plate VIII) — MILAN, POLDI-PEZZOLI COLLECTION: Madonna and Child — MILAN, OWNED BY PRINCE TRIVULZIO: Altar-piece of Madonna and Saints — NAPLES, MUSEUM: St. Euphemia; Portrait of the Prothonotary Lodovico Gonzaga — PADUA, CHURCH OF SANT' ANTONIO: [fresco over portal] St. Anthony and St. Bernard — PADUA, CHURCH OF THE EREMITANI, CHAPEL OF ST. JAMES AND ST. CHRISTOPHER: [frescos] St. James Baptizing; St. James before Herod Agrippa (Plate VII); St. James led to Execution; Martyrdom of St. James; Martyrdom of St. Christopher; Removal of the Body — VENICE, ACADEMY: St. George — VENICE, OWNED BY BARON FRANCHETTI: St. Sebastian — VENICE, QUERINI-STAMPALIA COLLECTION: Presentation of Christ — VERONA, CHURCH OF SAN ZENO: Madonna Enthroned with Saints — SPAIN. PRADO GALLERY: Death of the Virgin — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, COLLECTION OF MRS. JOHN L. GARDNER: Madonna and Child with Saints.

Mantegna Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH MANTEGNA

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Chardin

FRENCH SCHOOL

CHARDIN
THE BLESSING
LOUVRE, PARIS

NOT

CHARDIN
THE COOK
LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY, VIENNA

Mau

UofM

CHARDIN
GRAPES AND POMEGRANATES
LOUVRE, PARIS

CHARDIN
THE MORNING TOILET
NATIONAL MUSEUM, STOCKHOLM

Withdrawn

CHARDIN
THE HOUSEKEEPER
LOUVRE, PARIS

Mau

CHARDIN
THE YOUNG DRAFTSMAN
NEW PALACE, POTSDAM

Mau

CHARDIN
PORTRAIT OF MADAME CHARDIN
LOUVRE, PARIS

Mau

CHARDIN
THE GOVERNESS
LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY, VIENNA

Main

CHARDIN
A GIRL DRAWING WATER
JAHAN-MARCILLE COLLECTION, PARIS

Mau

CHARDIN
A LADY SEALING A LETTER
NEW PALACE, POTSDAM

PORTRAIT OF CHARDIN BY HIMSELF — LOUVRE, PARIS

Chardin was seventy-five years old when he drew in pastel the famous portrait here reproduced. Firm and unhesitating in touch, masterly throughout in handling, the work bears no sign of failing powers. With characteristic love of truth the artist has made no attempt to beautify features or soften lines intensified by years, but with his homely nightcap, big spectacles, and green shade protecting his tired eyes, shows himself to us as he was in every-day life in his old age.

Jean-Baptiste-Siméon Chardin

BORN 1699: DIED 1779
FRENCH SCHOOL

JEAN-BAPTISTE-SIMÉON CHARDIN was born in Paris, in the rue de Seine, on November 2, 1699. He was of humble but respectable parentage, belonging to the unpretending lower middle class, the *petite bourgeoisie* of France. His father was a cabinet-maker and enjoyed the distinction of supplying billiard-tables to the king, but was so encumbered by the expenses of a large family, that however assiduously he applied himself to his trade the profits accruing therefrom were small in comparison with his needs. His chief thought for his children was therefore that they should early in life become self-supporting, and with this end in view, Jean-Baptiste-Siméon received but little education, and was expected, as soon as was possible, to adopt his father's profession. But the boy's talent for painting so plainly declared itself that his father, reluctantly yielding to his wish that he should be allowed to study art, sent him to the studio of Cazes, a painter of history then much in vogue.

There Chardin worked diligently, copying, in obedience to directions, pictures painted by his master, who never provided his pupils with models, holding that any artist of ability should be able to evolve such from his head. This instruction was not calculated to further Chardin's talents, and he learned but little. One day, however, it happened that Noël Nicolas Coypel—the least famous of the family of painters of that name—employed the young student to help him with the accessories of a portrait of a gentleman in hunting-costume. Chardin was given a gun to paint, and was greatly astonished, so the story goes, at Coypel's pains in the placing and lighting of the object. To one who had been taught that everything should be copied from the flat, or drawn from the imagination, this painting from the actual object was a novel experience, and for the first time Chardin was enabled to feel all the charm and interest, as well as to realize the difficulties, of rendering reality.

We next hear of Chardin as engaged in assisting the painter Van Loo, for the sum of one hundred sous a day, in the decorations of a gallery of the Palace of Fontainebleau; but the work which first brought him before the public and won for him a certain fame was a sign-board painted for the shop of a barber-surgeon, a friend of his father's, who wished to have portrayed thereon the

various implements of his calling—cups, leeches, lancets, etc. Chardin, however, had no intention of carrying out any such commonplace ideas, and at once set to work to paint, on a board fourteen feet wide by two feet high, a scene from real life, full of movement and dramatic incident, in which he depicted a man wounded in a duel or street brawl being ministered to by the barber-surgeon to whose door he had been carried, and a crowd gathered about, looking on with every evidence of the excitement which such an occurrence would naturally cause.

Almost as interested as the crowd portrayed in this scene was that which collected in front of the barber's shop when, early one Sunday morning, before the owner was up, Chardin's sign-board appeared above the doorway. The barber himself, taken completely by surprise, was at first inclined to be angry, but the enthusiasm of the public disarmed him, and when the success of the sign-board brought him increased custom, forgiveness could not be withheld.

Nothing is known of Chardin's life during the next few years, which were presumably devoted to hard and patient study. At his father's wish he became a member of the Academy of St. Luke, a confraternity of artisans as well as artists, but not until 1728 do we hear of his exhibiting any of his works. In that year he sent to one of the open-air exhibitions held in Paris in those days, in the Place Dauphine, ten or twelve pictures. Among them was one in which a cat is represented invading a larder, where, among dishes and provisions, a fish, suspended on the wall, occupies the central position. This work, sometimes called 'La Raie' ('The Ray-fish'), and now in the Louvre, won admiration from a number of academicians whom curiosity had attracted to the exhibition, and Chardin was persuaded by them to present himself for election to the Royal Academy.

In acceding to their wish, and in order that he might ascertain the true opinion of the judges as to his work, he had recourse to a little strategy. He placed the pictures which he had taken with him to the Academy for inspection—all subjects of inanimate nature—in a small anteroom, while he himself waited in an adjoining apartment. Monsieur de Largillière, one of the most competent judges and skilful colorists of the day, was the first of the academicians to arrive. Struck by the beauty of Chardin's works, he paused to examine them, and then, entering the room where the candidate was waiting, said, "You have some very beautiful pictures there, undoubtedly the work of some good Flemish painter; the Flemish school is admirable for its color. And now let us see your own works.'

"Monsieur," replied Chardin, "you have just seen them."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Largillière. "Do you mean to say that those pictures—"

"Yes, Monsieur," modestly answered the young man.

"Oh," cried Largillière, "you must certainly present yourself for election, my friend."

Largillière's opinion was shared by his fellow-academicians, and Chardin was at once by unanimous and enthusiastic vote elected to full membership

in the Royal Academy, his presentation pictures being two paintings of still-life, one of them the famous 'Raie.'

This was in September, 1728. Three years later, when he was thirty-two, Chardin's marriage with Marguerite Sainctar took place. His wife had been selected for him by his father, who, however, when pecuniary losses befell the young girl, no longer found the match desirable, and urged his son to break the engagement. But Chardin, feeling himself bound by honor, would listen to no such advice. His brief married life was full of hardship. Although his pictures were admired and appreciated by the amateurs of the day, the prices they brought were small, and it was difficult to meet the daily expenses, sadly increased by the ill-health of his wife, who at the end of four years died of consumption. The younger of the two children who had been born to them, a little girl two years old, died on the same day, and Chardin was left with the elder child, a boy of three.

He was now living in the rue Princesse. His commissions were numerous enough to keep him well employed, but he worked slowly, and asked such modest remuneration for his labor that he never, even when at the height of his fame, acquired enough money for his support. Pictures upon which infinite pains had been spent were disposed of for the most trifling sums. His friends, well aware of his childlike ignorance of business, seem to have had no scruples in taking advantage of it. A story is told of the engraver Le Bas, who visited Chardin in his studio one day and found the painter just finishing a study of still-life which so pleased the fancy of the visitor that, wishing to own it, he inquired the price. "That can easily be arranged," said Chardin. "You have on a vest which strikes my fancy; suppose we make an exchange!" To such a proposition Le Bas made all haste to accede, and immediately taking off his vest departed with his precious picture. Such transactions could assuredly never make Chardin's fortune.

It has been said that until he was nearly forty Chardin painted only inanimate objects—fruits, kitchen utensils, dead animals, etc.—and that he was first led to attempt figures by the remark of his friend Aved, the portrait-painter, who when Chardin reproached him for refusing to paint a portrait of a lady for the sum of four hundred livres—a sum which in Chardin's eyes seemed too munificent to be lightly refused—replied, "You seem to think that a portrait is as easy to paint as a sausage." Stung by his friend's remark, Chardin, according to one version of the story, at once set to work to prove that his talents were not confined to the portrayal of still-life, and painted his famous picture 'A Girl drawing Water' ('La Fontaine'), while according to another version, his 'Boy blowing Soap-bubbles' was his first essay in the new style.

That Chardin should have thus suddenly blossomed into the painter of those incomparable little domestic scenes with which his name is now indissolubly connected is hardly credible, and it is more than probable that gradual stages of development led up to the attainment of that style in which he was so skilful, so consummate a master. Indeed, that he had painted figure-pieces prior to 1737, the apocryphal date fixed upon by this story for his début in

the new field, is proved not only by his early painting of the sign-board and by the dates on several of his works, but by the recorded fact that in 1734 he exhibited at an exhibition in the Place Dauphine several figure-subjects, among them the large canvas of 'A Lady sealing a Letter' (plate x).

No sooner did Chardin's domestic scenes appear than they were multiplied and reproduced by the engravers of the day, and the low prices at which the prints were sold—two or three francs apiece—made them immensely popular in that very class of people whose lives they so truly reflected.

The first Salon which contained any of his works was that of 1737, and from that time on until 1779, the year of his death, he rarely failed to be represented in the exhibitions. From his contemporaries his works drew forth admiration and praise—notably from his friend the writer and art critic Diderot, whose 'Salons' are filled with eulogies of his inimitable workmanship. No painter of his day could render nature with so true a touch; none could produce so subtle a harmony of tones, nor so magical a color. As to his subjects, those familiar scenes of bourgeois life, of young women engaged in household work, or instructing their children in domestic tasks or religious duties, or, again, of the children themselves intent on their innocent occupations, and all charming in their naïve simplicity, they delighted the public with their novelty and the tender sentiment they expressed, and again and again the painter was called on to repeat his themes.

Intense curiosity was felt concerning Chardin's method of painting, and all sorts of stories were repeated. It was said that he used his thumb quite as much as his brush, and that instead of mixing his colors he placed them alongside of one another, "like mosaic." That his pictures "cost him great labor" he himself frankly admitted, and perhaps it was for this reason more than from any desire to make a mystery of his technique that he was unwilling that any one should see him at work.

No one was a better art critic than Chardin. A skilled technician, his judgment was sound, his feeling true. Modest in his estimate of his own powers, and always charitable in his opinion of the work of others, he was too honest to bear with any pretense. Of a painter who one day boasted of a system by which he claimed to have perfected his colors, he gravely asked, "Who told you that an artist painted with colors?"

"With what, then, Monsieur?" returned the other, in surprise.

"He makes use of colors," replied Chardin, "but he paints with feeling."

In 1744, Chardin, who had been a widower for several years, and was then forty-five, married a widow some eight years younger than himself, Françoise Marguerite Pouget by name. No happier arrangement could have been made. Fortunately, the second Madame Chardin was possessed of means sufficient to enable her husband and herself to live in comfort, and Chardin's days of struggle were ended.

His simple and upright character won for him universal respect, and the year following his marriage he was appointed treasurer of the Academy, an office which he filled honorably for many years. In 1759 another position to which his knowledge of painting rendered him admirably adapted was assigned

him, that of superintending the hanging of the pictures exhibited in the Salons —a delicate task beset with difficulties, but one in the exercise of which it is recorded that he made no enemies.

Two years before this he had been gratified by being granted an apartment in the Louvre, which he occupied for the remainder of his life. He was also in receipt of a pension from the king in remuneration of his services. But in spite of honors, and notwithstanding the happiness which his second marriage brought him, Chardin's last years were saddened. The death of his only son, a painter who had given signs of promise, but whose career was a disappointment to his father, was a grief from which he never recovered. Moreover, sensitive to adverse criticism to a degree that his outwardly calm and serene appearance would lead none but his closest friends to suspect, he keenly felt the neglect of the public, which had ceased to care for his art, and was deeply wounded by the ill-natured remarks of certain critics who insinuated that easy circumstances had made him lazy, and that his pictures, mere repetitions of subjects already painted, showed a diminution of powers. But Chardin had not yet said his last word, and as if in refutation of such criticism, and to prove that his hand had not lost its cunning, he produced in his old age, and in spite of failing eyesight, those wonderful pastel-portraits of himself and his wife, now in the Louvre, which rank among his greatest works.

His last famous picture, a portrait of a young man, executed also in the medium of pastel, was exhibited in the Salon of 1779, and attracted the attention of Madame Victoire of France, aunt of the king, Louis XVI. Wishing to purchase it, she sent to inquire of the artist the price. Chardin declared that the honor thus shown him was more than sufficient payment, and insisted upon presenting her with the picture. Great was the old painter's gratification, however, when the princess sent him a gold snuff-box in recognition of his talent.

The end was now drawing near. For some time Chardin had suffered from a number of infirmities, to which, towards the last, dropsy was added. All his afflictions were borne bravely and uncomplainingly, and on the sixth of December, 1779, watched over and tenderly cared for by his devoted wife, he passed quietly away, at the age of eighty years.

The Art of Chardin

SIDNEY COLVIN 'PORTFOLIO' 1872

IN Chardin we have one of the gifted Frenchmen of that age whom the next disowned, and whose fame has now emerged in ten times its old light. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century his work lay tossed among the least regarded lumber of the brokers' shops on the quays of the Seine, and might be bought literally for nothing by any one desiring and not ashamed to possess it. In 1810 two brilliant things of the master, big portraits of his wife and himself which he drew in chalk when they were both very old people, with a hand

of slashing and scientific energy, and with an amazing effect of color, were actually bought at a sale for less than a pound (twenty-four francs) the pair. Nearly thirty years later, even, matters had only so far mended as that the same priceless pair were acquired for the Louvre at one hundred and forty-six francs. The few amateurs and eccentrics who during the interval, and at the risk of being sneered at, liked to pick up pieces of the Louis Fifteenth master of still-life and domestic interior, have in their collections so formed bequeathed great fortunes to their children now living; for a good Chardin coming into the market to-day commands unlimited competition among the longest purses in Paris and in Europe. . . .

A master of still-life and domestic interior, and an admirable colorist and executant—that is Chardin's designation among the painters of the age of Louis XV., and it is one which implies a good deal both positively and negatively. The age of Louis XIV., the Great King, had its high art—or say its high-flying and academically learned art—of historical decoration and commemoration, and its pompous and strutting art of courtly portraiture; some more dissolute and undisciplined masters next embodied the spirit of the regency in forms which seemed like the looser undress of all that pomp; while Watteau invented his own brilliant and sprightly dream of witty pastime and glittering recreation, and Boucher followed as the profuse minister of pleasures less daintily inspired than these, the clever, cloying, monotonous fascinations of a perfumed Ovidian Olympus, and improper heaven of nakedness and rococo and tinted clouds and roses.

Observe that all these things alike were for the great ones of the earth; it is the monarchy itself, or that which revolves next about it, it is the wealthy and ruling, the indolent and predatory classes of the social hierarchy alone, who can either inspire or take much part in any of these forms of art. A popular art, beyond the confines of aristocratic fashion and luxury—popular either in its origin or its appeal—you shall not find. In the middle of the seventeenth century, indeed, France had had some examples of a real and interesting, almost a great, popularly inspired art, from the hands of the brothers Le Nain—French Rembrandts, as they in some sort were, who painted with a true and pathetic force scenes and figures from the life of the poorer trades, sons and daughters of toil. But the art of the Le Nain family was an isolated thing, and when Chardin took to painting simple scenes from the daily world of the *petite bourgeoisie* to which he himself belonged it was a new phenomenon for his contemporaries. So, too, had the other and preceding branch of his practice been also almost new to them—the painting of fruits and flowers and instruments and glasses and loaves and tablecloths and pots and pans and meat and game, as the subject of a picture by themselves—"still-life," as we say, or "dead nature," as the French language styles it. The animal painters Desportes and Oudry had both painted dead game—the former with a tedious woodenness and pretension, the latter with a forcible imitative manner enough; and the same Oudry again, with the same rather heavy way of deceptive imitation, had painted a few pictures of mere household objects. Then, of course, there were Dutch predecessors—Snyders and Fyt for game

and dead animals, Van Huysum for flowers, Metsu, Ter Borch, and plenty more for bourgeois interiors, to whom the choice of Chardin, and the exceptional position it gave him among the artists of his country, might be referred for precedent.

But Chardin was very unlike a Dutchman, and completely original in his manner of treating subjects that may have been partly analogous to theirs. He does not draw and paint a dead rabbit or bird sedulously, mechanically, microscopically, hair by hair, and feather by feather; he lays together a few rich and cunning strokes of the brush that seem to have hardly a meaning when the eye is close to them, but grow, as you retire a little, into a faultless and living representation of the natural object. That is the proper magic of the brush, that is the true epic manner in painting, which raises the commonest subject to a level with the highest, and gives a butcher's joint by Chardin a truer pictorial dignity than may belong to a demigod by Le Brun. It is the one magic and the one manner whereby mere "dead nature" becomes worth painting by itself. . . .

Chardin is a consummate master of pictorial harmony; and without any special arrangement of his objects, which may be merely taken straight from the parlor-table, or the larder or scullery, makes perfect pictures of them by seeing and rendering all their subtler, and what one can only call their nobler, relations of substance, shadow, reflection, and color. It may be only a tumbler on a board between two chestnuts and three walnuts, or it may be a scarlet cloth covered with the instruments of a band of music, or it may be a handsome set-out of grapes, plums, pears, pomegranates, Sèvres china, and bottles and flasks of wine; but there will always be the same dignified magic of representation; a perfect expression of form, figure, and texture; a lovely color where nature is lovely, jeweled lights, and caressing shadows, in which, as in nature, are mixed broken rays and reflections from all the colors that make up the group of things before us. Read Mr. Ruskin's account of the way in which Veronese paints a jewel; look at the way in which Chardin paints a peach or grape or plum, and (to compare small things with great) you will see that the Frenchman has found out for himself something like that large manner of the immortals. And, strangely for a Frenchman, he does it all without the faintest suspicion of swagger; he never says to himself or us how clever he is, but is as modest in his art as in his life. Never more than one picture on his easel at a time; everything done directly and laboriously from nature; each little inanimate study the ill-paid-for work of almost months; the essence of the magic an uncompromising industry and sincerity.

But for the majority and the untechnical, perpetual representations of dead objects, however beautifully done, will pall at last; and it is to his second class of pictures that the great contemporary popularity of Chardin was due. These represent the honest, modest, uncorrupted, straitened, but not unrefined household life of the petty French population—that lower *bourgeoisie* among whom the simpler virtues flourished, and in whom lay the strength and heart of the coming Revolution. The homely women go about their household work, or look after the children at their meals, or teach them their prayers or

graces or lessons; they wash or draw water from the pump, and cook and spin and scour, in neat petticoats and great white caps, with perhaps a quiet daintiness of blue or rose-color in some single bow or ribbon on cap or girdle or shoe. It is a world not of sensual ideals and high-dressed indolence, but of quiet matter-of-fact and decent toil for the elder folks, of innocent, reverent behaviour and simple, quiet play for the children. It is not at all brutal, ugly, or besotted, like that groveling world of the familiar Dutchmen, but has a pleasant, unluxurious grace and natural goodness which are its own. The difference is especially great in the children; the Dutchmen are not nice about children, having apparently not had them nice, but stolid little human puddings or dumplings at best; the Frenchman is charming. For perhaps the first time in art, there is real familiar insight and tenderness in following their blunt button features and shades of playful or puzzled behaviour, their docile mechanical piety or gentle sport, their pretty gravity and sweet self-importance, their little moods of devout awe or pouting impudence. . . .

Chardin also painted occasional portraits, but these are a difficult subject. In all his work where humanity comes in it is noticeable that his flesh-painting is perhaps less masterly than his painting of other things. And in one or two of the portraits attributed to him this circumstance is so marked that critics have started the supposition that the heads may have been the work of an indifferent portrait-painter, Aved, with whom Chardin lived in constant intimacy, the clothes and accessories only his own work. In one case only, a brilliant likeness of an old lady which is in private possession in Paris, competent amateurs declare with ecstasy that they find all the qualities which a first-class portrait in oils by this master ought to possess. And then there are the dashing performances, the pastel-portraits of himself and his wife in old age, wherein one does not know whether most to admire the hardihood of the veteran hand, risking all sorts of violences and paradoxes in color which his perfect instinct somehow brings into right relations of harmony, or the admirable force and sincerity of character in his own rugged, honest, heavy-featured, and shrewdly puckered old head, with its night-cap, green shade, and huge spectacles across the nose, and in the softer but still robust lineaments of the wise old lady who loved and survived him.

CHARLES NORMAND 'L'ART' 1901

THAT Chardin should have painted as he did at the period in which he made his appearance establishes his first claim to originality. Leaving out of consideration his pictures of still-life, which belong to all time and not to any special period, his domestic scenes appeared after the death of Watteau and in the full flush of the triumphant success of Boucher, the most graceful, the most seductive, and the most artificial of all painters of the French school. If, as Voltaire said, Madame de Pompadour did not yet reign at Versailles, it was evident from numerous indications in art and elsewhere that her accession to power was not far off. Chardin, however, was not among those who yoked themselves to the favorite's flowery chariot; in his own way he protested against the false movement in art destined for a score of years or more to turn

the heads of all Europe. He alone, in the full tide of fashion for the rococo, demanded the rights of nature and of truth. Not that he was a revolutionist; he had neither the desire nor the ability to be anything of that sort. Nor was he the head of any school; his wings had not the strength to lift him to such heights. He was simply an independent. He followed his own taste instead of conforming to that dictated by fashion, and he justly gauged his own powers —two merits by no means slight.

Chardin avoided the brilliant domain of fancy and prudently kept within the limits of that modest and bourgeois field which comprised the life he knew so well. But while fully appreciating the talents of his rivals, he was perhaps too much inclined to mistrust his own. The surroundings amidst which he always lived, and which in his paintings he repeatedly reproduced, seem to have somewhat restricted his ideas; and although his judgment was sound, he lacked fire and the power of expansion. Original in the conception of his subjects, he adopted a style almost unknown in France before his day; but it is only too evident that although he was a precursor, he was not a leader. His nature, somewhat timid and limited, shrinking from the effort of conception rather than from the labor of execution, was no doubt largely to blame in the matter. So gifted in certain respects, he nevertheless lacked not only the facile play of imagination, but the dash, the variety, the spirit, which characterize the other great painters of his day. If he continually repeated himself, it was not for the puerile pleasure of seeing himself in his work, but from the dread of an effort that was always painful to him.

These reservations made, I am at liberty to say in what respects Chardin seems to me truly great. In the first place, whether we consider his paintings of still-life or his domestic scenes, the composition is perfect. This quality does not at once strike the eye, simply because there is nothing about it which is not perfectly natural. "Harmony" is the word which constantly recurs in connection with Chardin in the praises bestowed upon him by his contemporaries, and we too find it most applicable. But harmony is so subtle, so almost impossible to grasp, that it is easier to feel than to put into words. Who has not seen a woman's costume so simple and yet so artistic that in thinking of it afterwards we remember none of the details, but recall only an exquisite impression of the whole? Chardin's pictures produce a similar effect. They do not forcibly strike the eye, they do not call forth at first sight any exclamations of admiration, but we come back to them, we are interested in them. First they please, finally they charm, and when we have become, so to speak, intimate with them, we discover a thousand beauties not dreamed of in the beginning, for we then find that these canvases, seemingly so simple and natural, have been composed with infinite art. However restrained they may be, the personages or the objects in them always fill the scene. Chardin may be reproached with a paucity of imagination, but it may be truly said that he understood admirably how to utilize the little he possessed. . . .

If sometimes, and very rarely is this the case, the arrangement in Chardin's works seems studied, it is only in his pictures of still-life, and in that kind of composition the fault is almost unavoidable; such a criticism can never be

made with regard to his domestic scenes. None of the people he paints are in the least concerned with the spectator who is supposed to be watching them. We see them, but they are never conscious of being seen—a great charm, and one which gives to Chardin's compositions an incomparable accent of truth.

His brush transcribes, with a fidelity more conscientious than that of many an acknowledged realist, the rooms, the furniture, the costumes of the day, showing us, above all, the exact appearance of the people—their carriage, gestures, attitudes—all those characteristics in which the men of a generation differ very little among themselves, but which mark them as belonging to a distinct period. Therefore it is that quite unintentionally on the painter's part, and simply because of his artistic honesty, Chardin's work possesses a considerable historic value.

What a pity that there are so few drawings by a master so patient, so assiduous, and all of whose inspirations were derived so directly from the world in which he lived! Chardin, we are told, never made use of a preliminary sketch, a drawing on paper; he worked directly upon his canvas, and worked only from nature, from the first stroke of the crayon to the final touch of the brush. His contemporaries complained of his slowness; his clients lost patience. He himself, too intent on painting truly to paint quickly, gained scarcely money enough for his support; but he did not for that reason cease to work in his own way, which was the true way.

Unity and harmony of composition, happy choice of subject, skilful arrangement of his personages, care that everything he painted should be true to nature—all these qualities of Chardin's pale beside that one which is of all others most distinctively characteristic of his genius. Like most of the masters of his day, like all that great school of the eighteenth century in France, so imperfectly understood, so maligned, and yet so original and so peculiarly French, he is above all else a colorist. On that point his contemporaries were not mistaken. "He is the painter," cried Diderot, "who understands the harmony of colors and reflections. O Chardin, it is not white, red, nor black that you grind to powder on your palette; it is the very substance of the objects themselves. It is the air and light that you take on the point of your brush and fix upon the canvas. . . . At times your painting is like a vapor breathed upon the canvas, and again it resembles a light foam which has been thrown upon it. Go close to it; everything is confused and disappears; draw off, and all is reproduced, recreated. It is said that Greuze, entering the Salon and seeing one of Chardin's pictures, looked at it and passed on, sighing deeply. This brief praise is more eloquent than mine."

Talent so unusual was bound to pique the curiosity of the public at a period when more thought was perhaps given than to-day to the technique of painting. Chardin's very reticence on the subject encouraged gossip. "His manner of painting," said one of his contemporaries, "is singular. He places his colors alongside of each other almost without mixing them, so that his work looks like mosaic or patchwork, or like that hand-made tapestry called '*point-carré*.'"

The only justification for such a rough and unpolished manner of painting

was a thorough knowledge of the effect that colors produce upon one another. Chardin had devoted much thought and study to the theory of painting, and on that subject was vastly in advance of his century. One of his biographers tells us that when he examined a picture totally lacking in harmony he knew just how, in a single word and without touching it, to point out the way to attain that accord which its painter had sought for in vain. In this respect his pictures, especially those of still-life, are full of instruction for a painter, teaching him that there are no independent colors in nature, that each one feels the influence of the neighboring object, that it is necessary to take into consideration not only reflections, but also the substance, be it dull or be it sparkling, which receives these reflections only to give them back again in its turn, and that, finally, a painting is like a symphony in which a thousand discords unite and mingle to produce a universal harmony. A half-hour passed before a picture by Chardin will teach the reader more than all that I could say on the subject. Then it will be seen how far the painter has penetrated into all the mysteries of light, how infinitely superior to any ordinary piece of still-life, calculated merely to deceive the eye, can be the exact imitation of nature, and how consummate the art with which Chardin's reflections are made to glance upon the shining surfaces which he never fails to introduce into his pictures. Silver goblets, polished and scintillating, bottles half full of wine, flowered china, big-bellied caldrons of gleaming copper, huntsmen's horns glittering with spangles of light—everything serves the painter's purpose of promoting a distribution of light which shall break all monotony of tone. Strange to say, patience and science resulted, in Chardin's case, in virtuosity!

It is possible to be always conscientious, but it is hardly possible in the course of a long career to be invariably equal to one's self. Most of Chardin's productions are those of a very good painter; some of them are those of a great master. The Flemings and the Dutch, with whom he is too often compared, have produced no better. Together with a genius and a vigor, which at times, indeed, he lacked, there is a broad, fat touch, a magic warmth of color, which justified Diderot's extravagant enthusiasm. Some of his compositions, especially his domestic scenes, are not so good; for besides the fact that they are sometimes badly drawn, and that the heads are for some reason or other slighted, there is occasionally a heaviness and a pervading gray tone, in keeping with the commonplace scenes they represent, which make us regret the splendid and inspired Chardin of his best period.

Finally, to end this game of criticism which gives now a slap and again a caress to one and the same individual, it may be said that Chardin's field is limited; that he lacks fertility of invention; that he has not always a great deal to say, but that what he has he says well. If, however, he is wanting in imagination, he has taste and a feeling for what is true. His natural gifts—discretion, moderation, sobriety, harmony—are distinctively French. He opened to painting a domain which had been unknown to her, at least in France, for nearly a hundred years, and if he did not explore it with all the boldness desirable, it was less his fault than the fault of his education and of his environ-

ment. He deals with unimportant subjects, but in his treatment of them he proves his superiority by his love of truth, by the harmony of his composition, and by the consummate science of his technique. Above all, he is at times a great colorist, and that alone is sufficient for his glory.—FROM THE FRENCH

LADY DILKE 'FRENCH PAINTERS OF THE XVIIITH CENTURY'

CHARDIN is not so much an eighteenth-century French artist as a French artist of pure race and type. Though he treated subjects of the humblest and most unpretentious class, he brought to their rendering, not only deep feeling and a penetration which divined the innermost truths of the simplest forms of life, but a perfection of workmanship by which everything he handled was clothed with beauty. His every touch is intelligent. With a severely restricted palette he contrives to produce the most varied harmonies of color, and, by a heroic reserve of force, endows his creations with an air of absolute freedom. . . .

Out of the most simple materials the great magician could evoke all the mystery and beauty of life. By some touch or suggestion he invariably contrived to fix a personal character on his groups of inanimate objects. They never seem to have been brought together haphazard, but always look as if some one had just left them, or was just coming back. So strong is the impression of the human presence that we pass from work in which it is simply felt to work in which it becomes visible without any lively sense of change — the environment has remained exactly the same. When at last the girl comes into the kitchen, the utensils of which are already familiar to us, nothing is disturbed; it seems as if she had been expected, as if we had been waiting for her appearance. . . .

Everything that Chardin touched, he touched with feeling as profound as it was personal. The common things, the every-day incidents of family life seen in the homes of the staid and prudent citizens of Paris, stirred his affections; the house-mother, kindly, foreseeing, careful, the little ones playing their very games with a certain gravity as if they had adopted something of the sober ways of their elders, these figures were sufficient for the exercise of Chardin's most perfect gifts. He treated with absolute simplicity the simple pleasures of simple life. All the actors in his innocent dramas live as they really lived; they appear before us in their actual frame. They wore their serviceable well-chosen garments; we know every item of their necessary furnishing—the chairs, the table, the brazier, their children's toys, their polished floors, and the very colors which they affected. An orderly, sober world, methodical and regular; so much so that we feel a mild surprise when the unwilling little scholar throws down his shuttlecock and battledore at the feet of his governess, and sulks impatiently whilst she brushes his hat and gives him unwelcome advice.

It has been reported that Descamps, looking at Chardin's work, cried out in despair, "Chardin's whites . . . I cannot get them!" But perhaps Chardin's browns are as wonderful as his whites. If we recall the scheme of any one of his works, of 'The Housekeeper,' for example, we shall remember the

living beauty of the flesh, the ivory whites, the warm rich blues, and immediately we shall see a certain quality of brown, a brown which has an extraordinary power of allying itself either to black or to the most delicate grays. Sometimes he actually breaks his browns with these beautiful grays, from the force and depth of which all the other hues seem to have borrowed a greater value. The grays which his contemporaries loved, and which served them to disperse the rainbow hues with which they loved to play, could not serve the turn of Chardin; tones of a stronger and more sober character became his palette, as he sat with closed doors, his whole powers concentrated in the office of penetrative sight.

To the last, Chardin remained faithful to the simple subjects and the unconventional standpoint which he had from the first adopted. The pleasures of happy imitation were enough for him; "to strike true" was the fulfilment of his highest ambition. To this temper of mind, seeking always with unerring instinct the beauty of perfect truth, the mere observation of the commonest actions, the most tranquil movements became a source of endless interest and pleasure. A baby learning to say "grace" before meat, a boy building his "card castle," are instinct, when touched by Chardin, with the full pathos of human life.

FREDERICK WEDMORE 'THE MASTERS OF GENRE PAINTING'

THE art of Chardin has its own entirely distinctive character and charm. In each of its various methods of manifestation it is finely original and quietly fascinating. There is nowhere a greater painter of still-life. No one perhaps has given quite so well as he a reality without meanness—an arrangement without pretension or artifice. Nothing is put into his pictures thoughtlessly, and possessed as he was of a perception uniquely keen to note the varied individualities of matter and its artistic interest, he yet had little of mere pride in his ability to paint so well the object and the substance of his choice.

Here in one picture is exactly the material for the humblest meal and the things that are required to prepare it—that and no more. Here, in another, the fruits for the dessert of the rich, and with them the silver, the gold, the china of famous Dresden. The drawing of these things is right, though never elaborate; the roundness and relief astonishing for truth. The very quality of color and substance—color and substance seen through atmosphere and never harshly defined—abounds in his work. Sometimes it is very rich and glowing and very bold, and sometimes the work is tender and subtly refined. What infinite harmony in juxtapositions seemingly so natural, yet in truth so splendidly discovered! With what facility the supple hand sweeps over the keyboard of color, and wakes the fullness or sweetness of its sound!

Though these pictures in their own day could not make Chardin's fortune, they might have sufficed for his fame. They were followed, however, after many patient years, by work which won more promptly a title to celebrity. Interest centers still for most men in this second phase of his art. Chardin, for most men, is the painter of decent middle-class life, in its struggle with narrow means, and in its happiness, which is that of the family and of tranquil

and ordered work. Allied to certain of the Dutchmen, though hardly indeed to be confused with them, he resembles them in his faithful portrayal of the things that he saw, whether these be only the heaped-up contents of the fish-stall, and the fruits massed for dessert, and glasses from the cupboard, and a goblet, chased richly, or whether they be mother and children saying grace before the meal, or the housewife reckoning with contented gravity her morning's outlay in marketing, or the white-capped caretaker, gentle and young, bending forward with pleasant but impressive warning to the boy who is her charge.

But in the painting of what a man sees, there is, of course, choice always, and Chardin's choice was other than the Dutchmen's—other, at least, than that of Teniers, Brauwer, Ostade, Dusart; those to whom for certain qualities he has distantly been likened. His choice was guided by a sentiment sincere and healthy. So that between his work and theirs there comes to be a great wide difference—the gulf that separates vulgarity from simplicity, lowness from homeliness—besides that other difference which needs must be when their work is concerned with the round-faced phlegmatic type that lives its slow life among the gray canals of Holland, and his with the type of happy vivacity and quiet alertness and virginal or motherly grace which is that of the true middle class of France.

This difference there must always be, even if we take the work of Chardin and set it against that of another order of Dutchmen, the men whose sentiment is nearer it—Nicolaes Maes, and Vermeer of Delft, who, like Chardin, took representative moments of common occupations, and in recording them recorded a life. The finer spirit will still be Chardin's, and in looking over the suite of his engravings, or passing in review even the titles only of his pictures, we have proof that these figures which he painted were painted more with a single mind to the lives which the faithful portrayal of the habitual occupation was destined to reveal. No doubt the great Dutchmen thought of the life much, but in their unrivaled triumph of lights and shades, and tints and textures, they though of it—even the best of them—less than did Chardin.

And it is very noteworthy that Chardin, when he passed from the still-life which first engaged him to the painting of these domestic scenes, became, so to say, a second and quite another artist. He accepted frankly, and generally triumphantly, the new vocation; the marble of the mantelpiece, the red tiles of the floor, the shining metals of the parlor clock-case, were thenceforth chiefly accessories. With significant design, pleasant sobriety of tone, true observation, happy sentiment, he concentrated himself upon those scenes of the humble interior—that life contentedly restrained—whose quietness and diligence and homely grace and charm no one has more finely felt or finely rendered. In each order of work he was excellent, and in each he was alone. He was so possessed with the pure beauty of matter that in his art it takes new dignity. He saw so well and he believed so deeply in the virtues of his race and class that, more effectively and truly than any writer of his time, he grew to be their historian and their poet.

The Works of Chardin

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE BLESSING' PLATE I

ONE of Chardin's most beautiful and popular pictures is 'The Blessing' ('Le Bénédicité'). It was exhibited in 1740, when he was at the height of his powers, and such a success did it attain that not only was the subject at once multiplied by engravings, but the artist was called on to repeat it again and again. Five similar versions, at least, are in existence—the original in the Louvre, which is here reproduced; another, an almost exact copy, in the same gallery; one in St. Petersburg, one in Stockholm, and a larger canvas with an additional figure in the Jahan-Marcille Collection, Paris.

In a plainly furnished room a table covered with a white cloth is prepared for the midday meal. Beside it stands a young mother in a brown dress, a blue apron, and white cap and kerchief, serving the smoking soup to her two little girls. The elder of the two, with her spotless pinafore and white cap tied with blue ribbon, is seated at the table, her plate already filled; the younger, in a white dress and pink cap, occupies a low chair at one side. Her tiny hands are clasped, and her whole mind is intent on the effort to remember the words of the blessing, which must be repeated before she shall receive her portion of the savory soup. Nothing can exceed the naïve beauty and tender sentiment of this little scene. "Charming in its composition, its simplicity, and its expression," writes M. Larroumet, "Chardin's picture 'The Blessing' is above all admirable because of the freedom of its touch, the perfect harmony of its coloring, and the delicacy of its light and shade."

The canvas measures nineteen and a half inches high by fifteen and a half inches wide.

'THE COOK' PLATE II

THIS picture, called in French 'La Ratisseuse,' is in the Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna, and is spoken of by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt as among the most beautiful examples of the warm and glowing manner of painting characteristic of Chardin's early period. The scene is a kitchen in which the cook is seated in a low chair, pausing for a moment, knife in hand, in her occupation of cutting turnips. Beside her are a chopping-block, a copper kettle, and a saucepan, and at her feet an earthenware bowl full of glistening water into which the turnips are thrown when her knife has made them ready. Bright bits of color are given by the big yellow gourd in one corner and the vegetables lying near. The woman's skirt is reddish-brown, showing a glimpse of a scarlet petticoat beneath, her jacket is brown, and her cap and apron white, with touches of pale indigo. Chardin's consummate mastery of the art of painting inanimate nature is here excellently shown, and the colors are so combined that the effect of the whole is rich and delicious in harmony.

The canvas measures about eighteen inches high by fourteen inches wide.

'GRAPES AND POMEGRANATES' PLATE III

IN the painting of still-life Chardin is without an equal. Unfortunately, no black-and-white reproduction can give any idea of his color, so delicious in its tones that in a faithful portrayal of the most commonplace objects undreamed-of beauties are revealed.

"None of the older Dutchmen," writes Frederick Wedmore, "had conceived of common matter so nobly; and, sentiment apart, none had brought to its representation a touch quite so large, a palette quite so rich. His hues are blended and fused, and the influence of color upon the color that is near it he is found to have studied to perfection. Now the reflected light is cold and clear, and now it is vague and warm. To see these things as Chardin saw them is really to see them for the first time. He opens to us, in a measure entirely his own, the charms of the world of matter."

The picture reproduced in plate III. is, as M. Henry de Chennevières has said, "one of the most charming examples of the painter's still-life studies now in the Louvre. Grapes, pomegranates, two apples, a pear, wine-glasses, and a knife are arranged about a coffee-pot of flowered china. See how effective, how true to nature, are those grapes, just a tiny bit bruised—possibly a trifle over-ripe! and how perfectly the luscious purple center of that open pomegranate corresponds with the red wine in the glasses! The key of color, enhanced by the light reflected in the various objects, is clear, the whole effect of the picture bright and gay."

'THE MORNING TOILET' PLATE IV

'THE MORNING TOILET' ('La Toilette du Matin') was exhibited in Paris in 1741, and bought from the artist by the Comte de Tessin, then Swedish ambassador at Paris, who sent it to Stockholm, where it is now in the National Museum in that city.

No reproduction can convey any just idea of the exquisite beauty of this little picture, now unfortunately somewhat injured.

"In the dim-lit room," writes Lady Dilke, "in the uncertain morning light, the faint blues and pinks of the little girl's dress, massed with the white draperies of the dressing-table, tell out from the splendid amber yellow of the mother's petticoat, above which her gown, broad striped in red and white, is gracefully tucked up. No prettier lesson in coquettish dressing was ever given than the one conveyed by these two figures. Topknots peep out scarlet from beneath the hood of the mother's black tippet, delicately blue above the fair child's forehead; the little muff in her baby hand is blue velvet and white fur, whilst by the prayer-book on the red stool, over which falls the red drapery which enframes the mirror on the toilet-table, lies another muff of green velvet and sable, cunningly chosen to give the last touch of elegance to her mother's appearance. The accessories—the toilet-service, with its silver candlestick, the clock, the piece of furniture on which it stands—all show the ease of graceful if simple life, and one guesses that costumes so finished can scarcely

have been donned only to go to church—mass will certainly be followed by less serious engagements."

The picture measures nineteen and a half inches high by fifteen and a half inches wide.

'THE HOUSEKEEPER' PLATE V

THIS picture in the Louvre, called in French 'La Pourvoyeuse,' was first exhibited at the Salon of 1739, when one of the critics of the day, writing of the exhibition, said, "Monsieur Chardin is always himself, and always inimitable in his portrayal of small and amusing subjects. Everything that he paints is delightful, but the most popular of his pictures this year is that of a young woman just returned from market."

Standing before us in her striped petticoat, pale bluish-lavender apron, and white cap and bodice, this young woman holds in one hand a leg of mutton tied up in a napkin, while the other rests upon two large loaves of bread which she has deposited on a sideboard. In the background, through an open doorway, a maid-servant, in a yellow dress and white cap and apron, is seen conversing with some one whose head alone is visible. The creamy white in the housekeeper's costume, the faded tones of her apron, the golden-brown crusts of the loaves of bread, whitened with flour, the dark red earthenwar jar beside them, the two bottles on the floor, just touched with light, the copper "fountain" in the background silhouetted against a pale wall, and beyond, the little figure in yellow and white—all combine to produce an effect such as none but Chardin could produce. "So beautifully harmonious is the coloring," writes the Comte de Chennevières, "so broad and free the way in which it is painted, so luminous the atmosphere, that words fail to give any adequate idea of its charm."

The picture measures about eighteen inches high by fourteen and a half inches wide.

'THE YOUNG DRAFTSMAN' PLATE VI

PAINTED in 1737 and exhibited at the Salon in the following year, this picture was purchased for the crown prince of Prussia (afterwards Frederick the Great). It is now the property of the Emperor of Germany, and is in the New Palace at Potsdam.

"In spite of the state of the background," writes Lady Dilke, "which has been both repainted and cleaned, we receive at once a unique impression of breathing life. This boy in the cocked hat and white coat is evidently a portrait. He is tired, he is bored, he is putting off work; the red strings of his blue portfolio hang untied over the edge of the table on which he rests his arms; otherwise there is no touch of color, the figure exists in pure light, and affords a striking example of that extraordinary charm, proper to Chardin, which does not lie in the grip which he gets of his subjects, and the precision with which he handles them—in these respects others are greater than he—but in his instinct for the quality of their environment, for that something which gives personality to the ambient air."

'PORTRAIT OF MADAME CHARDIN' PLATE VII

THIS pastel-portrait in the Louvre, of the artist's second wife, Françoise Marguerite Pouget, is a work of Chardin's old age, executed when he was seventy-five, but with so vigorous and firm a hand and such unerring skill that by many it is regarded as his masterpiece.

Madame Chardin was sixty-seven when she sat to her husband for this portrait. She wears a brown dress, a black silk shoulder-cape, white muslin fichu, and white cap with band and bow of blue ribbon. The colors are beautifully harmonious; the drawing and modeling are both delicate and strong.

The Goncourts call attention to the marvelous way in which Chardin has here expressed the indications of approaching old age. The forehead, "pale with the pallor of ivory," the serene and serious expression, the slight dimness of the eyes, the thin, fleshless look of the nose, the mouth a little sunken, the complexion "like fruit just touched with winter's frost"—nothing is wanting that could enhance the semblance of reality in this beautiful example of the master's latest years.

'THE GOVERNESS' PLATE VIII

'THE GOVERNESS' ('La Gouvernante'), sometimes called 'Mother and Son,' offers a charming example of Chardin's art in the painting of children. When first exhibited in Paris, at the Salon of 1739, we are told that it at once attained popularity. The subject, as in all Chardin's works, is of the utmost simplicity. A little boy with books under his arm, dressed in accordance with the quaint fashion of the day, in a violet-colored frock-coat, and with his hair neatly tied with a bow of ribbon, is standing near his governess, who, to judge from the expression of discontent on the face of the child, addresses reproving words to her little charge as she pauses in the act of brushing his three-cornered hat. The background of the picture is of a warm yellowish tone, against which are relieved the greenish dress and the white cap and apron of the woman, and the red of the chair in which she is seated.

The canvas measures about eighteen inches high by fourteen inches wide. It is in the Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna.

'A GIRL DRAWING WATER' PLATE IX

THE original version of this picture, called in French 'Une fille tirant de l'eau à une fontaine,' or simply 'La Fontaine,' is dated 1733, and is now in the National Museum, Stockholm, unfortunately in an almost ruined condition. Of the half-dozen or more repetitions of the subject, the one here reproduced is in the Jahan-Marcille Collection in Paris.

The picture admirably exemplifies Chardin's special qualities. The painting of the creamy whites of the cap and jacket of the girl bending over to turn the spigot of the copper "fountain," whose shining surface reflects the light and is contrasted with the girl's blue apron and the black jug she holds, the faithful portrayal of each homely accessory of the simple scene—the

piece of meat hanging from the ceiling, the barrel with a copper kettle and a white cloth upon it, the logs of wood, the cooking utensils on the tiled floor, the light room beyond, in which we see a woman sweeping, and a little child —all show it to be, as Paul Mantz has said, "the work of a painter whose touch is firm and unfaltering, and whose color is as delicate as it is vigorous."

'A LADY SEALING A LETTER' PLATE X

THIS picture, owned by the Emperor of Germany and now in the New Palace, Potsdam, belongs to Chardin's early period. It bears the date 1733, and was first exhibited at the Place Dauphine, Paris, in the following year, and again at the Salon of 1738. Of much larger dimensions than most of Chardin's works, it is, as Lady Dilke has said, "distinguished by suggestions of opulence which contrast with the habitual simplicity of his favorite scenes." "This last," she writes, "is, however, a point not to be exaggerated, for other sitters to Chardin (as the mother and child in 'The Morning Toilet') wear costumes as rich as the sacque of black-and-white striped brocade which clothes the lady who, with her letter in one hand, her sealing-wax in the other, leans forward in her chair, indifferent to the caress of the greyhound at her side, whilst her eyes are fixed on the candle inclined towards her across the table by a footman, whose golden-brown coat, with its collar of dark fur, tells above the deep red of the table-cover and its Turkish border. The work has suffered here and there from retouching, but the effect of the whole is undisturbed, and portions, such as the sculpturesque greyhound, are of great beauty. The simple truthfulness of gesture, the beautiful drawing and modeling of the lady's hands and arms, the masterly rendering of the half seen profile, lovely neck, and soft hair crowned by a topknot of lace, are all indications of the hand of Chardin at his strongest,—his color and his brush are full."

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF CHARDIN IN PUBLIC LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: The Cook (Plate II); The Governess (Plate VIII); The Housekeeper; A Cook peeling a Lemon — ENGLAND. DULWICH COLLEGE GALLERY: Girls at Work — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Study of Still-life; A Girl drawing Water — FRANCE. AMIENS MUSEUM: Studies of Still-life — ANGERS MUSEUM: Three Studies of Still-life — CHERBOURG MUSEUM: Still-life — PARIS, LOUVRE: The Blessing (Plate I); The Cat in the Larder, or 'La Raie'; Fruit on a Stone Table; The Busy Mother; Dead Rabbit and Hunting Outfit; A Meager Repast; An Abundant Repast; The Monkey Antiquary; Attributes of the Arts; Attributes of Music; The Housekeeper (Plate V); The Blessing; Pipes and Drinking-glasses; A Basket of Peaches; The Card Castle; The Monkey Painter; Melons, Pears, and Peaches; Grapes and Pomegranates (Plate III); The Jar of Olives; A Girl drawing Water; A Dessert; Peaches, Nuts, Grapes, and a Wine-glass; Different Utensils; Pears and a Glass of Wine; The Silver Goblet; The Kitchen Table; The Basket of Grapes; Cooking Utensils and Eggs; Portrait of Chardin (pastel); Portrait of Chardin (pastel) (Page 22); Portrait of Madame Chardin (pastel) (Plate VII) — ROUEN MUSEUM: Still-life — GERMANY. CARLSRUHE GALLERY: Five Studies of Still-life — MUNICH GALLERY: The Cook — POTSDAM, NEW PALACE, COLLECTION OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY: A Lady sealing a Letter (Plate X); The Young Draftsman (Plate VI); The Cook — IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY:

The Card Castle — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: The Blessing; The Washerwoman; Boy playing with Cards — SWEDEN. STOCKHOLM, NATIONAL MUSEUM: The Washerwoman; A Girl Drawing Water; The Young Draftsman: The Morning Toilet (Plate IV); The Blessing; The Busy Mother; Dead Rabbit and Copper Caldron; A Young Woman with Worsted Work; A Lady seated holding a Book — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: Two Studies of Still-life — NEW YORK. GALLERY OF ART OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY: Two Studies of Still-life.

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Benozzo Gozzoli

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

UofM

BENOZZO GOZZOLI
THE PROCESSION OF THE MAGI [DETAIL]
CHAPEL OF THE RICCARDI PALACE, FLORENCE

BENOZZO GOZZOLI
THE PROCESSION OF THE MAGI [DETAIL]
CHAPEL OF THE RICCARDI PALACE, FLORENCE

Mau

BENOZZO GOZZOLI
PARADISE
CHAPEL OF THE RICCARDI PALACE, FLORENCE

BENOZZO GOZZOLI
ST. FRANCIS EXPELLING DEVILS FROM AREZZO
CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO, MONTEFALCO

BENOZZO GOZZOLI
CELEBRATION OF THE NATIVITY AT GRECCIO
CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO, MONTEFALCO

BENOZZO GOZZOLI
ENTRANCE OF ST. AUGUSTINE INTO THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL
CHURCH OF SANT' AGOSTINO, SAN GIMIGNANO

BENOZZO GOZZOLI
ST. AUGUSTINE VISITS THE MONKS OF MONTE PISANO
CHURCH OF SANT' AGOSTINO, SAN GIMIGNANO

BENOZZO GOZZOLI
FUNERAL OF ST. AUGUSTINE
CHURCH OF SANT' AGOSTINO, SAN GIMIGNANO

BENOZZO GOZZOLI
THE RAPE OF HELEN
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

UofM

BENOZZO GOZZOLI
THE VINTAGE [DETAIL FROM THE DRUNKENNESS OF NOAH]
CAMPO SANTO, PISA

PORTRAIT OF BENOZZO GOZZOLI BY HIMSELF
CHAPEL OF THE RICCARDI PALACE, FLORENCE

In the procession of horsemen in the suite of the Magian kings, painted by Benozzo Gozzoli on the walls of the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace, Florence (see plate 1), the artist has introduced the portrait of himself here reproduced. He wears a red jacket trimmed with white fur, and a red cap bearing in gilt letters an inscription which states that he is the author of the work. As the frescos in the chapel were painted between 1456 and 1460, this portrait shows him at the age of from thirty-six to forty years.

Benozzo di Lese di Sandro

CALLED

Benozzo Gozzoli

BORN 1420: DIED 1498
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

JULIA CARTWRIGHT 'THE PAINTERS OF FLORENCE'

BENOZZO DI LESE DI SANDRO, called Benozzo Gozzoli[1]—Benozzo the thick-throated—was the son of a small Florentine tradesman—literally a waistcoat-maker, named Lese di Sandro. He was born in 1420, and, like many of his contemporaries, learned the trade of both painter and goldsmith in his boyhood. From 1444 to 1447 he worked with Lorenzo Ghiberti on the second of his gates for the Baptistery of Florence, and acquired from him that taste for landscape and architecture, and love of pleasant details and accessories, which marked his future work. In 1447 Fra Angelico, under whom Benozzo may have studied as a boy, took the young artist with him to Rome, and employed him both in the Vatican Chapel there and at Orvieto, where Benozzo's hand can be clearly traced in the pyramidal groups of saints and prophets on the roof of San Brizio's Chapel in the cathedral of the town. When Fra Angelico returned to Florence his assistant offered to complete the work which he had left unfinished at Orvieto, but the Directors of the Cathedral Works declined his proposal, and the decoration of the chapel walls was only carried out fifty years later by Luca Signorelli.

The frescos of the Cesarini Chapel in the Church of Santa Maria in Aracœli, Rome, which Benozzo next undertook, have all perished, excepting one figure, which is exactly imitated from Fra Angelico, and represents St. Anthony of Padua with a flame in one hand and a book in the other.

In 1450 Benozzo was invited to Montefalco, one of the hill-set cities of Umbria, and painted the altar-piece of 'The Assumption,' now in the Lateran Museum, Rome, as well as several frescos in the Church of San Fortunato, and twelve scenes from the life of St. Francis in the choir of the Church of San Francesco. The old stories which Giotto had painted one hundred and fifty

[1] Pronounced Ben-ot'zo Got'zo-le.

years before, in the neighboring town of Assisi, are here repeated by Fra Angelico's pupil in his master's style, with the addition of groups of men and women in contemporary costumes, and many homely incidents of his own invention. The portraits of Dante, Giotto, and Petrarch are introduced among the medallions of Franciscan saints under the windows, each with an appropriate Latin inscription, which reminds us of the humanist tendencies of the age. Dante is described as "a theologian, ignorant of no learning," Petrarch as "the laureate, monarch of all virtues," while Giotto is called "the foundation and light of painting."

A side-chapel in the same church contains a graphic representation by Benozzo's hand of St. Jerome pulling out the thorn from the lion's foot, in the presence of a band of terrified friars, while in 1453 he executed another series of frescos on the life of Santa Rosa of Lima in a Franciscan convent at Viterbo, which were still in existence in the seventeenth century.

On his way back to Florence Benozzo visited Perugia and painted the picture of 'The Madonna and Saints,' which is now in the town gallery, and bears the date of 1456. Both this altar-piece and the Montefalco frescos were destined to have a marked influence on the development of the Umbrian school. The poetic naturalism and love of ornament, together with that tender devotional feeling which Benozzo inherited from his master, appealed in an especial manner to the dwellers in these Umbrian valleys, and a Foligno artist, named Pier Antonio, who had worked with Benozzo Gozzoli at Montefalco, handed on these traditions to Bonfigli and his companions at Perugia.

Meanwhile Benozzo returned to Florence, where the Medici welcomed him with open arms. Andrea del Castagno and Francesco Pesellino had died lately, Fra Angelico was no more, and Fra Filippo Lippi had gone to Prato in disgrace. The moment was a fortunate one, and Benozzo Gozzoli soon found himself intrusted with the important task of decorating the Chapel of the Medici Palace, now the Riccardi. The subject chosen by his patrons was 'The Adoration of the Magi,' that favorite theme of Florentine painters, and which Benozzo now set forth in one great fresco on the walls of this little oratory. All the festive pomp and splendor of court pageants which the Medici had brought into the simple life of old Florence, all the beauty and the glamour of fairy romance, are gathered up in this triumphal procession of the three kings, journeying over hill and vale on their way to the manger at Bethlehem. Following in their steps is a brilliant train of courtiers, winding their way over the rocky Apennines and down the green slopes, where tall bell-towers and white villas and chapels peep out among the olive and cypress groves, and narrow paths lead down into fruitful valleys watered by clear streams. . . . From the pomp and glory of earthly splendor we turn to the cradle of Bethlehem, and are given a glimpse of the unseen. This Benozzo has painted for us on the east wall of the chapel. Here cypresses and pines grow tall and straight, roses and pomegranates hang in clusters from the boughs, while choirs of angels chant the *Gloria in Excelsis*, or kneel in silent adoration around the manger throne.

Such was the vision which Fra Angelico's scholar painted in the hot summer months when the Medici were enjoying rest and the pleasures of rural life in their favorite country houses. Three letters which Benozzo addressed to Piero de' Medici, who was entertaining illustrious guests at his villa of Careggi, show how entirely his heart was in his work and how anxious he was to perfect every detail of his frescos. In the first, written on the tenth of July, he acknowledges a letter from Piero, who had, it appears, taken objection to certain small cherubs in the corner of the fresco, and explains that they cannot interfere with the rest of the picture, since only the tips of their wings are allowed to be seen. But since Piero desires it, he will paint two white clouds in the sky and cause the offending seraphs to disappear. He would come to Careggi himself and see Piero on the subject if it were not for the great heat, which will, he fears, spoil the azure which he has begun to lay on. But he hopes Piero will come to see the work before this part of the scaffolding is removed. In the meantime two florins will suffice for his present needs. "I am working with all my might," he adds, "and if I fail, it will be from lack of knowledge, not from want of zeal. God knows I have no other thought in my heart but how best to perfect my work and satisfy your wishes."

On the eleventh of September Benozzo writes another letter to Piero, whom he calls his dearest friend—*amico mio singularissimo*—reminding him that he had not sent him the forty florins for which the painter had asked in order that he might be able to buy corn and provisions while they were still cheap. "I had," he adds, "a great thought, which was not to ask you for any money until you had seen the work, but necessity compels me to make this request, so forgive me, for, God knows, I only seek to please you. And I must remind you once more to send to Venice for some azure, because this wall will be finished this week, and I shall need the blue color for the brocades and other parts of the figures."

On the twenty-fifth he writes a third letter, telling Piero of a Genoese merchant who has fifteen hundred pieces of fine gold for sale, some of which he will require for his work, and begging for ten more florins to pay for the azure which he had bought at two florins the ounce from the prior of the Gesuati, whose ultramarine was famous throughout Italy.

I had meant to come and see you last Sunday, but the bad weather frightened me. Now I am at work on the other wall, and hope to finish the fresco in another week. And it seems to me a thousand years until your Magnificence shall be here to see for yourself if you are satisfied with the work! May Christ keep you in his favor!

Your Benozzo, Painter in Florence.

The pains which Benozzo bestowed upon his task were not thrown away, and we find no trace of the haste and carelessness of drawing which too often marred his work. The subject was admirably suited to his powers, and none of his later frescos are so entirely successful as these in the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace.

His position as the best fresco-painter of the day was now established, and new commissions poured in upon him from all sides. About this time he married a girl named Mona Lena, who was twenty years younger than himself

and bore him a family of seven children. In the same year he bought a house in the Via del Cocomero, Florence, as well as lands outside the city walls, and was in prosperous circumstances during the rest of his life, being, as Vasari remarks, both indefatigable in his industry and irreproachable in his conduct.

In 1463 he went to the mountain city of San Gimignano, and there, in Dante's "town of the beautiful towers," he painted another great cycle of frescos on the life of St. Augustine. This time his patron was Domenico Strambi, a learned Augustinian friar, who had lectured in philosophy at Oxford and Paris, and went by the name of Doctor Parisinus, from his long residence in the French capital. The seventeen subjects with which the painter adorned the choir of the Augustinian church were, no doubt, chosen by the learned doctor, whose portrait appears in another large fresco of St. Sebastian protecting the people of San Gimignano from the plague; but the charming fancy and lively humor of the different stories are all Benozzo's own. . . .

Unfortunately the artist too often traded on his reputation, and the numerous altar-pieces which he painted for neighboring churches and convents during the three years that he spent at San Gimignano are executed with a haste and carelessness that are quite unworthy of him. No doubt he was largely assisted by inferior painters, and the resemblance which many of his figures bear, both in type and stature, to those of Fra Filippo Lippi is expla ned by the fact that one of that artist's former assistants, Giusto di Andrea, worked under him at San Gimignano. It was to intercede for Giusto's brother, who had been caught in the act of stealing the monks' bedclothes at Certaldo, that Benozzo wrote a letter to young Lorenzo de' Medici, whom he addresses as "Most dear to me in Christ," lamenting the scandal which his apprentice had caused, and explaining that up till this time he had always borne an excellent character. "But, perhaps," he adds, "God has allowed this to happen for some good end." In the meantime he thanks Lorenzo—who had already, it appears, intervened in the matter—for his good offices with the vicar of Certaldo, and ends with renewed protestations of devotion to himself and his house, praying that Christ may be with him in eternity.

This letter is dated July 4, 1467, when Benozzo Gozzoli was still busily engaged on his works at San Gimignano. By the end of the year, however, he had left for Pisa, where a new and gigantic task was awaiting him. This was the decoration of the north wall of the Campo Santo, which had been left unfinished ever since Puccio da Orvieto had painted his three subjects of 'The Creation,' 'The Death of Abel,' and 'The Flood,' eighty years before. On the ninth of January, 1468, he signed a contract with the magistrates of Pisa, by which he agreed to cover the remainder of the north wall with frescos, at the price of sixty-six florins for each subject, "a task," says Vasari, "immense enough to discourage a whole legion of painters." But Benozzo was not the man to shrink from any work, however arduous, and the twenty-four large frescos which he painted during the next sixteen years, on the wall of the Campo Santo, show that, whatever the limitations of his art might be, his invention was as fertile, his fancy as fresh and bright, as ever. . . .

The final payment which Benozzo received for the last fresco of the series,

'The Visit of the Queen of Sheba,' bears the date of May 11, 1484. During the sixteen years that he worked at the Campo Santo he had found time to execute frescos at Volterra and Castel Fiorentino, as well as altar-pieces for the churches and convents of Pisa and the neighborhood, the best of which is 'The Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas,' now in the Louvre, Paris.

The painter had taken his family with him to Pisa, where he bought a house of his own in the Via Santa Maria, and brought his old father, Lese di Sandro, to spend his last days under his roof. But he still owned a house in Florence, and paid occasional visits to his native city. In the income-tax return of 1480 he describes himself as sixty, and his wife as forty, and gives the ages of his seven children as ranging from eighteen to one year. His eldest son, a youth of eighteen, is described as still going to school; the second boy, of thirteen, is studying mathematics; while the dowry of his eldest daughter, Bartolommea, a girl of fifteen, who married a Florentine burgher, is fixed at 350 florins, and that of his youngest, the infant Maria, has not yet been determined.

The last mention we find of Benozzo Gozzoli is in January, 1497, when, together with Perugino, Filippo Lippi, and Cosimo Rosselli, he valued Alessio Baldovinetti's frescos in the Church of Santa Trinità, Florence. Early in the next year he died, and was buried in the Campo Santo, Pisa, immediately under his fresco of the history of Joseph, in a tomb which the citizens of Pisa had given him twenty years before as a reward for his labors. Above his grave is a Latin epigram, which expresses the admiration of his contemporaries for the art which had made birds and beasts and fishes, the green woods and the blue vault of heaven, youths and children, fathers and mothers, all live again on these walls as no other master had ever done before him. Such was the high meed of praise which Benozzo Gozzoli won in his lifetime, and we who judge his merits with more critical eyes may yet own in him a master whose heart beat with quick response for the fair and pleasant things of life, and tender interests of hearth and home, and across whose vision there sometimes dawned gleams of a higher truth and of a more perfect beauty.

The Art of Benozzo Gozzoli

EUGÈNE MÜNTZ 'HISTOIRE DE L'ART PENDANT LA RENAISSANCE'

IN studying the paintings or sculptures of the middle ages and of the early Renaissance, we are obliged to admit that there is a certain sameness, at least as to the subjects. Virgins in Glory, scenes from the Passion, Crucifixions, Entombments, or martyrdoms are alone portrayed. No note is struck save the serious, the lofty, and, oftener still, the lugubrious; there is no place accorded to the expression of sentiments less religious but more cheerful and pleasing, and allowing a freer range for the imagination. In a word, we should sometimes prefer a more varied, more familiar art, and, let us frankly acknowledge, an art that is more modern.

The glory of having restored to an honorable position in art the episodic element, too often sacrificed in the fifteenth century to the contemplative element; the glory of having been the first to turn his attention to an essentially idyllic and picturesque interpretation of the Old Testament—the only portion of the Scriptures adapted to such a treatment—this glory is due to a Florentine artist who, in my opinion, has never received his just meed of appreciation—to Benozzo Gozzoli, the painter of the Campo Santo of Pisa.

Benozzo Gozzoli was born in Florence in 1420; when twenty-four years old he was one of Ghiberti's collaborators, learning, like most of the Florentine artists of his day, to model as well as to paint. Later he entered the studio of Fra Angelico, whose favorite pupil he became. Such a combination is somewhat surprising, for the mystic tendencies, the lofty seriousness, the asceticism, of the Dominican painter are in marked contrast to the joyous nature of his pupil, to his lively imagination, his exuberant fancy, his love of nature. No one, indeed, was less disposed than Benozzo Gozzoli to look on the dark side of things, or to take life tragically.

Among others of Fra Angelico's works in Rome, his pupil helped him with the frescos of the Chapel of Nicholas v. in the Vatican, where more than one picturesque motive betrays Benozzo's hand. A painting of 'The Assumption,' executed by him in 1450 for the Church of San Fortunato, just outside the town of Montefalco, and now in the Lateran Museum, Rome, shows the continued influence of his master. Its coloring is somewhat crude, as in the works of Fra Angelico, who found it hard to free himself from the methods of the miniaturists, especially in regard to their fondness for vivid colors. This picture is dated 1450, but a year before that Benozzo had already left his master. First he offered his services to the Directors of the Cathedral Works at Orvieto, but after subjecting him to an examination that body declined his services. Perhaps this should be looked upon merely as a temporary refusal, for we know that just then the cathedral funds were low. If, however, this was not the reason for their rejection of his work, what an absurd mockery it was that an artist like Benozzo Gozzoli should have been discarded by a jury on the ground of incapacity!

From 1450 to 1452 Benozzo was settled in the little Umbrian town of Montefalco. There he devoted himself chiefly to the decoration of the Church of San Francesco. Upon his return to his native city all his powers were concentrated upon the adornment of the Chapel of the Palace of the Medici (now the Riccardi Palace), where he was still at work in 1458. . . .

Picture to yourself a musician evolving from a given theme endlessly brilliant variations—a symphony constructed on a single idea, but developed *ad infinitum*, under every conceivable aspect and without the least repetition—and you will be able to form some idea of the frescos in the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace.

'The Adoration of the Magi'—that was the theme given to Benozzo, and from that seemingly restricted theme he evolved motives innumerable, each more interesting than the last. Under his brush the procession of the Magian kings becomes a long-drawn-out epic unfolding itself before our eyes on three

of the walls of the chapel. All the aristocracy of Florence are depicted there; first the artist's patrons, the Medici, then their kinsmen, friends, and clients, and Benozzo has taken good care that he himself should not be forgotten. His portrait shows us a somewhat surly face, almost with the look of a bulldog —not at all in keeping with the opinion one would naturally form of this charming painter. As to the other portraits introduced, they are apparently imaginary; that is to say, the artist is in no way concerned with archæological problems. Fortunately for us, he does not know how to clothe his personages in antique garb; and accordingly we see passing before us grave old men clad in brocade jackets, or wearing the long and imposing Florentine robe, spirited horsemen, well-trained archers, and elegant young pages with blond curls crowned with flowers. Some of these individuals advance sedately, while others in the background—for example the huntsman in pursuit of a deer—are amusing themselves on the route; but, after all, the goal is a long way off, and on such a journey one may surely be excused for indulging in a little diversion. . . .

Quite as important as the men in this procession are the four-footed beasts and the winged creatures; we are shown mules loaded with precious gifts, camels, hunting-leopards, greyhounds, falcons—in short, a regular caravan on its march. The landscape is varied, the country hilly, like that in the environs of Florence; bare rocks alternate with wooded knolls; villas, castles, and hamlets nestle in the tiny valleys, and at intervals, stationed like beacons, are cedars, cypresses, palms, and orange-trees with glossy trunks and no branches, but a tuft of leaves crowning their summits.

Do not, however, suppose that Benozzo Gozzoli cared only for descriptive poetry; he could also strike more tender chords, and we find groups of angels of a grace and loveliness scarcely equaled by the greatest masters completing this radiant and poetic picture, and imparting such depth of feeling to the whole as to prove that Benozzo's imagination was not exercised to the detriment of the emotions of his heart and soul. In this respect he shows himself the true disciple of Fra Angelico.

At San Gimignano, which next claimed the artist's services, he was commissioned to illustrate in a series of monumental frescos the life of St. Augustine. This subject was admirably adapted to his tastes, for Benozzo was utterly unable to represent scenes of martyrdom, or, indeed, to portray any painful spectacle.

The seventeen compositions of this series are not of equal interest. The artist has succeeded no better than his predecessors or his successors in overcoming the really insurmountable obstacles to a picturesque treatment which are presented by the monastic garb. The enforced portrayal of the religious uniform, inelegant in cut and hopelessly monotonous in color, being either black or white, seems to have had a somewhat paralyzing effect upon his imagination, and only when some lay costumes, or, strictly speaking, costumes of secular priests, can be mingled with the monkish gowns is he more at his ease.

Rarely did Benozzo Gozzoli attempt to paint easel-pictures. They cramped the play of his fancy. There is a painting by him in the Louvre, more curious

by reason of the ideas expressed than interesting because of its technique, representing the glorification of St. Thomas Aquinas. The heads are very carefully executed, but the artist evidently felt himself handicapped by the subject prescribed for him. Dogmatic painting was not the forte of this spontaneous and independent genius.

In 1468 the Pisans intrusted him with the completion of the frescos of their great cemetery—the Campo Santo—where for a century and a half the most skilful painters and sculptors, chiefs of the schools of Pisa, of Florence, and of Siena, had established their reputations. The wall assigned to Benozzo is opposite the entrance. No artist of the Renaissance, it may be truly said, had ever received a like commission. Here was a perfectly smooth, flat surface, without any breaks, with an excellent light, and ample space for the works to be seen from a proper distance. Even Raphael was not so favored, for in the Stanze and the Loggie of the Vatican he was obliged to take into consideration the cross-lights, the construction of the ceilings, and the windows, cut as they were directly in the middle of the walls he had to decorate; as, for example, in his frescos 'The Mass of Bolsena' and 'The Deliverance of St. Peter.' Furthermore, to crown Benozzo's good fortune, he was charged with the task of illustrating stories which of all others were best suited to appeal to his imagination —stories from the Old Testament, which seem as if they had been created expressly for a display of his particular talent. Epic and idyllic scenes alternate. Here is no need to compromise with the exigencies of religious faith; no necessity of being tragic; no reason why he should seek to make converts; it was only asked of him that he should narrate, amuse, and charm.

The imagination, the life and spirit displayed by the artist in this great cycle, indisputably the most extensive executed by any painter of the fifteenth century, defies all analysis. In the first place, Benozzo has not troubled himself with religious symbolism, and so far from conforming to any traditional portrayal of the scenes, has exercised the utmost freedom in drawing from the immense storehouse of subjects offered by the Old Testament. Warlike exploits, peaceful scenes, the pleasures of pastoral life—each in turn attracts him. The deep, mystical, and prophetic meaning of the acts of the patriarchs is of minor interest to him; the human side, the anecdotic, the worldly, touching and homely episodes, verdant landscapes—these are what inspire him. In the whole history of fifteenth-century Italian painting there is not a page that is more brilliant, more varied, more interesting. Not the least trace of effort is discernible, but from one end to the other of this colossal fresco evidence is shown of a fancy that was indeed inexhaustible. . . .

Benozzo Gozzoli is a magician through and through. He is not content with depicting the most brilliant assemblages and the most expressive faces; the magnificence of the decoration must correspond to the nobility of the actors, and the richness of their costumes. No painter of the Renaissance so well understood how to fill the backgrounds of his compositions with sumptuous buildings, or could render so realistically the picture of a civilization steeped in luxury. The cities called into being by his magic wand on the wall of the Campo Santo of Pisa or in the Church of Sant' Agostino at San Gimignano

are a combination of the splendors of Constantinople, of Rome, of Jerusalem, and of Babylon. What endless variety in those minarets, those obelisks, those triumphal columns, those palace-like fortresses, those churches built like temples, where battlements and machicolations are raised aloft on colonnades and cupolas!

Benozzo Gozzoli left almost no direct pupils. After all, what could he have taught them? No rule, no theory, guided the creation of his brilliant historic visions. "Be a poet like me"—that is all he could have told them, and that would hardly have sufficed for the formation of a school! And yet his sojourn in Umbria did nevertheless exercise considerable influence over Niccolò da Foligno, Melanzio, Bonfigli, and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. But if in this respect he is not so important as men like Masaccio, Filippo Lippi, and Ghirlandajo, how much more varied and more charming is his work! Surely posterity cannot withhold its admiration and its gratitude from this magician who has bequeathed it such vivid pictures of the society of his own day, and has created so many charming figures formed for the perpetual enjoyment of all lovers of the beautiful.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

BENOZZO GOZZOLI is happy in a many-colored world of inexhaustible delight, in which his fancy draws its inspiration, and his indefatigable industry its object; he can seldom touch the level of the great ones in Italian painting, but yet in his own limits he is often entirely delicious.—SELWYN BRINTON

GEORGES LAFENESTRE 'LA PEINTURE ITALIENNE'

FRA ANGELICO, the pious monk of San Marco, had but one pupil, but that pupil, Benozzo di Lese di Sandro, surnamed Benozzo Gozzoli, was an honor to his master. It would be impossible to conceive of a simpler life than that of this worthy artist, who, little by little, without any ambitious effort, mastered all that the science of his day could teach him; nor could any career have been more industrious than that of this naïve poet, who, while remaining true to the pure and lofty ideals of Fra Angelico, yet loved the world of reality with feeling more intense than did any of his fellow-artists.

Poor, working for small remuneration, usually in haste and often with the help of inferior assistants, Benozzo Gozzoli does not always manifest in his early achievements that carefulness and correctness, that search for the best, which in Florence was held to be of paramount importance. Indeed, even in his mature works he is careless in an intermittent sort of way, and up to the very last his style is marked by inequality. Sometimes, in studying certain of his figures, their incorrect proportions, awkward attitudes, uninteresting faces, and the unfortunate way in which they are grouped would lead one to suppose that Benozzo was but a mediocre artist. But others again are so marvelously graceful, and such a charmingly lifelike quality characterizes his compositions that such an opinion is quickly dissipated.

None of Benozzo's compatriots displayed in mural painting such numerous and such varied aspects of nature and life, nor showed so naïve a fancy in

transporting the world of reality into a world of the imagination, almost without any change in the fair and delicate faces of youths, of young women, and of those little children whom he loved to study.

The never-varying, frank simplicity of his nature led Benozzo to make the most daring attempts; it seems as if he disregarded difficulties for the pure pleasure of dealing with them. Mystic visions, biblical idyls, familiar stories, symbolic scenes, successively make their appearance upon a motion of his hand, amid surroundings of architecture the most complicated that could be conceived of by a mathematician, and panoramas more extended than any traveler could compass.

By his contemporaries Benozzo Gozzoli was acknowledged to be the foremost landscapist of his day, as well as one of the most brilliant decorative painters of his school. In his sympathetic feeling for the world about him he invested everything in nature with a new interest and charm, and no matter how careless he may be, he will always remain one of the greatest artists of his century, for the simple reason that he was one of the most living.—FROM THE FRENCH

BENOZZO GOZZOLI was gifted with a rare facility not only of execution but of invention, with a spontaneity, a freshness, a liveliness in telling a story, that wake the child in us, and the lover of the fairy-tale. Later in life his more precious gifts deserted him, but who wants to resist the fascination of his early works, painted, as they seem, by a Fra Angelico who had forgotten heaven and become enamoured of the earth and the springtime?—BERNHARD BERENSON

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

BENOZZO GOZZOLI, the pupil of Fra Angelico, but in no sense the continuator of his tradition, exhibits the blending of several styles by a genius of less creative than assimilative force. That he was keenly interested in the problems of perspective and foreshortening, and that none of the knowledge collected by his fellow-workers had escaped him, is sufficiently proved by his frescos at Pisa. His compositions are rich in architectural details, not always chosen with pure taste, but painted with an almost infantine delight in the magnificence of buildings. Quaint birds and beasts and reptiles crowd his landscapes; while his imagination runs riot in rocks and rivers, trees of all variety, and rustic incidents adopted from real life. At the same time he felt an enjoyment like that of Gentile da Fabriano in depicting the pomp and circumstance of pageantry, and no Florentine of the fifteenth century was more fond of assembling the personages of contemporary history in groups.

Thus he showed himself sensitive to the chief influences of the earlier Renaissance, and combined the scientific and naturalistic tendencies of his age in a manner not devoid of native poetry. What he lacked was depth of feeling, the sense of noble form, the originative force of a great mind. His poetry of invention, though copious and varied, owed its charm to the unstudied grace

of improvisation, and he often undertook subjects where his idyllic rather than dramatic genius failed to sustain him. . . .

This painter's marvelous rapidity of execution enabled him to produce an almost countless series of decorative works. The best of these are the frescos of the Pisan Campo Santo, of the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace at Florence, of San Gimignano, and of Montefalco. It has been well said of Benozzo Gozzoli that, though he attempted grand subjects on a large scale, he could not rise above the limitations of a style better adapted to the decoration of marriage-chests than to fresco. Yet within the range of his own powers there are few more fascinating painters. His feeling for fresh nature—for hunters in the woods at night or dawn, for vintage-gatherers among their grapes, for festival troops of cavaliers and pages, and for the marriage-dances of young men and maidens—yields a delightful gladness to compositions lacking the simplicity of Giotto and the dignity of Masaccio. No one knew better how to sketch the quarrels of little boys in their nursery, or the laughter of serving-women, or children carrying their books to school; and when the idyllic genius of the man was applied to graver themes his fancy supplied him with multitudes of angels waving rainbow-colored wings above fair mortal faces.

From these observations on the style of Benozzo Gozzoli it will be seen that in the evolution of Renaissance culture he may be compared with the romantic poets, for whom the cheerfulness of nature and the joy that comes to men from living in a many-colored world of inexhaustible delight were sufficient sources of inspiration.

BENOZZO GOZZOLI'S claim to rank with the great artists of his country may be disputed, but amongst the painters of the early Renaissance he must stand as one of the most talented and certainly the most fascinating.—
HUGH STOKES

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

BENOZZO GOZZOLI is an uneven painter, but a great one. Always spontaneous, often gay, and sometimes grave, he seems to fear no task, however great, and without preoccupation as to the difficulty, he attacks an enormous wall surface, as in his frescos of the Pisan Campo Santo, and appears not so much to think out his composition in advance as to go straight on telling a story easily and quickly, adding group after group as he feels the need of more figures, and pressing animals and plants, architecture and landscape, into his service as readily as men and women. Messrs. Woltmann and Woermann say that "this constantly romantic mood leaves, it must be owned, a rather desultory impression," which is true; but what is more important, the pictorial and decorative impression is not desultory, but strong and abiding.

In his procession of the Magian kings in the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace, Benozzo is a miniature-painter on a vast scale, and seems almost like a child at play, setting out his little trees and hills and tiny background figures hunting or pasturing their herds; but to this *naïveté* he adds a grace and charm so great that here one feels perhaps more than anywhere else that delightful dec-

orative quality of fifteenth-century art which, as M. Müntz has said, was sacrificed forever when the Orders with their inexorable rules came in, only a few years later. Here in the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace Benozzo added the strength and science of the early Renaissance to the sincerity and daintiness of the Gothic illuminator. He is a story-teller *par excellence*, a Florentine Carpaccio in his episodical treatment of his subjects, and a Florentine Holbein in his drawing of the heads of doctors and lawyers in his St. Augustine series, where the modeling, awkward even to carelessness in some of his work, becomes almost as close as that of the great German master. He is classical only in his architecture, loving to paint rather the gayest costumes of his own fifteenth century, and setting, says M. Lafenestre, "the life of the schools side by side with the life of courts and palaces."

Benozzo Gozzoli is not only an animated story-teller, he is a poet at times; the idyl is his as well as the episode, and his style suggests the romance rather than the *novella*. He is a lover of nature, a student of fields and flowers and birds and animals; he loved to enamel a meadow with blossoms as well as to elaborate the pattern of a brocade jerkin, and to show us the arbor bending under heavy clusters of grapes as well as to present us to some contemporary legist or *Magnifico*. On the vast wall-spaces that he covered so rapidly and easily with a world of story he revealed himself in turn as landscape-painter, portrait-painter, animal-painter, costumer, architect, a designer of ornament, and superlatively a decorator. The pure, serene spirit of Fra Angelico's art in Benozzo Gozzoli had become more human, more homely, more familiar; the pleasant places of earth were the heaven he painted; but if the work of the master is more divine, that of the pupil is more living.

The Works of Benozzo Gozzoli

'THE PROCESSION OF THE MAGI' PLATES I AND II

IN the Via Cavour, formerly the Via Larga, Florence, stands the old palace of the Medici, generally called, from the name of its more recent owners, the Riccardi Palace, and now the property of the government. The building was erected by order of Cosimo de' Medici in 1430, and the private chapel was decorated between 1456 and 1460 by Benozzo Gozzoli, who painted on its walls his famous fresco, 'The Adoration of the Magi.' On both sides of the chapel as well as on the end wall is seen 'The Procession of the Magi'; on either side of an alcove in which the altar stands is a fresco representing the shepherds watching their flocks, while on the side walls of the alcove are the two scenes known as 'Paradise.' The entire chapel measures only about twenty-five feet long by twenty feet wide. Originally it had no window, but was lighted by silver lamps, so that Benozzo Gozzoli must have painted his fresco by artificial light. At a later period a portion of the painting was destroyed in order to make an opening for a stairway, a window was inserted back of the altar,

and the altar-piece of 'The Nativity,' the culminating point of all, was removed. This picture, painted by Filippo Lippi, is variously believed to be in Berlin, in Munich, and in the Florentine Academy, while by some critics it is thought to be irrevocably lost.

Although the subject, 'The Adoration of the Magi,' assigned to Benozzo Gozzoli for his decoration of the chapel, is one pertaining to sacred art, the religious spirit is lost sight of in the brilliant procession winding down from the mountains and through a luxuriant and fairy-like landscape (see plates I and II). Here are the principal personages of the day in Florence, dressed in contemporary costumes of brocaded silks and rich velvets, gorgeous with gold and jewels. Knights and pages follow in the suite of the Magian kings, with gaily decked horses, camels, hunting-leopards, dogs, falcons, and all the accessories of an immense and imposing cavalcade, for on this journey is concentrated "all that the Renaissance knew of splendor, delightfulness, and romance."

One of the most striking figures in the procession is that of the youthful Lorenzo de' Medici (see plate I), known in after years as Lorenzo the Magnificent. Mounted on a richly caparisoned white horse, he is here painted as one of the three kings journeying towards the manger of Bethlehem. He wears a yellow and gold tunic with red sleeves, red silk tights, and, on his flowing curls, a jeweled cap surmounted by a crown. Knights on horseback and on foot form his escort, and following him is a crowd of horsemen, among whom it has been conjectured are his grandfather, the aged Cosimo de' Medici, on a white horse, accompanied by Piero and Giovanni de' Medici, the father and uncle of Lorenzo. Other well-known personages, members of the Medici family, nobles, scholars, and humanists—even the painter, Benozzo Gozzoli himself (see page 22)—are represented in the brilliant cortège winding slowly among the rocky passes of the hills.

It is said that the special event which the artist's patrons, the Medici, wished to have commemorated in this painting was a meeting of the General Council held in Florence in 1439 for the purpose of uniting the Greek and Latin Churches, and accordingly the Patriarch of Constantinople figures as one of the three kings, while on the end wall, John Palæologus, Emperor of the East, who was present on the occasion, is represented as another of the Magi (see plate II). This potentate, clad in a gorgeous flowered robe of green and gold, is seated upon a white horse decked with jeweled trappings. His dark face is offset by a turban upon which rests a coronet. With one hand holding his horse's reins and the other resting upon his hip, he advances towards the goal, escorted by youthful pages richly attired and bearing long lances.

"It would be hard to find, even in the fifteenth century," write Vasari's recent editors, "a more perfectly satisfactory decoration, at once brilliant and sincere, than is this of the chapel which the lords of Florence built for their private devotions in their palace of the Via Larga. The charming pageant, with its abundance of gilding and its embossed patterns, its dogs and horses, hunters and shepherds, winds about the walls and leads up to a perfectly decorative motive, where peacock-winged angels cluster about the altar upon which

'The Nativity' once stood. It is the very perfection of a decoration, gay yet serious, rich yet dignified in color, animated yet stately."

'PARADISE' PLATE III

ON the two opposite sides of the walls of the alcove in the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace in which the altar stands, and where formerly the painting of 'The Nativity' was placed, Benozzo Gozzoli painted groups of angels worshiping the Babe of Bethlehem. Of these two frescos, similar in design and color and both known as 'Paradise,' the one on the right is here reproduced. In a fair and radiant landscape in which palms, stone-pines, and tall, pointed cypress-trees stand out against a blue sky, and the ground is bright with flowers of varied tints, angels kneel in silent adoration or stand absorbed in praise. Others are seen coming down from heaven or gliding about among the flowers of the heavenly garden. The wings of these seraphic beings are peacock-hued, and around their heads are golden halos.

The scene is pervaded with an exquisitely tender sentiment, a deeply religious feeling suggestive of Fra Angelico's gentle influence, in contrast to the mundane pomp and regal splendor of 'The Procession of the Magi' surrounding on all sides this radiant vision of an unseen world.

'ST. FRANCIS EXPELLING DEVILS FROM AREZZO' PLATE IV

IN the year 1450 Benozzo Gozzoli was called to Montefalco, where he was soon engaged in decorating the choir of the Church of San Francesco with a series of twelve frescos arranged in three tiers, depicting scenes from the life of St. Francis. Inscriptions on scrolls held by angels painted on the pilasters at the entrance to the choir tell us that the artist's patron was the Franciscan, Jacopo di Montefalco, and that the decorations were completed in 1452.

These early works of Benozzo Gozzoli's give evidence not only of the influence of his master, Fra Angelico, but show that Giotto's frescos in the neighboring town of Assisi had been carefully studied. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the picture here reproduced. The subject is one painted by Giotto, in the Upper Church of St. Francis at Assisi, although somewhat differently treated. In Giotto's fresco, for instance, a church occupies the left-hand portion of the scene, whereas in Benozzo's the scene represents a garden before the walls of Arezzo. In both versions St. Francis kneels in prayer while his companion, Fra Silvestro, stands in a commanding attitude exorcising the devils which are seen flying away from the city.

The story so naïvely portrayed by both artists is related by Mrs. Jameson as follows: "The city of Arezzo, in Tuscany, was at one time distracted by factions, and St. Francis, on approaching it, beheld a company of demons dancing in the air above the walls, these being the evil spirits which stirred up men's minds to strife. Thereupon he sent his companion, Silvestro, to command them in his name to depart. Silvestro obeyed, crying with a loud voice, 'In the name of the omnipotent God, and by command of his servant Francis, go out hence, every one of you!' And immediately the devils dispersed, and the city returned to peace and propriety."

'CELEBRATION OF THE NATIVITY AT GRECCIO' PLATE V

THIS fresco, one of the series painted by Benozzo Gozzoli in the Church of San Francesco, Montefalco, depicting scenes from the life of St. Francis (see description of plate IV), illustrates the story of the celebration of the birth of Christ at the little monastery of Greccio, a favorite resort of St. Francis towards the end of his life. It is recorded that at Christmas-tide of the year 1223, St. Francis, then sojourning at Greccio, conceived the idea of having within the church a representation of the Nativity of Christ. A cradle was accordingly made ready for the tiny image of the Christ-child placed on straw within it, and even an ox and an ass were brought in to lend reality to the scene. All the people living near Greccio, as well as the inmates of the neighboring religious houses, were then bidden to attend the celebration, and on Christmas eve, torches in their hands and joyfully singing praises to the Lord, they came from far and near to the little church, where an unlooked-for miracle was performed before their wondering eyes; for lo, when St. Francis lifted in his arms the image of the Holy Babe, it became a living child, radiantly beautiful with the divine light that shone upon its head. Such is the legend connected with the celebration of the Nativity at Greccio, the earliest instance, it is said, of those representations of the birth of Christ still common in Italy at Christmas time.

This fresco is one of the best of the series of which it forms a part. The architecture shows a somewhat incongruous application of Renaissance detail to a Gothic interior, but the picture is well composed, the kneeling figure of St. Francis is full of feeling, and in the onlookers, notably in the group of women at the left, and the little child, who, clinging frightened to its mother's arm, still turns to watch the miracle enacted before them all, we have examples of that lifelike and naturalistic element which constitutes one of Benozzo Gozzoli's chief charms.

'ENTRANCE OF ST. AUGUSTINE INTO THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL' PLATE VI

ON the walls of the choir of the Church of Sant' Agostino, in the little town of San Gimignano, Benozzo Gozzoli painted, in seventeen compartments, episodes from the life of St. Augustine. These frescos, executed between 1464 and 1467, are among the most important of the artist's works, and indeed of all mural painting of the fifteenth century. "All the admirable qualities of Benozzo Gozzoli's art," writes Gustave Gruyer, "as well as certain carelessnesses of which he is at times guilty, are here set forth; but any defects are lost sight of in the charming impression of the whole. Curious details abound. Little Italian cities with their crowded buildings are introduced with a highly picturesque effect into the backgrounds of many of the scenes. That the artist had made a close study of the life about him is shown by the number of figures evidently painted from his contemporaries. Benozzo loved his own time, and has skilfully depicted many of its characteristic types."

The fresco reproduced in plate VI, the first of the series, represents, on the left, St. Augustine taken when a child to the grammar-school of Tagaste, his

native city, in Numidia, Africa. His father and mother intrust him to the care of the schoolmaster, who receives him kindly, while two of the older scholars observe the group with curiosity. On the right we are shown the interior of the school; a number of boys seated in an open loggia are engaged with their tasks, and in the foreground one unlucky culprit, held firmly on the shoulders of a bigger boy, is about to be chastised by the master, who, with uplifted rod in one hand, points with the other to the little Augustine—the model pupil—at his side.

The architectural setting of this scene is a mixture of the classic and the purely fantastic; the coloring of the fresco is light, the outdoor effect well rendered. "The whole picture," writes Mr. Stokes, "vibrates with life and activity, containing all the movement of the opening scene of a play. Benozzo Gozzoli was untroubled by the miraculous power of saints, and these compositions of his are painted throughout in a purely secular spirit. His work is, however, glowing with humanity."

'ST. AUGUSTINE VISITS THE MONKS OF MONTE PISANO' PLATE VII

IN this fresco, one of the series of scenes from the life of St. Augustine in the choir of the Church of Sant' Agostino, San Gimignano (see description of plate VI), three episodes are depicted. In the upper part of the picture, on a hill crowned by a monastery, St. Augustine is represented visiting the monks of Monte Pisano, who stand before him listening reverently to his words. In the foreground, on the right, he is seen seated among a group of kneeling monks, expounding to them the word of God and the rules of their Order, while on the left is illustrated a vision which he himself related as appearing to him while walking one day on the seashore, meditating on the mystery of the Trinity. While thus engaged he saw a little child endeavoring to fill a hole in the sand with water baled from the ocean, and upon being questioned by the saint as to what he was trying to do, the child answered, "I wish to empty the sea into this hole." "But that," said St. Augustine, "would be impossible." "Not more impossible," returned the child, "than for thee, O Augustine, to explain the mystery on which thou hast been meditating." Thereupon the child vanished, and the saint knew that it was Christ the Lord with whom he had held converse.

'FUNERAL OF ST. AUGUSTINE' PLATE VIII

THE fresco here reproduced, unfortunately in a much damaged condition, is the last of the series painted by Benozzo Gozzoli in the choir of the Church of Sant' Agostino in San Gimignano (see description of plate VI). "In this last scene—the grandest of the whole series"—writes Julia Cartwright, "Benozzo follows the type originally invented by Giotto in the death of St. Francis, in the Church of Santa Croce, Florence (see MASTERS IN ART, Vol. 3, Part 32), and works it out into an elaborate composition crowded with figures and splendid accessories. The saint lies on a richly draped mortuary couch, surrounded by a large company of monks and novices; a bishop reads the last offices, boy acolytes and friars hold cross and candles aloft at the foot

of the bier, and the monks show their grief in the most varied ways. Some fling their arms back with gestures of despair; others bow their heads over the dead saint as if inconsolable for his loss; some, again, clasp their hands in prayer, and resign themselves with a touching patience in their faces, that is more affecting than the passionate lamentation of their companions. In all this Benozzo's skill is admirably displayed. The grouping and disposition of the figures, the graceful arrangement of the lines of conventual buildings in the background, and the marvelous variety of expressions on the faces of the mourners all show the greatness of the artist's powers and the height to which he could occasionally rise."

'THE RAPE OF HELEN' PLATE IX

ON this octagonal panel in the National Gallery, London, probably once a portion of a Florentine wedding-chest, Benozzo Gozzoli has painted the story of Helen, the beautiful wife of Menelaus, King of Lacedæmon, being carried off with the ladies of her court by her lover, the Trojan Paris, and his companions. The artist has treated the old classical legend according to his fancy. The costumes are those of his own day and country, while the temple with its gilt statue of a Greek deity, the impossible landscape, strange ships, tall cypress-tree, and distant rocky hills, make up a fantastic scene evolved from his fertile imagination.

"For his ideal of female beauty," writes Cosmo Monkhouse, "he seems to have been satisfied with his own taste. One can scarcely imagine a face or a figure much less classical than that of the blonde with the *retroussé* nose (presumably Helen herself), who is riding so complacently on the neck of the long-legged Italian in the center. The figures in the temple are of a finer type, and the lady in the sweeping robe with the long sleeves, who turns her back to us, has a simple dignity which reminds one less of Benozzo Gozzoli's master than of Filippo Lippi or Masaccio. . . . There is nothing so classical or so natural in the picture as the beautiful little bare-legged boy running away in the foreground. This little bright panel—so gay, so naïve, so ignorant, and withal so charming—is of importance in the history of art as illustrated in the National Gallery. It is the first in which the artist has given full play to his imagination, and entered the romantic world of classic legend. . . . The important share that the landscape has in the composition, and its serious attempt at perspective, are also worthy of note. As an example of the master himself, of the painter of the great panoramic procession of the notables of his day, which, under the title of the 'Adoration of the Magi,' covers the walls of the Chapel of the Riccardi Palace at Florence, of the designs of the history of St. Augustine at San Gimignano, and of the frescos in the Campo Santo at Pisa, it is, of course, extremely inadequate, but it indicates many paths which the young artist was to strike out from the old track which sufficed for his saint-like master."

The picture is painted in tempera and measures about a foot and a half high by two feet wide.

'THE VINTAGE' [DETAIL FROM 'THE DRUNKENNESS OF NOAH'] PLATE X

FROM 1468 to 1484 Benozzo Gozzoli was engaged in executing with the help of assistants his largest and most important work—the decoration in fresco of one of the long walls of the Campo Santo, Pisa, with scenes from the Old Testament, to which were added an 'Annunciation' and 'Adoration of the Magi.' These great frescos show all Benozzo's merits and defects; the rich exuberance of his fancy is here displayed, together with frequent examples of careless draftsmanship and inability to adequately express the ideas with which his brain teemed. "And yet," as one of his critics has said, "when we have recognized Benozzo's faults and failures, these frescos of his in the Campo Santo have a charm that is not easily explained. They breathe the fresh, healthful gladness of pastoral themes, the delight in natural beauties, in youth, and mirth, and laughter." Unfortunately, owing to their exposed position and to neglect in times past, these works are in a state of almost irretrievable ruin; indeed, two of the designs are wholly obliterated, and even from the best preserved no satisfactory reproductions can be made. But although they are for the most part little more than faded ghosts—suggestions from which the artist's intention rather than his achievement can be studied—"what expressive ghosts they are," writes Arséne Alexandre, "what eloquent ruins! As a general thing the main lines of the compositions are still traceable, fine groups of figures full of intense life rise here and there before our eyes, while bits of landscape, decorative details, cities, hills, orchards, vine-laden pergolas, all contribute towards the making of one of the most marvelous representations of cultivated nature ever created by art."

Plate x, 'The Vintage,' represents a large portion of the fresco entitled 'The Drunkenness of Noah,' the first of the series to be painted, and generally regarded as the finest. The scene is such as the artist must often have witnessed in the grape country of Tuscany. Young men mounted on ladders are gathering the grapes which grow in rich clusters on a trellis, while young women bear away to the wine-press baskets loaded with the luscious fruit. In the center is an open vat filled with ripe grapes which are being trodden under foot by a bare-legged youth, who crushes from them the red juice to be converted into wine.

A group in the foreground shows us the aged Noah, resting his hand upon the head of a little child beside him, while another child, frightened by a dog barking at two boys seated on the ground near-by, clings to his robe. Farther to the right, Noah is again introduced among a group of women, holding in his hand a goblet of wine.

The portion of the picture not reproduced represents the patriarch overcome by the intoxicating liquid. That part of the fresco has suffered severely, and in many places the original work has been lost in that of so-called restorers.

"Nowhere," writes a recent critic, "has Benozzo Gozzoli given stronger proof of his creative powers, his naturalness, and his charming fancy than in

this vintage scene, in which the old Bible story is made the excuse, so to speak, for the portrayal of an idyllic picture of Italian rural life."

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF BENOZZO GOZZOLI WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Madonna and Child with Saints — ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Virgin and Child Enthroned; The Rape of Helen (Plate IX) — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Madonna, Saints, and Angels — ITALY. CASTELFIORENTINO, CHAPEL OF SANTA CHIARA: Tabernacle with frescos — CERTALDO, CHAPEL OF THE GIUSTIZIATE: Tabernacle with frescos — FLORENCE, RICCARDI PALACE: [CHAPEL] (frescos) Procession of the Magi (see Plates I and II); Annunciation to the Shepherds; Paradise (see Plate III) — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Pietà and Saints (predella of an altar-piece) — MONTEFALCO, CHURCH OF SAN FORTUNATO (outside the town): Madonna, Saints, and Angels (fresco over portal); Apotheosis of St. Fortunatus (fresco); Annunciation (fresco) — MONTEFALCO, CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO: [CHOIR] (frescos) Birth of St. Francis and Episode of the Cloak; St. Francis gives his Dress to the Poor, and the Dream of St. Francis; St. Francis protected from his Father's Anger; Meeting of St. Francis and St. Dominic, and the Virgin warding off Thunderbolts; St. Francis supporting the falling Church; St. Francis expelling Devils from Arezzo (Plate IV); St. Francis and the Birds; St. Francis blessing the Donors; St. Francis and the Cavalier of Celano; Celebration of the Nativity at Greccio (Plate V); St. Francis before the Soldan; St. Francis receiving the Stigmata; Death of St. Francis; Five medallions of Saints; Portraits of Petrarch, Dante, and Giotto; Figures of Saints and Angels; [CHAPEL OF ST. JEROME] Madonna and Child, with the Crucifixion and Scenes from the Life of St. Jerome — MONTE OLIVETO (convent near Siena): Crucifixion (fresco) — PERUGIA GALLERY: Madonna and Child with Saints — PISA, ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS: Madonna and Child with Saints, and Angels; Madonna, Child, and St. Anne — PISA, CAMPO SANTO: (frescos) The Drunkenness of Noah (see Plate X); Curse of Ham; Tower of Babel; Abraham and the Worshippers of Baal; Abraham and Lot in Egypt; Abraham's Victory; Abraham and Hagar; Burning of Sodom; Sacrifice of Isaac; Marriage of Isaac and Rebekah; Birth of Jacob and Esau; Marriage of Jacob and Rachel; Meeting of Jacob and Esau, and Abduction of Dinah; Innocence of Joseph; Joseph made known to his Brethren; Infancy of Moses; Passage of the Red Sea; Tables of the Law; Aaron's Rod and the Brazen Serpent; Fall of Jericho, and Death of Goliath; Destruction of Dathan and Abiram (obliterated); Death of Aaron (obliterated); Visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon; Annunciation; Adoration of the Magi — ROME, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA IN ARACŒLI: St. Anthony and Angels (fresco) — ROME, LATERAN MUSEUM: The Assumption — SAN GIMIGNANO, CHURCH OF SANT' AGOSTINO: [CHOIR] (frescos) Entrance of St. Augustine into the Grammar-school (Plate VI); Admission of St. Augustine to the University of Carthage; St. Monica praying for her Son; Passage of St. Augustine from Africa to Italy; Reception upon his Arrival; St. Augustine teaching at Rome; Departure for Milan; Meeting of St. Augustine and St. Ambrose; St. Augustine hears St. Ambrose preach; St. Augustine reading St. Paul's Epistles; Baptism of St. Augustine; St. Augustine visits the Monks of Monte Pisano (Plate VII); Death of St. Monica; St. Augustine and his Congregation; Triumph of St. Augustine; St. Augustine in Ecstasy; Funeral of St. Augustine (Plate VIII); Saints and Evangelists; [CHAPEL] St. Sebastian preserving San Gimignano from the Plague — SAN GIMIGNANO, CHURCH OF SANT' ANDREA (outside the town): Madonna and Child — SAN GIMIGNANO, CATHEDRAL: [CHOIR] Martyrdom of St. Sebastian; [CHAPEL OF SANTA FINA] Madonna and Child with Saints — SAN GIMIGNANO, MUNICIPAL MUSEUM: Crucifixion (fresco) — VOLTERRA, CATHEDRAL, CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN: Procession of the Magi (fresco background to a Della Robbia 'Nativity').

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Jan Steen

DUTCH SCHOOL

JAN STEEN
THE FESTIVAL OF ST. NICHOLAS
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

Main

UofM

JAN STEEN
THE PARROT'S CAGE
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

Mau

U of M

JAN STEEN
TWELFTH-NIGHT
CASSEL GALLERY

JAN STEEN
THE DOCTOR'S VISIT
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

Main

UofM

JAN STEEN
BAD COMPANY
LOUVRE, PARIS

JAN STEEN
A MENAGERIE
THE HAGUE GALLERY

JAN STEEN
THE GALLANT OFFERING
BRUSSELS MUSEUM

UofM

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

JAN STEEN
JAN STEEN'S FAMILY
THE HAGUE GALLERY

UofM

JAN STEEN
THE SICK LADY
DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S COLLECTION, LONDON

Mail

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.
[273]

JAN STEEN
THE TAVERN
THE HAGUE GALLERY

PORTRAIT OF JAN STEEN BY HIMSELF
EARL OF NORTHBROOK'S COLLECTION, LONDON

Jan Steen painted this portrait when he was about forty years old. Dressed in a brown jacket with yellow sleeves, green slashed hose, a dark red cap, and long brown cloak lined with red, he sits before us with legs crossed, singing a rollicking song as he touches the strings of his mandolin. Behind him is a green curtain, and at his side a table on which are music-books and a silver tankard. The tones are broken and transparent; the execution broad and masterly. The panel measures less than two feet high by one foot and a half wide.

Memlinc

FLEMISH SCHOOL

LIBRARY

MEMLINC
PORTRAIT OF MARTIN VAN NIEUWENHOVE
HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN, BRUGES

MEMLINC
THE VIRGIN AND CHILD ADORED BY DONORS
LOUVRE, PARIS

MEMLINC
ALTAR-PIECE OF ST CHRISTOPHER [CENTRAL PANEL]
ACADEMY, BRUGES

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

MEMLINC

ALTAR-PIECE OF THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI

HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN BRUGES

Work

MEMLINC
THE SHRINE OF ST. URSULA
HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN, BRUGES

MEMLINC
ARRIVAL OF ST. URSULA AT BASLE
FROM 'THE SHRINE OF ST. URSULA'
HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN, BRUGES

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.
[309]

MEMLING
ARRIVAL OF ST. URSULA AT ROME
FROM 'THE SHRINE OF ST. URSULA'
HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN, BRUGES

MEMLING
THE VIRGIN AND CHILD
BERLIN GALLERY

MEMLINC
ALTAR-PIECE OF THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE [CENTRAL PANEL]
HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN, BRUGES

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

MEMLINC
THE SEVEN JOYS OF THE VIRGIN
MUNICH GALLERY

Scanned with CamScanner

Hans Memlinc

BORN 1480(?): DIED 1494
FLEMISH SCHOOL

THE following biographical sketch is based upon the writings of Mr. W. H. James Weale, who has conclusively dispelled the legends associated for so many years with Memlinc's name, and to whose researches we are largely indebted for what is definitely known of the artist's life.

NONE of the old Flemish towns is more interesting to the lover of early Netherlandish art than Bruges. From the many ancient buildings which still remain to lend a picturesque beauty to its quaint streets some dim idea can be formed of the splendor of the city when, in the middle of the fifteenth century, it ranked among the most important mercantile centers of Europe. It was, indeed, the chief market to which traders resorted from all parts of the world to dispose of their wares, and within its walls were the homes of many merchants whose vast wealth enabled them to live in a truly princely style.

In those days Bruges presented an aspect very different from the present appearance of the quiet old town. Its squares were adorned with fountains, its bridges with statues in bronze; statuary and carved woodwork, gilded or painted in various colors, ornamented its public buildings and many of its private residences, while the windows of those buildings were rich with stained glass and their walls decorated with paintings or hung with costly tapestries.

The prosperous condition of the city was highly favorable to the growth and development of the fine arts, and although, curiously enough, during the whole of the fifteenth century Bruges does not seem to have produced a single artist of note, many painters, principally from the country lying between the Rhine and the Scheldt—the real cradle of Netherlandish art—were attracted thither by the wealth of the inhabitants, and the facilities afforded for a ready sale of their works.

Of none of the celebrated men who at that time made Bruges their home has the city more reason to be proud than of Hans Memlinc. His name will ever be closely associated with the place of his adoption, which treasures among her most precious possessions the examples of his work still remaining there. Regarded at the time of his death as "the greatest master in Christendom,"

famous in foreign lands as well as in Flanders, a strange and sad fate has attended the memory of this painter, the exact date of whose birth and whose nationality are alike unknown, and of whose life but little beyond a few bare facts has been ascertained. A century after his death Bruges had so far forgotten him that Van Mander, when preparing his biographical notices of Netherlandish painters, could only learn that he had in his day been a celebrated master who had flourished before 1540, and the sole example of his work which could then be found in the city was the 'Shrine of St. Ursula' in the Hospital of St. John.

There is a tradition recorded in a manuscript preserved in Bruges that Memlinc painted a picture for that hospital out of gratitude for the services rendered him by the brethren of the institution, and upon this tradition the French traveler and writer the Abbé Descamps founded the legend published by him in 1783, which each succeeding writer embellished with a fresh detail.

According to this apocryphal story, Memlinc began life as a soldier who went to the wars under Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Being sorely wounded on the battle-field of Nancy, he escaped, and while wandering homeward fainted from pain and exhaustion in the streets of Bruges. He was cared for and cured by the inmates of the Hospital of St. John, and, unknown to the good brethren, a stranger in their city, he showed his gratitude by painting for them a picture, or rather a series of pictures—the famous 'Shrine of St. Ursula'—being unable to reward their services in any other way.

The first to express disbelief in this story were Hédouin, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and Waagen; but it was not until 1861 that Memlinc, the pious Christian artist who had been represented by his early biographers not only as a sick and wounded soldier, but as a drunkard and a profligate, was rehabilitated by documents discovered by Mr. Weale in the archives of Bruges.

As has been said, the time and place of Memlinc's birth are still uncertain. He was probably born between 1430 and 1435, either in the village of Mümling, or Mömling, near Aschaffenburg in the principality of Mayence, Germany, or, as Mr. Weale is inclined to think, at Memelynck, or Memelinc, near Alkmaar, in North Holland.

To this day the spelling of his name remains a subject of controversy. Owing to a mistaken reading of his signature, the first letter, M, was formerly supposed by some to be an H, the two letters being almost identical in appearance in old Flemish, and by many writers he was until recent years spoken of as "Hemling." This point, however, has been settled beyond dispute; but the last syllable is still frequently spelled with a final "g" instead of the "c" adopted by Mr. Weale, who has discovered that in the forty-nine times in which the artist's name occurs in contemporary documents in the archives of Bruges, it is spelled thirty-two times with the termination "inc," and never with the ending "ing," which ending, he says, is not met with in contemporary Netherlandish names, and as the painter's surname was in all probability not assumed until he had become a citizen of Bruges, the Flemish termination should be adopted.

Of Memlinc's artistic beginnings nothing is definitely known. It is sup-

posed that he served his apprenticeship under some painter of Mayence or Cologne. By Vasari and Guicciardini he is spoken of as a pupil of Roger van der Weyden, the celebrated painter of Tournai, who, in 1435, left his native town to settle in Brussels. This is a generally accepted belief, although as a matter of fact there is no documentary proof that Van der Weyden was Memlinc's master.

Neither is it known exactly when Memlinc went to Bruges; presumably it was in or before the year 1467, when he was already a master painter. In that or the following year he painted the portrait of Niccolo Spinelli, Italian seal-engraver to Charles the Bold, which is now in the Antwerp Museum. This and the triptych, or altar-piece in three parts, now in the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth, which was painted for Sir John Donne, a Welsh knight who went to Bruges in the suite of Margaret of York at the time of her marriage with Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, are the earliest works which can with certainty be ascribed to Memlinc's hand. His name does not appear in any existing gild register, and it is therefore impossible to ascertain where he had proved himself qualified to practise his art; but owing no doubt to the fact that he was in the employ of the duke of Burgundy, he was not obliged to join the Bruges gild when he settled in that town.

Between 1470 and 1480 Memlinc married Anne de Valkenaere, the daughter of a wealthy burgher of Bruges. He had himself by the latter date become a well-to-do citizen, and in May, 1480, we learn that he purchased a large stone house leading from the Flemish bridge to the ramparts, in what is now St. George's Street, with two smaller adjacent houses. As time went on and his wealth increased, we find his name in the town accounts of Bruges among those of the two hundred and forty-seven richest citizens of the place, who were called upon to advance money to the municipality to defray the expenses of the war between Emperor Maximilian and the king of France.

The demand for Memlinc's works was great, and the artist was kept constantly employed in painting altar-pieces and portraits for churches and for the prominent and wealthy burghers of Bruges. Among these works may be mentioned the great triptych which formerly adorned the high altar of the chapel of the Hospital of St. John (see plate IX); the small altar-piece of 'The Adoration of the Magi' (see plate IV); the wonderful little picture now in Turin, representing 'The Passion of Christ,' or 'The Seven Griefs of the Virgin,' painted for Memlinc's friend and neighbor, the miniaturist Willem Vrelant, who presented it to the Gild of Stationers; the still finer work in Munich, known as 'The Seven Joys of the Virgin' (see plate X); and an altar-piece in three parts, with St. Christopher and other saints on the central panel (see plate III), painted for Willem Moreel, a master grocer of Bruges, whose portrait he had painted, as well as portraits of Moreel's wife and daughter. These and many more works did Memlinc execute between the years 1470 and 1485.

In 1487 his wife died, leaving him with three sons. Two years after this he completed the most famous of all his works—the 'Shrine of St. Ursula,' which is to-day the most precious possession of the Hospital of St. John in Bruges, and one of the most perfect examples of early Flemish art.

In 1491 he finished the great altar-piece preserved in a side chapel in the cathedral at Lübeck, Germany, representing the Crucifixion on its central panel. This is Memlinc's largest work. In composition and grouping it shows an advance over his earlier productions, but the execution is unequal, and far more than usual seems to have been left to the hands of assistants.

After this date we have no information concerning the artist's life or work. His death occurred in Bruges on August 11, 1494, and he was buried in the churchyard of St. Gilles in that city.

No authentic portrait of Memlinc exists. Early in the seventeenth century it was supposed that the figure of John the Baptist on the outside of one of the wings of the triptych painted for Jan Floreins was a likeness of the artist. According to Descamps, the man looking in at a window in the central panel of the same altar-piece (see plate IV) was his portrait. In 1833 Passavant thought that he had discovered Memlinc's likeness by the artist's own hand in a portrait now in the National Gallery, London, which, however, has since been ascribed to Dierick Bouts, and definitively proved not to be a representation of Memlinc. On one of the wings of the Duke of Devonshire's altar-piece of the Donne family a figure is introduced which Sir William Martin Conway holds to be a portrait of the painter, while Du Jardin, in his work on Memlinc published in 1897, claims to have found his likeness in the Städel Institute at Frankfort.

As no proof of the authenticity of any of these so-called portraits of Memlinc can be substantiated, it has been thought best not to reproduce in these pages what could after all be regarded as only a possible presentment of the painter.

The Art of Memlinc

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN 'LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS'

IF Van Eyck and Memlinc be judged purely by the external aspect of their works it will be found that as regards their elaborate rendering of all costly and precious accessories they differ not at all in their art. Rich fabrics, pearls and gold, velvets and silks, marbles and wrought metals—the sole preoccupation of the artist seems to have been to convey a sense of luxury and beauty of material through elaboration and beauty of workmanship. In this respect Netherlandish painting in the time of Van Eyck and of Memlinc was but little in advance of its origin, for it was still in competition with the art of the goldsmith, the engraver, and the enameler. In all other respects, however, it had even then made great progress.

As to method, there are no very marked differences between Memlinc and Jan van Eyck, who preceded him by forty years. It might be questioned which of the two advanced the farther and the more rapidly, and, if it were not proved by dates which was the originator and which the disciple, it might be supposed,

judging from the convincing evidence of results, that it was Van Eyck who had profited by the teaching of Memlinc. At first sight, indeed, they might be taken for contemporaries, their compositions are so similar, their methods so identical, and their archaisms so entirely of the same period.

The principal differences noticeable in their manner of painting are attributable to difference in race and to the dissimilarity in temperament of the two men. In Van Eyck there is a greater mastery of construction, more muscle and blood; hence the striking forcefulness of his faces, and the individual style of his pictures. In every respect he is a portraitist like Holbein—exact, keen, realistic even to brutality. He sees more truly than Memlinc, more broadly and more directly. His palette, too, is fuller, richer, and yet more severe. His gamut is more equably strong, more sustained as a whole, and it is composed of more learned values. His whites are more unctuous, his reds are richer, and his indigo blue, that beautiful blue of old Japanese enamel peculiar to Van Eyck, is more sustained by the rules of color and is more solid in substance. He is more strongly impressed by opulence and by the priceless value of those rare objects which abounded in the luxurious life of his day. Never did Indian Rajah adorn his garments with a more lavish display of gold and jewels than Van Eyck has introduced into his paintings. And he is more skilful than Memlinc because his hand, the hand of a copyist, worked in obedience to his marked inclination. He is also more exact than Memlinc, more positive; he imitates admirably. When he paints carpets he weaves them with the choicest colors; when he paints marble he produces the exact effect of the polish of that material; and when in the dusk of his chapels he causes the opalescent glass of his windows to gleam, he completely deceives the eye.

In Memlinc we find the same force and brilliancy of tone, but there is less fire, less vital reality. I should never dare to say that the scheme of color in his marvelous triptych, 'The Marriage of St. Catherine,' in spite of its wonderfully luminous tones, is as sustained as is that of his great predecessor. On the other hand, there are vaporous and melting passages in it, half-tones, which are unknown to Van Eyck. The figures of St. John and the donor show that in the art of sacrifices, in the relations of the principal to the secondary lights, and also in the relationship of things to the planes they occupy, a decided step in advance of the Van Eycks' altar-piece of Ghent had been taken. Even the color of the garments, one a deep dark red, the other a red that is somewhat dull, reveals a new art in the rendering of tones as they are seen in shadow, as well as more subtle combinations in the formation of the palette.

The handling of the two artists is not very dissimilar, but it differs in this: whenever Memlinc is inspired, animated, and sustained by *sentiment* he is as strong as Van Eyck; but whenever his interest in his subject is less—in other words, when the appeal to his feeling is less—then he is weaker. In his eyes gold is naught but an accessory; he devotes more study to living nature than to any inanimate object. Heads, hands, throats, the pearly substance of rosy flesh—these are what he excels in. In short, when Memlinc and Van Eyck are compared from the standpoint of sentiment it is evident that they have nothing in common;—a whole world separates them. . . .

Jan van Eyck saw with his eyes; Memlinc with his soul. One thought well and thought truly; the other apparently thought less, but felt more intensely. One copied, and copied faithfully; the other copied too, but while he copied faithfully, he idealized. Van Eyck, giving no heed to the ideal, reproduced types of humanity, especially those virile types which he saw passing before his eyes in every rank of the social life of his day; but Memlinc, while he studied nature, dreamed, and as he translated her he gave rein to his imagination and created, selecting only what was most charming, most delicate in the human forms about him. Especially is this the case in his type of woman, a type unknown until then, and one that has since passed away. The beings he has painted are women, but they are women seen as he loved to picture them, portrayed in accordance with the fancies of one whose mind was attuned to grace, nobility, and beauty. From this idealized image of woman he created not only a real being, but an emblem. Not that he made woman more beautiful than she is, but he saw in her a certain indefinable something that no one else had seen. We might say that he represented her as he did simply because he discovered a charm, a fascination in her, the existence of which no one had until then suspected. He adorned her both physically and morally. In painting the fair face of a woman he painted a lovely soul. His diligence, his talent, and his careful handiwork are but expressions of the regard, the tender respect, which he felt for her.

There is no doubt as to the period, the race, or the rank to which these blond and fragile creatures belong—so chaste, although they are of this world. They are princesses of purest blood. They have the slender forms, the indolent white hands, the pallor which comes from a sequestered life. They have a natural way of wearing their garments and their diadems, of holding and reading their prayer-books, which clearly shows that the painter was no stranger to the world and to society.

The men painted by Memlinc and Van Eyck differ as essentially as do their women. Memlinc's men, although less divinely inspired than his women, are gentle and sad, somewhat long-bodied, with bronze complexions, straight noses, sparse beards, and pensive expressions. They are less passionate than Van Eyck's, but equally intense. Their physique is less robust, and there is an indescribable look of gravity and experience about them which gives them the appearance of having passed through life suffering and deeply thoughtful.

Notwithstanding its human quality, there is no trace in Memlinc's art of the crimes and atrocities of that day. Examine the works of this painter who, however he may have lived, must have been well acquainted with his own times, and you will not find a single one of those tragic scenes which later artists delighted in portraying as illustrative of the period. There are no pictures of quartering, nor of boiling pitch, no chopping off of wrists, no flaying of naked bodies, no cruel sentences passed by murderous judges, no executioners. Old and touching legends like that of St. Ursula or St. Christopher, Virgins, heavenly betrothals, pious priests, and inspired saints—such are the subjects Memlinc paints. His works breathe such purity of faith, such goodness and simplicity, that they seem miraculous. There is an atmosphere of

mysticism in his pictures, felt rather than seen, of which the sweet fragrance is perceptible without in any way imparting affectation to the scene—a Christian art, it might be called, absolutely devoid of pagan ideas.

If Memlinc does not belong to his own century, he is certainly oblivious of all others. His ideal is his own. Perhaps he might be looked upon as a precursor of Bellini, Botticelli, Perugino, but not of Leonardo, nor Luini, nor of any Tuscan or Roman artist of the true Renaissance. He painted no St. John who could be mistaken for a Bacchus; no Virgin nor St.Elizabeth with the strangely pagan smile of a Mona Lisa; no prophets resembling antique gods and philosophically associated with the sibyls; no myths nor profound symbols. No learned dissertation is needed to explain his art, so sincere is it, so full of faith, of ignorance, and of belief. What he has to say he says with the utmost frankness and simplicity, and with all the naturalness of a child. . . .

Picture to yourself, amidst the horrors of that age, a sanctuary, a sort of heavenly retreat, silent and sequestered, where passions are at rest, where troubles cease, where men pray and worship, where all things are transfigured —physical deformities as well as moral defects—where feelings wholly new come into being, where simplicity, gentleness, and heavenly mildness grow like the lilies, and you will be able to form some idea of Memlinc's soul and of the miracle he performed in his works.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

W. H. JAMES WEALE 'HANS MEMLINC'

MEMLINC appears to have studied attentively, and meditated deeply, both the gospels and the lives of the saints, for the expression of his personages is in all cases true to history. His figures of the austere Baptist, of the Evangelist, whether as a patron protecting a client or as seated gazing on the apocalyptic vision, of St. Christopher looking up at his wondrous burden, of placid abbots and meditative hermits such as St. Maurus and St. Giles, or of female saints such as St. Veronica and St. Catherine, are typical figures of exquisite beauty, which for a long time were copied by painters and miniaturists. His angels, again, so full of grace, and with such winning expression of features, whether gazing in tender love on the divine Babe, or with joyous countenance making sweet melody with harp or organ, have seldom been surpassed. Adherence to truth and delicate sweetness of sentiment are indeed characteristic features of Memlinc's pictures, which are so full of harmony and tender, poetical feeling, that he may fairly be styled the musical painter of his school.

In aiming at perfect symmetry in some of his works, his figures are constrained. It would, however, be difficult to group figures more naturally than they are grouped in by far the greater number of his pictures. Take, for instance, those in the triptych painted for Brother Jan Floreins, and the panels of the 'Shrine of St. Ursula,' which it would be hardly possible to surpass in this respect. His narrative pictures in Turin and in Munich are also quite free from reproach on this score. To modern eyes these last may seem to lack unity; but although at first sight there is an apparent want of order, they will be found on closer examination to present a moral harmony of the highest

perfection. This is especially the case in the last-mentioned work, in which each little scene is so exquisitely finished that it forms a perfect picture in itself, whilst the whole may well be termed an impressive poem replete with harmony and grace. These two pictures stand quite by themselves; but in most of his works Memlinc has introduced incidents in the lives of the principal figures into the landscapes which almost invariably form the background of his pictures, and when the subject was only the portrait of a contemporary, he enlivened the landscape with figures and animals from every-day life. Doubtless in his early days he had studied with observant eye the undulating country of his native land watered by many a fair stream, the poetry of which he understood and interpreted admirably with his brush. He seems to the very end of his life to have retained his love of the open air, of lakes, and of running streams; these he introduced into his pictures wherever possible, enlivening them with boats and swans. His landscape backgrounds are always subservient to the figures, never obtruding themselves to the detriment of the subject, as in many later paintings. . . .

Memlinc, when he had to represent evil passions, was unsuccessful. Evidently scenes of cruelty were repugnant to his feelings, and as far as possible he avoided the representation of them, and when it was necessary to include them in a picture he gave them as little prominence as possible.

As a portrait-painter he was fairly successful, but he never gave his sitters the individual naturalism which we find in Jan van Eyck's portraits—these are all quite different from each other; whereas Memlinc's, generally speaking, seem to bear in their faces the impress of his own peaceful cast of mind. Again, while Van Eyck constantly varies the attitude of his sitters so as to give more individuality to his pictures, Memlinc almost invariably represents them as busts, the face seen in three-quarters, with one hand (rarely with both) resting on a balcony between two marble columns, with a landscape background. When his figures are represented with joined hands, the panel is one leaf of a diptych or the shutter of a triptych; it is amongst these that his best portraits are to be found. The faces of the women in his pictures are generally pleasing and homely, and if carefully examined will be found to have individual traits; these are even more marked in the figures of his boys and girls, whom he seems to have studied with loving care. . . .

As to technique, Memlinc, influenced doubtless by his early Rhenish training, seems to have commenced his works in light tempera, and to have completed them in oil. He accented the principal lines, and graduated the remainder with infinite delicacy. His color, as a rule, is so thin that the original design may be traced beneath it. He made use of a restrained palette, avoiding multiplicity of colors, but by skilful juxtaposition of tints managed to produce the most charming and harmonious effects. The altar-piece in the Munich Gallery is a fine example of the admirable manner in which he contrasted bright, clear colors, and managed, by untiring labor and marvelous patience, to give roundness of form to his figures without having recourse to any strong contrasts of light and shade. . . .

Memlinc was a real artist, with far more sentiment than Jan van Eyck. Whilst the works of that great master of technique excite our wonder and com-

pel our admiration, the marvelous reproduction of the minutest details, despite, or rather by reason of, its perfection, ends by wearying, whilst the more Memlinc's works are studied the more beauties will be found in them. Here nothing is obtruded, nothing introduced to show how well he could paint it; but, on the other hand, nothing scamped, nothing omitted to give dignity and grace to his principal figures. On these he bestowed his chief care; their clothing and ornaments were in his eyes mere accessories to be treated so as to enhance the dignity and appearance of his figures, and not to draw attention away from them.

Jan van Eyck and Memlinc were both colorists, both bestowing the same care on their work, both aiming at perfection; but in reality there was a whole world between them. Van Eyck, even while painting religious subjects, only awakes earthly ideas, whilst Memlinc, even when painting earthly scenes, kindles in us thoughts of heavenly things. It is easy to see by his paintings that he was indeed a man humble and pure of heart, who, when the arts were beginning to abdicate their position as handmaids of the Church in order to minister to the pleasures of men, preserved his love for Christian tradition, and in earnest simplicity painted what he believed and venerated as he conceived and saw it in his meditations. There is no affectation, no seeking after novelties, no mixture of pagan ideas in his works; he was entirely unaffected by the movement which was already making progress among the Flemings, thanks to the evil influence of the Burgundian court. He founded no school, but nevertheless he exerted a considerable influence, not only on his contemporaries, but also on the artists who settled in Bruges during the sixteenth century, and it was no doubt due to this that, whilst the old school died out entirely in other towns, its traditions were still followed in Bruges until the seventeenth century.

WILLIAM MARTIN CONWAY 'EARLY FLEMISH ARTISTS'

ONE of the chief secrets of Memlinc's success was that he knew the limits of his powers. There is the same absence of ambition in him as in Fra Angelico. He gave more pains to the designing of things than the Florentine friar, but it was pains of a humble kind. He was not on the search after novelty. He took the art of the day as he found it, worked to the best of his power according to the rules he had been taught, yielded without obstinacy to whatever influences were brought to bear upon him, and so by degrees attained greater certainty and facility of hand. But he never tried to effect anything beyond his powers. He did not waste his energies in struggling after what to him must ever have remained unattainable. With such a temperament alone was work of the kind he produced possible. The atmosphere of peace is breathed throughout it. To lose one's self in a picture of his is to take a pleasant and healthy rest. The struggling world is exchanged for a world of gentleness and peace. It has not been given to many men to leave so rich a heritage. Memlinc's success is fraught with a lesson not for artists alone. Moreover, because he always kept within his powers, we hardly perceive, except after much seeking, what the limits of those powers were.

Gentle, cordial, affectionate, humble, painstaking as Memlinc must have

been, his best works are those of the St. Ursula series type, where his fancy could play about bright and fairy-like creatures, where no storm nor the memory of a storm need ever come, where no clouds darkened the sky, and not even the brilliant tones of sunset gave forecast of a coming night. Such a man as Memlinc could never found a school, or flourish in spite of opposition and neglect; but, born at a time ripe for his coming, growing up under the tutelage provided just at the right moment for him, he was enabled to climb almost without difficulty to the highest level attained by contemporary artists.

ÉMILE MONTÉGUT 'LES PAYS-BAS'

IN fervor of expression Memlinc rivals Hubert van Eyck, but in lofty mysticism he must be ranked far below that master. The names of Dante and Fra Angelico have often been mentioned in connection with Memlinc; the epithet "ascetic" has even been employed to characterize his figures, but this seems to indicate a slight miscomprehension of existing differences. Memlinc opens to us the doors of no such lofty heaven as do the two Italian mystics; he leads us no farther than that lunar paradise which comes first in Dante's heavenly circles, where souls of virginal purity dwell in a state of chaste blessedness like reflections of disembodied spirits. No, the personages Memlinc depicts are serious and pious, but not ascetic. Purity and naïve candor—these are the sentiments which permeate his works, sentiments carried by him to such perfection that they produce the illusion of virtues of a higher order.

Painting, consecrated by Hubert van Eyck exclusively to the expression of the lyric sentiments of the soul—piety, fervor, and adoration—becomes with Memlinc dramatic, and yet without in any way losing its early characteristics. The most perfect example of this dramatic or anecdotic quality is the decoration of the 'Shrine of St. Ursula,' the most charming of the master's works. The legend of Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins as he has portrayed it is a veritable romance, for these miniature-like paintings are distinguished by all that detail and slowness of action characteristic of Romanesque narrative. The story is told in serial form, and the longer one looks at it the more does it seem as if the senses were transposed and as if it were possible to hear as well as to see with the eyes. What minute exactitude is shown from the very first scenes—*chapters*, I was about to say—an exactitude that continues until the end of the story, with all the naïve garrulity of the old chroniclers and epic poets, from whose tales no circumstance is ever left out. But just as a dreamy melody is sometimes introduced between the different parts of a musical drama, so that the mind may rest from a too continuous emotion, so Memlinc has divided the story of St. Ursula into two parts by means of the two small pictures which decorate the ends of the shrine. On the first, as a sort of overture intended to attune the mind of the spectator to the spirit of the legend he wished to portray, he has placed the Virgin, the natural protectress of Ursula and her followers; on the other, as a logical introduction to the second part of the story, he has represented Ursula herself, standing like the queen of the realm of chastity, sheltering her companions beneath her mantle. Memlinc is charming rather than great, but he attained greatness at least once, and that was in this little

panel, which, following as it does the early scenes of the narrative, abruptly changes the mood of the spectator from the gay to the serious, and disposes him to sadness.

One striking thing in Memlinc's pictures is the evidence they contain of the ancient magnificence of the city of Bruges, that Flemish Venice once full of life and brilliancy, to-day so quiet, so dead. The costumes of his painted personages bear testimony to the city's wealth. Of what superb stuffs are the dresses of these ladies of Bruges, famous for their beauty! What elegance is displayed in the designs and flowered patterns! What taste in the choice of colors! Long before the Venetians, and without a thought of giving to the accessories of costume and of luxurious living the pictorial importance accorded them by those painters, Memlinc, simply in obedience to that love of realism which characterized the Flemings in faithfully rendering their surroundings, introduced into his works examples of a magnificence such as would have filled Titian, Veronese, and Rubens with envy. The negro king, for instance, in 'The Adoration of the Magi,' with his proud mien, his elegant figure, and rich costume evidently copied from that of some dusky servitor brought from the Orient by one of the merchant princes of Bruges, would feel quite at home in the most sumptuous of Paolo Veronese's decorative scenes. . . .

We all know the story told about Memlinc—that when a soldier recovering from wounds, he painted pictures which he gave to the Hospital of St. John in Bruges out of gratitude for the care he had there received. No doubt the story is false, but whatever may be the reason that so many of his works are in the hospital, these pictures of consolation and of hope are among most appropriate surroundings in a spot where the sick are sheltered and the sorrowful made welcome. Last witnesses of the ancient splendor of Bruges, they are also in perfect accord with the actual appearance of that peaceful city, full of tender melancholy, and where the grass grows between the stones around the statue of Van Eyck. And in Bruges, eloquent as it is of a past gone never to return, of that inevitable death which overtakes all races as well as individuals, Memlinc with incomparable grace glorifies the land where death is unknown, and where souls live forever secure from the vicissitudes of fate.—
ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Memlinc

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'PORTRAIT OF MARTIN VAN NIEUWENHOVE' PLATE I

EARLY in 1487 Memlinc painted for Martin van Nieuwenhove, member of a noble family of Bruges, who later became a burgomaster of the town, a diptych, or picture in two parts. On one panel he represented the half-figure of the Virgin standing behind a table on which she holds the Child, seated on a cushion ; while on the other panel, the one here reproduced, is shown the donor, then a youth of twenty-three, his hands joined in prayer, a gold-clasped

Book of Hours lying open before him. He wears a purple coat trimmed with bands of black and with yellowish brown sleeves ornamented with black velvet cuffs. Behind him is a window, one half filled with diamond-shaped panes, the upper part of the other half with stained glass representing St. Martin dividing his cloak with a beggar. Beneath is an exquisitely painted landscape through which winds a river crossed by a bridge.

This is Memlinc's finest work in portraiture. It offers, moreover, an excellent example of his manner of painting in clear, even light almost devoid of shadow. The whole diptych glows like a jewel. Originally painted for the Hospice of St. Julian, a half-secular, half-religious house of entertainment for poor pilgrims, to which it was presented by Martin van Nieuwenhove, it there remained until it was carried off in 1794 by the French, from whom it was recovered in 1815, when it was deposited in its present place, the Hospital of St. John in Bruges.

'THE VIRGIN AND CHILD ADORED BY DONORS' PLATE II

BETWEEN 1480 and 1490 Memlinc painted this picture at the request of Jacob Floreins, a well-known citizen of Bruges and brother to that Jan Floreins for whom he had painted the triptych known as 'The Adoration of the Magi' (see plate IV).

We are here shown the interior of a church with the Virgin, in blue and red, seated on a stone throne, under a canopy, with a cloth of rich brocade behind her, and an oriental carpet beneath her feet. Her blond hair, parted on either side of her broad forehead, falls in long waves over her shoulders, and her expression is marked by that purity and gentleness peculiar to Memlinc's type of woman. On her lap is the infant Jesus, one hand raised in blessing as he turns toward the donor, who kneels at the left protected by his patron saint, James the Great, while behind him are grouped his seven sons. On the opposite side, St. Dominic, holding a processional cross, presents the donor's wife, clad in black and accompanied by her twelve daughters.

On either side of the architectural background we have a glimpse of the open country—on the right a farmhouse and a winding road; on the left a castle towards which a cavalier is riding.

"The treatment of the architecture," writes Mr. Weale, "is masterly. The grouping of so many figures in a confined space was no easy task, but Memlinc has dealt with it very ably by bringing St. Dominic and the women nearer the throne, and placing the younger children in the aisles, where they stand behind their more devout elders, lifting up their heads to see all they can. The portraits bear the impress of being truthful studies from life."

In the delicate purity of the Virgin, the naïve beauty of the Child, the reverential bearing of the two saints, and the devotional mien of the kneeling donor and his family we are conscious of the pious, fervent spirit of the artist. "None of his predecessors," says Professor Wauters, "had felt so deeply or painted with so much sentiment."

The picture measures four feet four inches high by five feet two inches wide. It is now in the Louvre, Paris.

'ALTAR-PIECE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER' [CENTRAL PANEL] PLATE III

AMONG Memlinc's patrons was one Willem Moreel, of Bruges, for whom in 1484 he completed an altar-piece in three parts. This triptych, which formerly adorned the chapel founded by Moreel in the Church of St. Jacques, is now in the Academy of Bruges. It is one of the painter's most beautiful works.

On the central panel, the part reproduced in plate III, is seen St. Christopher bearing the infant Jesus upon his shoulders, according to the legend which relates how in obedience to the teaching of a pious hermit, Offero, a man of gigantic size and strength, served the Lord by bearing from shore to shore of a deep wide stream all who were obliged to cross its swift waters, and how one night as he was resting in his hut he heard the voice of a little child begging to be carried to the other side of the river. Whereupon he placed the tiny creature on his shoulders, and taking his staff, a young tree which he had uprooted from the forest, stepped into the stream. Immediately the winds blew, the waves rose, and the roar of the waters became like the sound of thunder, and Offero's burden grew heavier and heavier, until he feared that he should sink beneath its weight. But he kept bravely on, and when he had reached the opposite shore, "Marvel not at thy heavy load," said the Child, "for with me hast thou borne the sins of all the world." Whereupon the Child vanished, and Offero knew that it was Christ, the Lord, whom he had borne upon his shoulders, and from that day he was called "Christopher," the Christ-bearer.

Memlinc has painted the giant saint clad in a blue tunic and red mantle leaning upon his staff as he crosses the stream, and looking up questioningly towards the Christ-child upon his shoulders, one of whose little hands is raised in blessing, while with the other he steadies himself by grasping a linen bandage wound around the saint's head.

In a rocky landscape on the right bank of the stream stands St. Giles resting one hand on his attribute, a wounded fawn; on the other side is the Benedictine saint, Maurus, in white tunic, black scapular and cowl, holding a crozier in one hand and a book in the other. In the background, standing at the opening of a cave high up in one of the rocks, is seen a hermit holding a lighted lantern.

On the insides of the wings of this altar-piece are the kneeling figures of the donor and his wife and children protected by their patron saints; on the outsides are St. John the Baptist and St. George, painted in monochrome, probably by a follower of Memlinc's.

The tender sentiment which marks the central composition is unsurpassed in the artist's work. The panel measures four feet high by a little over five feet wide.

'ALTAR-PIECE OF THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI' PLATE IV

MEMLINC painted this triptych for Jan Floreins, one of the brethren of the Hospital of St. John in Bruges, where it is still preserved in what was formerly the chapter-house of that institution. On the central panel 'The

Adoration of the Magi' is represented. The Virgin, in a robe and mantle of blue, is seated in a ruined manger holding the infant Jesus, at whose feet kneels the oldest of the three kings, in a dark red tunic with red sleeves and red hose. Opposite is another of the kings, clad in a yellow tunic and red cloak with ermine tippet, holding in one hand his purple cap and in the other a costly vase which he offers to the Child; while the third king, an Ethiopian, stands at the right of the picture gorgeously dressed in an ermine-bordered tunic of rich brocade with flowing sleeves. He too holds his cap in one hand and his gift in the other. Near him is St. Joseph, in red and black, bearing a gold chalice, the offering of the first king, and between them, looking in at a window, is seen the head of a man with a yellow cap, said to be a portrait of the artist. On the extreme left kneels the donor, Jan Floreins, reading from a book of prayer, while behind him stands his younger brother Jacob. The ox and the ass are in the background, and through an opening behind them we have a glimpse of a distant town.

When the wings of this little altar-piece are open, as in plate IV, we see on the panel to the left a representation of 'The Nativity.' The Virgin, in blue, kneels in adoration before the Christ-child lying on her mantle, while two little angels, one in gray, the other in violet, worship the new-born Babe. Farther back is St. Joseph, dressed in red and black, protecting with one hand the flickering flame of a lighted candle which he holds, while beside him in the manger are the ox and the ass.

On the other wing 'The Presentation in the Temple' is shown. Beside an altar covered with a white fringed cloth stands the high priest, Simeon, in a purple robe and yellow mantle with red hooded cape, receiving the Child, whom the Virgin, clad in a long blue gown, tenderly places in his arms. Between these two figures is St. Anne, and farther back is St. Joseph, taking from a basket the sacrificial doves.

On the outer sides of the shutters are seated figures of St. John the Baptist (supposed by some to be a portrait of Memlinc), and St. Veronica.

"This is Memlinc's finest altar-piece," writes Mr. Grant Allen; "its glow of color is glorious." Mr. Weale says of it, "Technically it is the most perfect work completed by Memlinc before the end of 1480;" and again, "So far as color is concerned it is his masterpiece; none of his works are more vigorous in chiaroscuro, none more harmonious in tone."

The central panel measures one foot four inches high by nearly two feet wide. Each wing is one foot four inches high by less than one foot wide.

'THE SHRINE OF ST. URSULA' — PLATES V, VI, AND VII

THE most famous of all Memlinc's works is 'The Shrine of St. Ursula' in St. John's Hospital, Bruges, a miniature Gothic chapel of elaborately carved oak measuring three feet long, nearly three feet high, and about one foot wide (see plate V). The sides, ends, and roof of this casket are adorned with exquisitely finished paintings. On one end is the standing figure of the Virgin holding the Child, and accompanied by two sisters of the Hospital of St. John; on the other end St. Ursula, crowned with jewels and wearing a close-fitting

ermine bodice, a green robe, and purple skirt bordered with white fur, shelters her companions beneath her copious red mantle (see plate v). The sides of the shrine are decorated with a series of paintings illustrating scenes from the legend of St. Ursula. On the sloping roof are medallions, representing on one side, in the center, the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' flanked with smaller medallions containing figures of angels playing on musical instruments (see plate v), and on the other side 'St. Ursula in Glory,' together with smaller medallions of musical angels.

The whole work was completed in October, 1489, when relics of St. Ursula, and other precious objects brought from the Holy Land, until then preserved in an ancient shrine of painted wood, were with all due ceremony deposited in this new and more fitting receptacle.

The legend of St. Ursula chosen by Memlinc for his theme in decorating this celebrated reliquary was popular not only in Flanders and the Rhine country, but in Italy, where soon after the completion of the Netherland painter's work Carpaccio was engaged in Venice in depicting on a far larger scale scenes from the same story (see MASTERS IN ART, Vol. 4, Part 43). It is interesting to note the similarities and the differences between the two artists' rendering of the same theme. Carpaccio, as Sir William Martin Conway has pointed out, chose in the main for the subjects of his pictures courtly and ceremonial incidents from the legend—the sending and receiving of ambassadors, and the like; whereas for Memlinc the charm of the story lay in its character as a tale of adventure. The idea of Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins setting forth upon their pilgrimage appealed to him by its quaintness, its resemblance to a fairy-tale, and in the six scenes he has chosen to portray, most of them are incidents on the voyage of the company on the Rhine to and from their journey to Rome.

The legend, already told in the number of this series devoted to Carpaccio (Vol. 4, Part 43), relates how Ursula, a beautiful princess of Brittany, being sought in marriage by Conon, son of the king of England, begged that before she yielded to her father's wish and became the bride of the English prince permission should be granted her to make a three years' pilgrimage to Rome, accompanied by eleven thousand virgins of noble birth to be provided as her escort by the king of England, and, moreover, that Prince Conon and his entire suite should embrace the Christian faith. Her conditions being complied with, she and her virgin attendants embarked upon their pilgrimage, and journeying up the river Rhine, in course of time reached Rome, where all were welcomed by Pope Cyriacus, who on that same day received also Prince Conon and his suite, arrived in the Holy City by another route. Pope, cardinals, and bishops set forth with the party on their homeward journey, but upon reaching Cologne they found that city besieged by the Huns, and were one and all cruelly put to death by the arrows of the heathen king and his followers.

Of the series of six little pictures, each measuring fourteen inches high by ten wide, ornamenting the sides of the shrine, the first represents the landing of Ursula and her maidens at Cologne; the second (plate VI) shows the arrival

of the company at Basle. Here all is life and movement on board the ships just brought into port. Sailors are busily furling the sails, while Ursula, assisted by her attendants, prepares to disembark.

The third scene (plate VII) represents the arrival of the pilgrims in Rome and their reception by the pope. Surrounded by cardinals and other ecclesiastics he stands at the entrance of a church blessing the young princess, who, clad in clinging blue garments, kneels before him. Behind her are her followers, and on the right we are shown Prince Conon and members of his suite receiving baptism from a priest, while farther back Ursula is seen again, partaking of the Sacrament. In composition, grouping, and beauty of color this picture is held to be the finest of the series.

On the opposite side of the shrine (see plate V), the fourth scene represents the pilgrims returning towards Basle, accompanied by the pope and numerous cardinals and bishops, while in the fifth and sixth is depicted the massacre of the company at Cologne, painted with Memlinc's characteristic avoidance of the horror and bloodshed inseparable from any realistic portrayal of such a scene.

This 'Shrine of St. Ursula,' charming in its conception of subject and beautiful in its execution, is justly regarded as Memlinc's masterpiece. "In the delicacy of finish of its miniature figures," writes Sir J. A. Crowe, "the variety of its landscapes and costumes, the marvelous patience with which its details are given, it is one of the most interesting monuments of medieval art in Flanders."

'THE VIRGIN AND CHILD' PLATE VIII

IT is thought by some that this panel in the Berlin Gallery formed at one time the central part of a triptych, the wings of which are now in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence. The Virgin is of the type peculiar to Memlinc, and bears a strong resemblance to the one painted on the left panel of the diptych in the Hospital of St. John in Bruges, of which the portrait of Martin van Nieuwenhove forms the companion panel (see the description of plate I).

Standing between marble columns the Virgin supports with one hand the Child, half reclining on a cushion placed upon a strip of variegated carpet covering a parapet, while in the other hand she holds an apple which he tries to grasp. Between the arches behind the group we see a smiling landscape with meadows and green trees, and in the distance, outlined against a blue sky, rises a lofty tower.

The picture measures one foot five inches high by one foot wide.

'ALTAR-PIECE OF THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE' [CENTRAL PANEL] PLATE IX

THIS picture is the central panel of the great triptych, or painting in three parts, completed by Memlinc in 1479 for the high altar of the Church of the Hospital of St. John in Bruges. Together with the artist's other works belonging to the hospital, it is now in what was formerly the chapter-house of that institution. In a pillared portico the Virgin sits enthroned beneath a crimson canopy from which is suspended a rich brocade of cloth of gold. Two angels

holding a crown hoyer above her head, while two others kneel beside her, one playing on a little organ, one supporting the Book of Wisdom. The Virgin's dress is blue, her mantle red, and she holds upon her knee the Child, who places a ring upon the finger of St. Catherine kneeling at the left, her sword and wheel of martyrdom beside her. The saint's long skirt and mantle are black richly patterned in gold, her sleeves are crimson, her tunic is of ermine, and on her head she wears a gauzy veil surmounted by a crown. Opposite, St. Barbara in a green robe and purple mantle is seated on the ground with her emblematic tower behind her, attentively reading a book of prayer. In the background on either side of the Virgin stand the patrons of the hospital—on the left St. John the Baptist, in a reddish-brown tunic and purple cloak, holding a cross and with the lamb beside him; on the right St. John the Evangelist, in red, bearing in his hand a chalice. Scenes from the lives of these two saints, painted with the utmost delicacy, are shown between the carved pillars in the background.

On the inside of the right wing of this altar-piece the vision of St. John the Evangelist at Patmos is represented; on the left, the decapitation of St. John the Baptist; while on the outsides of the wings are painted four members of the community of the Hospital of St. John, two brothers and two sisters kneeling in prayer, with the figures of saints standing behind them.

This triptych is one of the largest of Memlinc's works (the central panel measures eight feet four inches square), and also one of his most famous. Although it has suffered from over-cleaning and restoration it nevertheless still shows great beauty of coloring and marvelous delicacy of workmanship. "Nothing could be more exquisite," writes Fromentin, "than the face of St. Catherine, at once childlike and womanly, enframed in its setting of jewels and gauze; and never did artist, carried away by the beauty of a woman's hand, paint anything more perfect in gesture, in drawing, or in contour than the long, white, slender hand which she extends to receive the betrothal ring. The same treatment of light is here observable as in Van Eyck's works, but with more suppleness, more marked differences between the high lights and the half-tones; in every way it is a work of less force but of greater tenderness."

'THE SEVEN JOYS OF THE VIRGIN' PLATE X

THIS picture, to which Mr. Weale has given the title 'Christ, the Light of the World,' as being more appropriate than its more usual name, 'The Seven Joys of the Virgin,' was painted by Memlinc in 1480 for Pieter Bultinc, a wealthy citizen of Bruges, whose kneeling figure and that of his son are introduced at the left of the panel, while that of his wife is on the right. The work was presented to the Gild of Tanners to adorn the altar of their chapel in the Church of Notre Dame in Bruges. In 1764 it was removed from its place, and, after numerous vicissitudes, was finally acquired by the Munich Gallery, where it now hangs.

Of this "painted chronicle," as it has been called, there is hardly a square inch which does not offer a detail of interest. The various incidents depicted

are separated one from another by buildings, walls, or hillocks, and although fault has been found with it because the point of sight is too high, and the composition as a whole somewhat over-crowded, yet each little subject is in itself so exquisitely rendered, such ingenuity is shown in the arrangement of the scenes, there is such harmony of color, and the amount of work lavished upon the panel is so marvelous, that the picture may justly be regarded as one of the most interesting and beautiful examples of Memlinc's art.

The interest centers around the scene prominent in the foreground—'The Adoration of the Magi.' We see the Virgin, in blue, seated at the entrance to the manger, presenting the Child to the worship of the three kings, who with their followers are picturesquely grouped about. To the right, their departure is indicated by the cavalcade with waving banners winding away between rocky passes to the sea, where in a golden sunset light are moored the ships waiting to take them to their distant homes.

At the extreme left of the picture, among the most important scenes portrayed are 'The Annunciation,' 'The Announcement to the Shepherds,' 'The Nativity,' and 'The Massacre of the Innocents'—all painted with the delicacy of miniatures. On the right are represented 'The Transfiguration,' 'Christ Taking Leave of His Mother,' 'Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene,' 'The Resurrection,' and the death and assumption of the Virgin.

The figures in the different scenes are well drawn and characterized, the landscape is charming in its delicacy, and nowhere, unless it may be in the St. Ursula series, is the story-telling faculty of the artist more strikingly displayed. The painting, like all Memlinc's works, is on wood, and measures two feet eight inches high by six feet wide.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY MEMLINC

THE following list includes the most important paintings ascribed to Memlinc by the most authoritative critics. Chief among the works omitted because of doubtful authenticity is the celebrated altar-piece of 'The Last Judgment' in the Church of St. Mary at Dantsic, which, although believed by many to be by Memlinc, has, in the opinion of Mr. W. H. James Weale, the highest authority on early Netherlandish art, no just claims to his authorship.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. BUDAPEST GALLERY: The Crucifixion (central panel of an altar-piece)—VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: The Bearing of the Cross and the Resurrection (wings of altar-piece in Budapest)—VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: Virgin and Child—BELGIUM. ANTWERP MUSEUM: Portrait of Niccolo Spinelli—BRUGES, ACADEMY: Altar-piece of St. Christopher (see Plate III)—BRUGES, HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN: Altar-piece of the Marriage of St. Catherine (see Plate IX); Altar-piece of Adoration of the Magi (Plate IV); Altar-piece of the Entombment; Portrait of Mary Moreel (known as 'The Sibyl Sambetha'); The Shrine of St. Ursula (see Plates V, VI, VII); Virgin and Child with Portrait of Martin van Nieuwenhove (see Plate I)—BRUSSELS, MUSEUM: Portraits of Willem Moreel and his Wife; Portrait of a Man—ENGLAND. CHATSWORTH, DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S COLLECTION: Altar-piece of Sir John Donne and Family—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Virgin and Child with St. George and Donor—LONDON, PURCHASED IN 1901 FROM MR. G. F. BODLEY BY MESSRS. P. AND D. COLNAGHI: Virgin and Child with Saints, Angels, and a Donor—FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Marriage of St. Catherine, with Portrait of Jan du Cellier and St. John

the Baptist; Virgin and Child adored by Donors (Plate II); St. John the Baptist; St. Mary Magdalene; Triptych of Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, Resurrection, and Ascension — PARIS, OWNED BY M. LEO NARDUS: Portrait of an Old Lady — PARIS, OWNED BY M. L. GOLDSCHMIDT: Virgin and Child with Saints and a Donor — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Portrait of an Old Man; Virgin and Child (Plate VIII) — FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Portrait of a Man — LÜBECK, CATHEDRAL: Altar-piece of the Crucifixion — MUNICH GALLERY: The Seven Joys of the Virgin (Plate X); St. John the Baptist — ITALY. FLORENCE, CORSINI PALACE: Portrait of a Man — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: St. Benedict; Portrait of a Man — TURIN GALLERY: The Passion of Christ — VENICE, ACADEMY: Portrait of a Man.

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Claude Lorrain

FRENCH SCHOOL

CLAUDE LORRAIN
A SEAPORT AT SUNSET
LOUVRE, PARIS

CLAUDE LORRAIN
EMBARKATION OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

CLAUDE LORRAIN
LANDING OF CLEOPATRA AT TARSUS
LOUVRE, PARIS

CLAUDE LORRAIN
MERCURY AND AGLAUROS
ROYAL MUSEUM, BERLIN

DRAFT

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.
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CLAUDE LORRAIN
THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

CLAUDE LORRAIN
THE MILL
DORIA GALLERY, ROME

CLAUDE LORRAIN
NOON, OR THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT
HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG

CLAUDE LORRAIN
THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO AT DELOS
DORIA GALLERY, ROME

CLAUDE LORRAIN
ULYSSES RESTORING CHRYSEIS TO HER FATHER
LOUVRE, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF CLAUDE LORRAIN BY JOACHIM VON SANDRART

In his will Claude left a copy of a portrait of himself to the Church of St. Luke. Portrait and copy have both disappeared. The only likeness of the artist which has any claim to authenticity is the engraving by Sandrart in his "Academia Nobilissimæ Artis Pictoriæ," published at Nuremberg in 1683.

Claude Gellée

CALLED

Claude Lorrain

BORN 1600: DIED 1682
FRENCH SCHOOL

CLOSE to the northern boundary of the modern French department of the Vosges, some half-mile distant from the right bank of the Moselle, and hard by the Forest of Charmes, is the little village of Chamagne. In this rural hamlet, once the chief place in the seignory of the same name in the old Duchy of Lorraine, Claude Gellée—or, to give him the name, Claude le Lorrain, which he received from his native country, although not a sixth part of his long life was spent in it—first saw the light in the year 1600. The exact place of his birth can still be pointed out. Towards the end of the village street, where it approaches the meadows which form the common grazing-ground, is an old house which bears on its walls a tablet, commemorating that therein the great landscape-painter of the French school drew his first breath. Beyond the fact that his parents, Jean Gellée and Anne Padose, were in humble circumstances, the exact nature of the rustic occupation which kept the wolf from their door is now unknown. They had a large family, of whom five were sons: Jean, Dominique, Claude, Denis, and Michel.

Thus far the brief accounts of Claude's birth and parentage present no difficulty. Concerning the events of his boyhood and youth, however, his biographers differ considerably. Their information is derived from two sources. One of these is Joachim von Sandrart, a German painter, engraver, and writer on art, who resided some years at Rome, where he became intimate with Claude. His reminiscences of him are contained in his 'Teutsche Academie,' of which a Latin translation, entitled 'Academia Nobilissimæ Artis Pictoriæ,' was published in 1683. The other authority is Filippo Baldinucci, a Florentine artist, whose account was derived from Jean Gellée and the Abbé Joseph Gellée, the grand-nephew of the painter, and is included in his 'Notizie de' professori del disegno.'

According to Sandrart, Claude was a dull boy, a very dull boy—*scientia*

valde mediocri—and learned little or nothing at school—*parum, imo nihil fere, proficeret*. The statement is borne out by such scraps of writing as Claude in later years scrawled on the backs of his drawings. In these short notes he jumbles up French, Italian, and Latin; he spells his own name in a half-dozen different ways, so much so that in his will he has to record the correct spelling of it as Gellée; and in his attempt to spell other people's names, even those of his best friends, he goes hopelessly astray.

Seeing that there was nothing to be made of the boy as a scholar, his parents apprenticed him to a pastry-cook. Later Claude set off with some of his countrymen for Rome, "whither," so Sandrart informs us, "the cooks and pie-makers of Lorraine had for centuries been accustomed to repair."

Thus far Sandrart. Baldinucci's narrative differs. Claude, he tells us, had lost both his parents by the time he was twelve years old, and was obliged to cross the Rhine and seek a home under the roof of his eldest brother, Jean, who had set up at Freiburg as a wood engraver and carver. Here Claude remained twelve months, receiving instruction from his brother in the elements of drawing. At the end of that time a relative, a dealer in lace, the production of which was then, as it is now, an important industry in the neighborhood of Claude's native place, passing through Freiburg, on his way to Rome with his wares, offered to take the boy with him. In Rome Claude found a lodging near the Pantheon, and continued his studies as best he could, apparently unaided.

Thrown entirely on his own resources, Claude made his way to Naples, attracted thither, it would appear, by the reputation of a German landscape-painter, Gottfried Waels, with whom he remained two years, studying architecture, perspective, and color. Then he returned to Rome, where he was admitted into the household of Agostino Tassi, from whom he received board, lodging, and "instruction in the best principles of art," in return for his services as stable-boy, color-grinder, and general "slavey." Such is Baldinucci's account. The only point of real importance in which it does not tally with that of Sandrart is as to the instruction from Waels.

How long Claude remained under Tassi's roof Sandrart does not tell us. Baldinucci states that he left Rome in April, 1625, and began a series of wanderings, which lasted over two years. His first stage was the Santa Casa of Loretto. Thence he went to Venice; then through Bavaria to his native village in Lorraine. This short account given by Baldinucci of Claude's journey has been amplified by later biographers and adorned with picturesque details. Knight Payne, for example, would have us believe that the young painter spent some time at Harlaching, a little village near Munich. To commemorate this supposed sojourn of Claude at Harlaching, a monument, bearing his portrait and an inscription, was erected in 1865 by King Ludwig I. of Bavaria.

From Chamagne Claude repaired to Nancy, the capital of Lorraine and seat of the Ducal Court, a court famous for its love of luxury and its patronage of the arts. Through a relative who resided there, Claude was fortunate enough to secure an introduction to Claude Deruet—Dervent in Baldinucci's text—painter-in-ordinary to the reigning duke.

Shortly after Claude's arrival at Nancy Deruet was called on by the prior of a Carmelite monastery, erected at the beginning of the century, to ornament the roof of the newly built church of the community. On this task Claude was set to work, along with Deruet's other assistants. Claude's share in the work was, according to Baldinucci, restricted to the architectural ornaments. Unfortunately this church and its contents were destroyed during the French Revolution. This work proved distasteful to Claude, and, having already tasted the joys of life under a southern sky, he quitted the uncongenial service of Deruet, left Nancy and his native country, which he was destined never to see again, and in the summer of 1627 set his face southward, and made his way toward Italy, choosing this time the most rapid route, namely, by Lyons to Marseilles. Here, while waiting for a ship to take him to Italy—so at least his later biographers relate—he was stricken by an attack of fever, which well-nigh proved fatal. On his recovery he found that he had been robbed of nearly all he possessed. After a series of adventures he finally reached Rome by way of Civita Vecchia on St. Luke's Day 1627.

To read the account of his life given by Baldinucci, one would be tempted to believe that Claude at once sprang into notice and sold his works to wealthy patrons, both Italian and foreign. Sandrart, however, who arrived about this time in Rome, and made Claude's acquaintance there, gives us an account from which we gather that the next few years of Claude's life were years of constant study, and that the results of this study, though in the end they brought both fame and riches, were at first of small pecuniary profit.

"Claude"—it is Sandrart who speaks—"was indefatigable in his endeavor to get a real solid basis of art-training, to penetrate into the inmost secrets of nature." Day after day he would be up before dawn and far out into the Campagna. Heedless of fatigue, he would stay there till after nightfall, noting every phase of dawn, straining to seize the tints of sunrise, sunset, and the gloaming hours, tints which he would endeavor to match with his colors on his palette. Then in his studio or garret he would set to work with the palette thus prepared, and endeavor to produce a transcript of the effects which he had seen, and which he succeeded in rendering "with a veracity which no painter before him has ever obtained."

During this period of study, and before he had succeeded in producing those landscapes which the connoisseurs of his day sought so eagerly, Claude executed several frescos which are referred to by his biographers with almost unstinted praise. They were landscape subjects, of realistic treatment, but have been either destroyed or repainted.

When not engaged in studying in the open air or painting frescos for his livelihood, Claude would spend his time drawing from the life, or from statues at the Academy. In this pursuit he persevered diligently, even to his latest years. His application, so far from being profitable to him, was noxious. The fact is that Claude did possess a certain facility for indicating figures, as is shown by many of his drawings. When, however, he set himself to elaborate these sketches, to put in all the muscles which the Academic teaching of the day insisted upon, he produced very painful results. In his pictures this defect

asserts itself even more plainly. The figures are nearly always painted with all the conscientiousness of incapacity, and with a heavy touch which is entirely out of harmony with the treatment of the rest of the canvas; the atmosphere which envelops the landscape seems, as it approaches the figures, to become suddenly exhausted; sometimes the sun forbears to cast a shadow!

Of his weakness in this branch of art the painter was fully conscious. He used to say that he sold the landscapes, but gave the figures.

Following a custom common in his century, Claude had frequently recourse to other artists for the execution of the figures in his pictures, but he always himself carefully indicated their movements and their place in the composition. Among the painters from whom he derived assistance in this branch were Francesco Allegrini, Filippo Lauri, Jan Miels, and one, perhaps both, of the brothers Courtois. It was, however, in his middle and later periods that Claude had recourse to these collaborators; in his earlier works the figures are nearly always his own, occasionally by Allegrini.

A hard worker, both from love of his art and from the necessity of gaining his daily bread, the young Lorrain had little leisure or inclination to mingle in society. With the exception of Sandrart, he does not appear to have had any intimate friends among the cosmopolitan colony of artists in Rome. The most prominent French painter then residing at Rome was Nicolas Poussin, an artist with the general bent of whose genius Claude must have had much sympathy. The character of the two men, however, was entirely different—Claude, a rustic by birth and breeding, illiterate, simple; Poussin, an aristocrat, a scholar, a would-be-philosopher, not to say a pedant. It would only have been by the law of contraries that these two men could have been friends.

"Absorbed in his work, Claude," says De Piles, "never visited any one." "Of a kind and sincere nature," says Sandrart, "he sought no other pleasure than that which came to him from his art." Apart from the intrigue for patronage, apart from the drinking and brawling in taverns in which so many of his contemporaries passed a large portion of their lives, Claude led a serene, secluded existence, his days measured by the uprising and the setting of the sun, his soul wrapped in the contemplation of nature, his heart in his work.

How and when Fame first came to Claude we cannot exactly determine. It would appear from his account that before Sandrart left Rome Claude's reputation was firmly established. Sebastian Bourdon, a French painter remarkable for his wandering and adventurous career, arrived in Rome about 1634. Having seen in Claude's studio a half-finished landscape, on which the artist had been engaged for a fortnight, Bourdon set to work, and in eight days produced a finished copy of it, executed with such *mæstria* that it was hailed by the connoisseurs of Rome as a masterpiece of Claude. Claude had the curiosity to go and see the forgery, and was so enraged at it that he would have taken a summary vengeance had not Bourdon discreetly kept out of his way. Bourdon would scarcely have been at the trouble of counterfeiting the work of a man who had not already won a reputation. We also know that before Sandrart left Rome Claude had sent for a nephew, Jean Gellée, to whom he entrusted the whole management of his household, even the purchase of his

colors, in order to have his time quite free. From all this we may gather that before 1635 Claude had an established reputation and clientèle.

One of Claude's earliest patrons would seem to have been Philippe de Béthune, Comte de Selles et de Charost, who in 1627 was for the second time appointed ambassador of France at the Papal Court. For him Claude painted two fine canvases now in the Louvre, one representing a seaport with a classic arch and a long vista of marble palaces, bathed in the golden light of the westering sun, the other a view of the Campo Vaccino, or Forum.

It was apparently about this time that Claude came under the notice and the protection of Cardinal Guido Bentivoglio, one of the most distinguished prelates of the Roman Court, and one of the ablest diplomatists of the day. For this influential patron Claude painted two landscapes. This commission proved the turning-point in the artist's career. The Cardinal, who was an old and intimate friend of the then Pope Urban VIII., brought these works under the notice of the pontiff, and aroused his interest in the young painter.

When the Pope showed the example, the Cardinals and Monsignori of his court hastened to follow it. Among the great prelates who patronized Claude in the earlier part of his life were Cardinal Rospigliosi (afterwards Pope, under the name of Clement IX.), Cardinal Medici, Cardinal Faustus Poli, and Cardinal Angelo Giorio. For the last-named prelate Claude painted no less than seven canvases: three landscapes, three seaports, and a figure-subject.

Claude's reputation was not limited to Rome. Orders soon began to come to him from beyond the Alps. As early as 1644 we find him painting a picture for England, the exquisite little landscape, introducing the fable of Echo and Narcissus, which now hangs in the National Gallery. Many of his works at this period were executed, as the 'Liber Veritatis' shows, "pour Paris," or for French patrons. Amongst them was M. Passart, the *maître des comptes*, who was also the patron of Nicolas Poussin. For this amateur Claude painted two fine landscapes, one now in the museum at Grenoble, the other at Windsor. Both represent views of Tivoli, and are remarkable as being direct renderings of actual scenes rather than classical compositions.

In 1644 Claude lost his two most influential patrons, Cardinal Bentivoglio and Urban VIII., who died within a few months of each other. The conclave held in the same year resulted in the election of Cardinal Giambattista Pamfili, who now assumed the tiara under the title of Innocent X. These changes do not appear to have affected Claude prejudicially. On the contrary, he gained by them a new patron in the person of the Pope's nephew, Prince Camillo Pamfili. For him Claude painted four pictures. Three of these, a landscape with 'Mercury Stealing the Cattle of Admetus,' 'The Mill,' and 'The Temple of Apollo at Delos'—the two latter perhaps Claude's most celebrated pictures—still form part of the Doria Collection at Rome. The fourth picture of this set,'The Ford,' is in the National Gallery at Pesth.

For the Duc de Bouillon Claude painted 2 replica, with some variations, of 'The Mill,' or, as it is otherwise called, the 'Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca,' and another picture, a seaport, entitled the 'Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba.'

Claude had now achieved a world-wide celebrity. The crowning honor came to him in a commission from Philip IV. of Spain. It has been surmised that the order came through the agency of Velasquez, for the great Spanish painter had been sent to Italy in 1649 with a roving commission to purchase works of art for his royal patron.

The order consisted, according to Baldinucci, of eight works: four subjects from the Old Testament, four from the New. All these, with the addition of two from the collection of Philip V., are now in the Prado. Time and the climate of Madrid have wrought havoc with several of the number. Those which have escaped unharmed show Claude at his best.

It was about the time of this commission, according to Baldinucci, that Claude, annoyed by the constant forgeries of his work, determined to form an album containing sketches of all works produced by him. Baldinucci calls this book the 'Libro d'Invenzioni' or 'Libro di Verita'; in England it is better known by the Latin title 'Liber Veritatis.'

In calling the 'Liber Veritatis' a monument to Claude's memory we are using no figure of speech. In this wonderful book we have an epitome of the artist's life and work, an epitome written and illustrated by his own hand. It is a collection of two hundred drawings—not, as the title might lead us to expect, studies from nature, but sketches from or perhaps for the artist's pictures.

"Poor Claude," says Baldinucci, "simple-minded as he was by nature, not knowing whom to guard against among the many who frequented his room, nor what precautions to take, seeing that every day similar pictures were brought to his house that he might pronounce whether they were by his hand, resolved to make a book, which I saw with great pleasure and admiration, he himself showing it to me in his own house in Rome; and in this book he began to copy the composition (*invenzione*) of the works which he executed, expressing in them with a truly masterly touch every smallest detail of the picture itself, making a note also of the person for whom it had been painted, and, if I remember rightly, the sum he had received for it."

The motive assigned to the artist by Baldinucci for the composition of the 'Liber Veritatis' has been frequently called in question. Were the drawings studies for or sketches from the pictures? The generally received opinion is that they were made from his finished pictures, as is asserted by Baldinucci.

The 'Liber Veritatis' was to Claude much what the fly-leaf of the family Bible was to many families of the last generation—a place to register the birth of each new member and note any important events of after life. To Claude his pictures were his children.

The first impression which we receive as we turn over the pages of the 'Liber Veritatis' is that of the intense artificiality of the art that it records. It is, as it were, a man speaking Latin instead of his own mother-tongue. Classic ruins, seaports, pasture lands, herds and herdsmen, piping shepherds, dancing peasants, gods, saints, banditti, sportsmen, all seem to belong to an unreal world—a world where things arrange themselves, or rather are evidently arranged by the artist, with a view to certain preconceived ideas about composition. The harmony of line, the unity of ensemble, aimed at by the artist,

and nearly always attained, aggravate the eye of a generation taught to shun in landscape-art the well-balanced composition which delighted the seventeenth century. You have but to surrender yourself to the charm of this unreal world, however, to lose sight of its unreality and live in it as one lives in a dream.

Side by side with their poetic charm the drawings possess technical qualities of a high order. They express the most difficult effects of light and atmosphere with a simplicity and a directness which it would be difficult to surpass. The two hundred drawings are executed with pen or pencil, washed with bistre or Indian ink, the high lights touched in with white.

The value which the artist set on the 'Liber Veritatis' is shown by the special mention which he makes of it in his will; and his wishes were strictly adhered to. The 'Liber Veritatis' remained for some time an heirloom in the Gellée family. About 1770 it was purchased by the then Duke of Devonshire, and since then has remained in the possession of the Cavendish family in that great treasure-house of art, Chatsworth.

Besides the drawings contained in the 'Liber Veritatis,' and numerous others still preserved in public and private collections, there are extant some forty-four etchings by Claude. From the dates which some of them contain it would appear that the artist devoted himself to etching at two distinct periods, between 1630 and 1637 and in 1662 and 1663. Claude's etchings are of unequal merit, but in his best work he attains a delicacy and tenderness which few other etchers of any period have equaled, none surpassed.

The next personage of importance for whom Claude worked was the son of the Comte de Brienne, Secretary of State to Louis XIII., Henri Louis de Loménie, for whom—or perhaps through him for Louis XIII.—Claude painted the two curious little oval pictures now in the Louvre, representing the siege of La Rochelle and the forcing of the pass of Susa, the figures in which are attributed to one of the brothers Courtois, probably Jacques. Both are painted on copper plated with silver, a new invention about that time.

In 1653 Claude painted for Signor Cardello the big picture 'The Worship of the Golden Calf,' now in Grosvenor House.

In 1655 Innocent X. died, and was succeeded by Alexander VII., who devoted himself to the patronage of men of letters, architects, and artists. Among the last-named was Claude, who painted for him two pictures. One of these represents 'The Rape of Europa,' apparently a favorite subject with the artist, for he has treated it in three other canvases, in an etching dated 1634, and in a finished sketch dated 1670, in the British Museum. The other is a landscape known as 'The Battle of the Bridge,' from the bridge covered with combatants which forms the foreground. Both these pictures are now in the gallery of Prince Youssoupoff in Russia. For one of the Pope's nephews, Don Camillo, the splendid palace in the Piazza Colonna was built. For this magnificent abode Claude painted in 1658 the picture now in the National Gallery, variously known as 'David at the Cave of Adullam' and 'Sinon Brought before Priam.' For the grand simplicity of composition and for the rendering of atmosphere this canvas ranks as one of the artist's best.

The year following the election of Alexander VII. was marked by a visitation of the plague which decimated Rome. Many fled the city. Claude and Poussin remained, painting on serenely. Among the three pictures mentioned in the 'Liber Veritatis' under this date, one, a landscape with 'Jacob Bargaining for Rachel,' remarkable for a peculiar silvery quality of light, deserves special mention. It is now one of the chief treasures of Petworth.

It would be impossible within the limits of our space to enumerate all Claude's works during the next few years. The artist, if he was a slow worker, was an assiduous one, sometimes producing as many as five pictures in one year. The whole number credited to him in his long life is about four hundred.

Among the principal pictures of this period we may mention the 'Metamorphosis of the Apuleian Shepherd' painted for M. Delagarde in 1657, now in the Bridgewater Collection, a combination of landscape and marine with figures of Polyphemus, Acis, and Galatea for the same patron, now in the Dresden Gallery, a very fine 'Flight into Eygpt,' painted for Antwerp, now in the Hermitage, and 'The Decline of the Roman Empire,' now in Grosvenor House.

Fame and wealth had come to Claude, but the latter years of his life were not without their trials. One of these was his failing health. Baldinucci informs us that from the age of forty Claude was much troubled with the gout. To a man of Claude's active habits such a malady must have been a terrible burden. No more walks in the dewy morning or the misty evening over the Campagna, no more sunny days at Tivoli and Subiaco; the poor artist, mewed up in his studio, would be obliged to have recourse to his souvenirs and to his sketches from nature. How much store he set on the latter we know from Baldinucci, who relates that Claude painted one very fine picture for himself from nature at Vigna Madama, near Rome, for which his Holiness Clement IX. offered him as many gold pieces as would cover it, but was never able to get it out of his hands; for he asserted, as was indeed true, that "he made use of it every day to see the variety of trees and foliage." We may note too that in his will Claude expressly qualifies two of the pictures which he kept in his house, 'The Flight into Egypt' and 'The Journey to Emmaus,' as "painted on the spot by my hand" and "a landscape painted from nature." From this will we learn that in February of 1663 Claude was suffering from an illness which threatened to prove fatal. Believing his end to be at hand, the artist set about putting his affairs in order, and on February 28, 1663, made his will.

His illness did not, however, last long, for we find an entry under May 26, 1663, in the 'Liber Veritatis,' referring to a large landscape with Mercury and Bacchus now in the Collection of the Duke of Devonshire. The artist's energy was unimpaired. For the next few years he continued to produce three or four pictures every year. His skill, however, was not always on a level with his energy. His hand, doubtless under the influence of the gout, often seems to have lost its old cunning. Side by side, however, with canvases which show sad evidences of advancing age we find others in which the artist's genius reasserts itself with all the old charm.

The chief patron of Claude's latter years was the Constable of Naples, Don

Filippo Colonna, head of the great Roman family of that name. The 'Liber Veritatis' records eight pictures painted for this nobleman. The major part of these pictures, and most of the others by Claude, which once adorned the Palazzo Colonna in Rome, are now in private collections in England. One, 'Egeria and Her Nymphs,' is in the Museum of Naples. The most famous is the exquisite landscape, one of two in which the artist has introduced the myth of Cupid and Psyche, generally known as 'The Enchanted Castle,' now in the possession of Lord Wantage.

Another constant patron of the artist at this period was Monseigneur de Bourlemont. Claude painted three landscapes and a marine for him: 'Moses and the Burning Bush,' 'Cephalus and Procris,' 'Apollo and the Cumæan Sybil,' and 'Demosthenes on the Seashore.' Of these works, one, the 'Cephalus and Procris,' is in the Doria Palace at Rome; the others have found their way to England.

Commissions continued to come to Claude from all sides. In 1668 he painted two landscapes for a German patron, the Count Waldstein. Both these pictures are now in the Pinakothek at Munich.

In June of 1670 Claude was again so seriously ill that on the twenty-fifth of the month he sent for a notary to add a codicil to his will; but he was not long recovering from this illness. His energy was still unabated. Not so his powers. From Baldinucci we know that the artist in his latter years was able to work only two or three hours a day. In all the works of this period there is evidence of his failing health. It becomes more marked in some of his subsequent pictures. The cold tone which pervades many of them is totally unlike the golden sunshine of Claude's earlier days.

It would seem that ill health was not the only cross which cast its shadow over the latter years of the artist's life. Envy and ingratitude conspired to disturb his peace of mind. He continued to suffer from the old annoyance of forgeries. In connection with this Baldinucci tells a curious story. Claude, mindful perhaps of the kindness which he himself had received at Tassi's hands, had taken into his household a poor lame and deformed boy, Giovanni Domenico. Domenico passed twenty-five years under Claude's roof, and is said to have acquired great skill in painting after the manner of his master. Envious tongues whispered that Claude's works were not painted by his own hand. The whispers reached Domenico's ears, and so inflated him with vanity that, having quitted Claude's house, he claimed remuneration for his services during the years that he had been the artist's pupil and protégé. Claude, valuing his peace of mind more than his money, without delay or demur caused the claim to be paid out of his funds in the Bank of Santo Spirito. Domenico, it is added, died very shortly after.

Though Claude's powers were failing him, his patrons, new and old, kept him fully occupied. The latest date which occurs in the 'Liber Veritatis' is 1681, in which year Claude painted several pictures, among them one for Constable Colonna, a landscape, 'Parnassus and the Muses.' We know, however, from a drawing of 'The Temple of Castor and Pollux' dated 1682, now in the British Museum, that the artist worked up to the last year of his life.

Despite the high prices paid to him for his pictures, Claude died relatively poor. Baldinucci states that owing to his great generosity to his relatives during his life, the artist's property at his death amounted only to the value of 10,000 scudi.

Claude was buried, as his will directed, in the Church of Sta. Trinità de' Monti. Over his grave in front of the chapel of the Santissima Annunziata his nephews placed a slab with a laudatory Latin epitaph. In 1798, during the occupation of Rome by the French, this church was ransacked by the soldiery; the slab disappeared, and for nearly forty years Claude's grave remained unmarked. In 1836 the French Government decided to remove the great artist's remains from the Trinità de' Monti to the Church of St. Luigi de' Francesi, near the Pantheon.—ABRIDGED FROM G. GRAHAME'S MONOGRAPH ON CLAUDE LORRAIN IN 'THE PORTFOLIO'

The Art of Claude Lorrain

GEORGE GRAHAME 'PORTFOLIO' 1895

THE man who first substituted for the golden or colored chequer background in picture or illuminated letter a blue sky graduated to the horizon may rank as the initiator of landscape-painting, as we understand that art. This was, as one critic has remarked, "the crisis of change in the spirit of medieval art," the transition from the symbolic to the imitative method. It took place early in the fifteenth century. Giotto having got hold of something sufficiently like a mountain or a tree to pass for such in the eyes of men who know nothing about geology or botany and do not scrutinize real trees and real mountains, several generations of Italian painters—Masaccio always excepted—are satisfied to go on painting the Giottesque mountain and tree without further reference to nature. While landscape, always a mere accessory, is being thus cultivated by the Italians, the Flemish artists, Hubert and Jan van Eyck, take up the tale and unfold to the wondering eyes of the northern world visions of Paradise based on their own glimpses into southern lands. Rome, while contributing nothing to the arts, save the memory of her greatness, became the meeting-place of all schools. Educated in this art center, Claude united the Flemish love for and knowledge of perspective—Orizonte was the nickname by which Claude was known among the Flemish artists in Rome—to the atmospheric touch of the Venetians.

Claude's landscapes are seldom, if ever, true in color; and yet, contrast them with the works of some colorists. Take Corot, for instance. Step from Claude's picture of the Campo Vaccino in the Louvre to the study of Corot, which hangs in an adjoining room, of the same subject from another point of view. Corot is infinitely superior to Claude in his analysis of each separate fragment of the color-mosaic of the scene; but which of the two artists has

most successfully rendered the general impression of that scene? Every one who loves Rome and knows its atmosphere will, I think, decide in favor of Claude.

Claude has sometimes been called "the father of modern landscape art;" but that title might be claimed for Titian and other Venetian painters, who before Claude's day had from time to time painted landscape pure and simple.

Claude's real merit, a merit as to the magnitude of which his admirers and his detractors are at one, his real service to landscape art, lay in this: that he was the first painter to grapple seriously with the problem of representing the disc of the sun. Claude took up the idea seriously and worked it out successfully. It is difficult for us who have been accustomed to see the sun constantly represented in pictures to realize how great a revolution he thereby wrought in landscape art.

Claude's influence on the landscape art of his own and of the following centuries was enormous. The result of it was deplorable. Landscape-painters went to Claude instead of going to nature. They copied, as imitators are prone to do, all the defects of their model; they failed to perceive the good points. They borrowed all Claude's formulas of composition and never moved beyond them. Nature was poured like jelly into a mold.

This influence left its mark indelibly on Turner. In his 'Carthage' and Claude's 'Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba' the two artists have treated kindred subjects in a kindred way; indeed, Turner's picture shows at every point the influence of Claude. In both we have the same well-balanced masses of pseudo-classic architecture, a too evidently artificial composition, helped out by the judicious disposition of the figures, a similar effect of sunlight. At the very first glance we see the superiority of Turner, the limitation of Claude. Claude seems like a caged bird, singing, and singing very sweetly, but always the same trill. Turner is like Shelley's skylark. He has seen all heaven and all earth, and caught in his flight the real radiance of the sun.

It is in the rendering of lights, particularly of the direct rays of the sun, that Turner is incontestably Claude's superior. Claude had grasped one big fact, the warm glow of sunlight, and repeated it *ad infinitum*, spreading it with an even touch over every inch of canvas. Turner went a step further. He analyzed this glow, caught from nature the secret of the subtle silvery tones, the touches of cold color which occur even in the warmest effects of light and help to heighten those effects.

To Turner, moreover, sunlight was the first, the essential thing. He never hesitated to sacrifice other things to it. Not so Claude. With a complacency bordering upon dullness, he painted square and fair every stone of his edifices, and, obedient to a tradition handed down from the early Italian masters through Perugino and Raphael, traced carefully and mechanically, as it were, with compass and ruler, every line of his architecture, showing thereby that he considered the object illuminated quite as worthy of his skill as the light itself.

Yet when all has been said that can be said about Turner's superiority and

Claude's shortcomings, there remains to the older master a charm of serenity and sweetness which it is impossible to gainsay. Just as it is possible to admire the colossal genius of Wagner and yet listen with enjoyment to the melody of Mozart or Haydn, so too we may give Turner all his due without shutting our eyes to the merits and beauties of Claude.

SARAH TYTLER 'THE OLD MASTERS AND THEIR PICTURES'

CLAUDE LORRAIN'S name has become a very vexed name with art critics. There was a time when he had an unsurpassed reputation as a landscape-painter. The possession of a Claude was enough to confer art glory on a country house, and possibly for this reason England, in public and private collections, has more "Claudes" than are held by any other country. But Claude's admirers, among whom Sir George Beaumont, the great art critic of his generation, took the lead, have had their day, and, if they have not by any means passed away, are on the wane.

The wrathful indignation of the English landscape-painter, Turner, at the praise which was so glibly lavished on Claude helped to shake the English art world's faith in its former idol. Mr. Ruskin's adoption and proclamation of Turner's opinion shook the old faith still further. This reversal of a verdict with regard to Claude is peculiar. It is by no means uncommon for the decision of contemporaries to be set aside. In fact, it is often ominous with regard to a man's future fame when he is "cried up to the skies" in his own day. The probability may be that his easy success has been won by something superficial and fleeting. But Claude's great popularity has been in another generation, and with another nation. English taste may have been in fault; or another explanation seems preferable—that Claude's sense of beauty was great, with all its faults of expression, and he gave such glimpses of a beautiful world as the gazers on his pictures were capable of receiving, which to them proved irresistible.

Mr. Ruskin has been hard on Claude, whether justly or unjustly I cannot pretend to say. The critic denies the painter not only a sense of truth in art, but all imagination as a landscape-painter. "Of men of name," Mr. Ruskin writes, "perhaps Claude is the best instance of a want of imagination, nearly total, borne out by painful but untaught study of nature, and much feeling for abstract beauty of form, with none whatever for harmony of expression." Mr. Ruskin condemns in the strongest terms "the mourning and murky olive browns and verdigris greens in which Claude, with the industry and intelligence of a Sèvres china-painter, drags the laborious bramble-leaves over his childish foreground." But Mr. Ruskin himself acknowledges, with a reservation, Claude's charm in foliage, and pronounces more conditionally his power, when it was at its best, in skies—a region in which the greater, as well as the less, Poussin was declared to fail signally. "A perfectly genuine and untouched sky of Claude," Mr. Ruskin writes, "is indeed most perfect, and beyond praise in all qualities of air; though even with him I often feel rather that there is a great deal of pleasant air between me and the firmament, than that the firmament itself is only air."

W. C. BROWNELL 'FRENCH ART'

IT seems hardly fanciful to say that the depreciation of Claude by Mr. Ruskin, who is a landscape-painter himself, using the medium of words instead of pigments, is, so to speak, professionally unjust.

"Go out, in the springtime, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling the air with fainter sweetness—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines."

Claude's landscape is not Swiss, but if it were it would awaken in the beholder a very similar sensation to that aroused in the reader of this famous passage. Claude indeed painted landscape in precisely this way. He was perhaps the first—though priority in such matters is trivial beside preëminence—who painted *effects* instead of *things*. Light and air were his material, not ponds and rocks and clouds and trees and stretches of plain and mountain outlines. He first generalized the phenomena of inanimate nature, and in this he remains still unsurpassed. But, superficially, his scheme wore the classic aspect, and neither his contemporaries nor his successors, for over two hundred years, discovered the immense value of his point of view, and the puissant charm of his way of rendering nature.

C. H. STRANAHAN 'A HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING'

LIKE Poussin, Claude had the feeling, caught indeed from Poussin's advice, that the dignity of classic structure was necessary to his scene. At the same time, study led him, more profoundly than all other masters, to penetrate the secrets of nature. His thorough study of nature is abundantly attested by his sketches. Reynolds said there would be another Raphael before there would be another Claude. His three great charms are: the unlimited space expressed in his pictures, effected by the use of soft vapor to define separate distances, and equaled, perhaps, only by Corot; the effects of air, shown in veiling and subduing outlines and tints, as well as in causing the foliage to quiver, light clouds to sweep across the sky, and water to ripple; and the brilliant effects of light on a charming coloring.

But far as the eye may wander away into space in Claude's pictures, it is always able to retrace its wanderings to a definite and beautiful foreground, where all is repose and serenity, crowned with some one of the varied mysteries of light; the ethereal drapery of aerial perspective or the more tangible, though still dreamy, mist of sunrise or sunset. He painted nature's worship, the morning and evening hymn of praise rising to heaven, unperceived of unanointed eyes.

FRANZ KUGLER 'HISTORY OF PAINTING'

THESE, however, are but the external features of Claude's pictures, and they form only the framework by means of which he sets before us the true creative power of nature, shown, as in the works of G. Poussin, in the effect of air, and still more in the brilliant and vivid workings of light. The quivering of the foliage, the silent sweep of light clouds across the clear sky, the ripple of the lake or the brook, the play of the waves of the sea, the pure breezes of morning, the soft mists of evening, and the glistening dew upon the grass are all truth itself, and all seem instinct with joyous life. A soft vapor separates one distance from another, and allows the eye to wander into boundless space, only to be recalled by the warmth and richness of the foreground. Light pervades the whole, and every object breathes a blessed serenity and repose. Claude paints the forms of earth, indeed, but he veils them in an ethereal drapery, such as is only at moments visible to our eyes: he paints that worship of the Creator which nature solemnizes, and in which man and all his works are only included as accessories.

The Works of Claude Lorrain

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE ANNUNCIATION' PLATE I

AS in most of Claude's historical or mythological subjects, the story-telling portion of this picture, from which it has received its title, is a distinctly secondary matter. The landscape is of first importance; and although the figures take their place in the general composition, they, as well as the story they are intended to convey, are subordinated to the pictorial quality at which Claude always aimed.

The subject is supposed to be either 'The Annunciation' or 'The Angel Appearing to Hagar,' and it is of little moment which we choose, for the main interest for us lies in the scene rather than in the episode. The figures in the foreground to the left are so placed as to balance the larger mass of trees at the right, which cover a great portion of the picture. In the middle ground is a broad, winding river to which the shores slope gradually, over which a single-arched bridge conducts to a high rock occupying the center of the middle distance, and which is surmounted by a castle or town. The view is bounded by low mountains.

This picture is recorded in the 'Liber Veritatis' as No. 106, and was painted in 1654 or 1655 "pour Paris." It came into the possession of the National Gallery in London upon its establishment in 1826, with the collection of Sir George Beaumont, who had promised to donate all his pictures to the nation as soon as the government should allot a proper place for their recep-

tion. This picture was however so great a favorite with Sir George that he requested permission to have it returned to him during his lifetime.

It is painted on canvas, and is only one foot eight inches high by one foot five inches wide.

'A SEAPORT AT SUNSET' PLATE II

THIS seaport, sometimes known as 'The Ancient Port of Messina' and sometimes as 'The Combatants,' from the group of figures struggling in the foreground, represents a harbor with Claude's favorite perspective of porticos and palaces, amongst which appears the Villa Medici (now the French Academy in Rome). The whole canvas is illuminated with a ruddy glow of light from the setting sun, which is about to dip below the horizon. Here and there the color has gone in patches, but not sufficiently to mar the fine general effect.

This picture was one of four painted by order of Pope Urban VII. (Maffei Barberini). The order was the result of Claude's first interview with the Pope, to whose attention he had been brought by Cardinal Bentivoglio, one of the painter's former patrons. Together with 'The Village Dance,' another of the four, and also in the Louvre, it bears the inscription "CLAUDIO INV. ROMÆ 1639." These two are the master's earliest dated works in oil.

A replica, with the composition reversed, is in the collection of the Duke of Northumberland, while another similar subject (No. 28 of the 'Liber Veritatis') is in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. This is No. 14 of the 'Liber Veritatis,' and measures four feet three inches high by four feet six inches long.

'EMBARKATION OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA' PLATE III

THE Queen of Sheba and her attendants are descending a broad flight of steps upon the right of the picture to enter a boat which is waiting to receive them, while a ship lies at anchor near the center of the port.

The similarity of subject and treatment in Claude's seaports is shown by comparing this picture with the preceding one and with 'The Landing of Cleopatra at Tarsus' and 'Ulysses Restoring Chryseis to Her Father.' In all four the arrangement and composition are the same, the figures grouped in the foreground in complicated but carefully studied relation; the rows of classic buildings in sharp perspective upon one or both sides; the shipping and buildings of medieval architecture in the middle distance; and the sea, marked by a distant horizon and reflecting the rays of the sun which hangs just above the horizon line, in each case occupying the center of the picture. So striking is this similarity that one is tempted to accuse the artist of employing a formula. But his mastery of the formula and the never-ceasing charm of varied detail are sufficient answer to such a charge.

This picture is represented in morning light; the whole scene is suffused with it; there is not a single discordant note to mar the fresh tranquillity; every figure is enveloped in an atmosphere which pervades and unifies the whole composition.

In 1648 Claude painted this picture for the Duc de Bouillon (and it is known

as the "Bouillon Claude"), in whose family it remained until the French Revolution. It was then sold in Paris for eight thousand pounds to Mr. Angerstein, whose collection was purchased in 1824 by the British Government, and formed, together with that of Sir George Beaumont and others, the nucleus of the National Gallery.

This picture is very like but not an exact facsimile of that in the Doria Gallery in Rome, and is generally treated as a replica. It bears the inscription "La Reine de Saba va trover Salomon." It is numbered 114 in the 'Liber Veritatis,' and measures four feet eleven inches high by six feet seven inches long.

'LANDING OF CLEOPATRA AT TARSUS' PLATE IV

CLEOPATRA, whose treasure-laden galleys are moored close to the shore, has stepped out of a richly caparisoned boat onto a quay strewn with fragments of sculpture. Leaning on the arm of a negro, and followed by her handmaidens, she advances to meet Mark Antony, who comes forward from a lofty palace portal with attendant pages. The figures are not fortunate. Indeed, they look like what they are,—men and women of the seventeenth century playing in a classical charade. Lady Dilke believes the figures to have been painted by Filippo Lauri. But these shortcomings cannot destroy the interest or mar the beauty of the wonderful cloud-flecked sky, iridescent with the light of a sun new risen, and still partially veiled by the morning mist, and of the blue waters—barred with a streak of silver light—whose wavelets come lapping up against the galleys and the marble quays.

This picture is in excellent preservation and is esteemed one of Claude's finest seaports. It is full of life, and the execution is bold and confident. It has no date or inscription, but is recorded in the 'Liber Veritatis' as No. 63, and was painted in 1646 for Cardinal Angelo Giorio, formerly tutor of the nephews of Pope Urban VIII. It measures three feet eleven inches high by five feet seven inches long.

'MERCURY AND AGLAUROS' PLATE V

THIS picture, known as 'Mercury and Aglauros' or as 'Landscape with Arcadian Shepherds,' was painted by Claude in 1642. The figures are believed to have been the work of Filippo Lauri, who, although only nineteen years old at this time, is known to have assisted Claude upon many of his pictures.

Herr Bode purchased this picture for the Berlin Royal Museum at the sale of the Marquis of Ganay at Paris in 1880. It was previously in the Pourtales Collection, sold in Paris in 1865. It measures three feet two inches high by four feet three inches long.

'THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT' PLATE VI

JOHN SMITH, in the 'Catalogue Raisonné,' gives the following description of this picture under the title of 'A Shepherdess Listening to a Shepherd Playing on a Pipe.' As will be seen by comparison with the reproduction,

there are some slight discrepancies, and the details described in the distant portion of the picture are so dim and indistinct as not to be discernible.

"The landscape represents a delightfully wooded country, having the appearance on the left of a recent inundation, a large portion being covered with water which, distributed into streams, rolls rapidly over broken banks flowing to the front-ground, where it branches off through a narrow channel to the opposite side. In this part is a young woman, kneeling on a stone, filling a pitcher with water from a wooden spout, at the side of the bank, near which sits a shepherdess with a crook listening to the music of a pipe played by a peasant, who stands before her. A number of cows and goats are distributed around them. Considerably beyond these, and close to the left, is introduced 'The Flight of the Holy Family.' From hence the eye looks among clusters of trees of various kinds; and in the more distant landscape, towards the left, may be observed a castle, at the side of a mountain, and buildings on its summit; a bridge composed of several arches, and a very remote town are visible at the base of the cliffs. The effect is that of a fine, clear morning. The picture was painted for M. Parasson at Lyons, and afterwards came into the possession of Count Nosse."

This picture is represented by No. 110 of the 'Liber Veritatis,' and is three feet seven and a half inches high by four feet nine inches long. A duplicate or replica is in the collection of Mr. Thomas Hope.

'THE MILL' PLATE VII

'THE MILL' is generally conceded to be one of Claude's finest pictures. It is certainly one of his most celebrated ones. It shows him at the height of his power. As compared with 'The Temple of Apollo at Delos,' the composition may appear more forced and less beautiful, but these shortcomings are compensated by a freshness and the perfume of spring, and an incomparable atmosphere of youth and sparkling gaiety. There are, indeed, in the foreground enough figures, accessories to the principal group, to compose a dozen pictures, a fact which has excited the sarcasm of Ruskin and other critics; but this does not materially detract from the beauty of the picture as a whole.

In the center a broad river, arrested in its course by the dam of the mill which stands at the left, forms a small lake, whose water of turquoise blue reflects the sunlight, and is shut in by the gray and misty banks. Upon the gray horizon distant mountains gradually assume the tone of the sky, and merge into a blue as strong as that of the water below. In the foreground the dancing figures are dressed in red and blue, while in the center a single figure robed in white gives a strong point of accent.

This picture was painted in 1648 for Prince Camillo Pamfili, and still remains in the Doria Palace (formerly the Pamfili Palace). It is represented by No. 113 of the 'Liber Veritatis,' and a replica was painted by Claude for the Duc de Bouillon which now hangs in the National Gallery in London, and is sometimes known as 'The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca.'

The picture measures four feet one inch high by six feet seven inches long.

'NOON,' OR 'THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT' PLATE VIII

THE 'Noon,' otherwise known as 'The Flight into Egypt,' is one of four pictures now in the Hermitage Gallery at St. Petersburg. The scene is one of peaceful serenity, and is among Claude's most charming compositions. The Holy Family is placed at the right of the foreground, surrounded by a group of domestic animals. A bridge occupies the center of the picture, beyond which are a mass of trees and a ruined Corinthian temple. In the middle distance a two-arched bridge crosses a river leading to an arm of the sea bounded by a distant shore, with low mountains upon the horizon.

This picture was painted about 1661 "for Antwerp," as the inscription upon No. 154 of the 'Liber Veritatis' indicates. It, with its three companions, 'Morning,' 'Evening,' and 'Night,' formerly adorned the residence of the Empress Josephine at Malmaison, whither it was taken by Napoleon from the Gallery of Cassel. In 1814 the Czar Alexander bore them away to St. Petersburg as his prize. The picture measures three feet nine inches high by five feet one inch long.

'THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO AT DELOS' PLATE IX

LADY DILKE says, "This is perhaps Claude's most beautiful landscape, reserved and sober, broad and free in handling, and of an extremely fine silvery tone." Sweetser also says of it, "One of Claude's noblest works, replete in beauty and variety, and flooded with fresh and sparkling air." In the foreground a group of priests and priestesses is seen, leading a sacrificial bull towards the temple of Apollo. Beyond there is a vast expanse of country dotted with groves and buildings, intersected by rivers, and bounded by a broad sea. A magical light suffuses the picture. The foreground is less dark and somber than is customary with Claude, while nothing detracts from the delicate charm of the distance; the enchanted country which leads toward the setting sun shows a world of charming details, finally lost in the waters of the river which flows towards the distant sea. The great mass of trees which occupies the center contrasts its shadows with the brilliant light of the distance and the sky. This is a kind of contrast for which the painter had a great fondness, and which he often repeated.

The picture was painted for Prince Camillo Pamfili, and still remains in the Doria Gallery. It is represented by No. 119 of the 'Liber Veritatis,' and measures four feet one inch high by six feet seven inches long.

'ULYSSES RESTORING CHRYSEIS TO HER FATHER' PLATE X

THE 'Ulysses Restoring Chryseis to Her Father' is another of Claude's typical seaports. It was painted, together with 'The Ford,' also in the Louvre, for the Duc de Liancourt. The figures are supposed to have been painted by Filippo Lauri, who coöperated with Claude upon many of his pictures. Despite the influence of time, this is a fine canvas. It is numbered 80 in the 'Liber Veritatis,' and measures three feet eleven inches high by four feet eleven inches long.

A LIST OF SOME OF THE MORE NOTABLE PAINTINGS BY CLAUDE LORRAIN WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. INNSBRUCK MUSEUM: Diana; Landscape — BUDAPEST GALLERY: The Ford — VIENNA ACADEMY: Two Landscapes — BELGIUM. BRUSSELS MUSEUM: Æneas hunting the Stag — DENMARK. COPENHAGEN, CHRISTIANSBORG: Landscape — ENGLAND. HAMPTON COURT, ROYAL GALLERY: Seaport — LONDON, BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Rape of Europa — LONDON, DULWICH GALLERY: Flight into Egypt; Jacob and Laban; Embarkation of St. Paula; Seaport; Two Landscapes — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Cephalus and Procris; Seaport; David at the Cave of Adullam; Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca; Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba (Plate III); Narcissus and Echo; Embarkation of St. Ursula; Death of Procris; The Annunciation (Plate I); Anchises and Æneas at Delos; Goatherd and Goats — LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM: Landscape — WINDSOR, ROYAL GALLERY: The Ford; View of Tivoli; Two Seaports; Claude Sketching — FRANCE. BORDEAUX MUSEUM: Landscape — GRENOBLE MUSEUM: Seaport; View of Tivoli — PARIS, LOUVRE: The Campo Vaccino; Rustic Dance; Samuel Anointing David; The Ford; Siege of La Rochelle; Forcing the Pass of Susa; Landing of Cleopatra at Tarsus (Plate IV); Ulysses Restoring Chryseis to her Father (Plate X); A Seaport at Sunset (Plate II); Two Landscapes; Five Seaports — RENNES MUSEUM: Landscape — TARBES MUSEUM: Village Fête — GERMANY. AUGSBURG MUSEUM: Landscape — BERLIN, ROYAL MUSEUM: Mercury and Aglauros (Plate V) — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Flight into Egypt (Plate VI); Polyphemus, Acis, and Galatea — GOTHA GALLERY: Marine View — MUNICH, PINAKOTHEK: Expulsion of Hagar; The Angel appearing to Hagar; The Ford; Seaport — STRASBURG MUSEUM: Venus — STUTTGART GALLERY: Two Landscapes — HOLLAND. THE HAGUE GALLERY: Landscape — ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Seaport; Landscape — NAPLES, ROYAL MUSEUM: Diana Reposing, or Egeria; Seaport — ROME, BARBERINI PALACE: Castel Gandolfo and Lake Albano — ROME, DORIA GALLERY: The Temple of Apollo at Delos (Plate IX); The Mill (Plate VII); Mercury Stealing the Cattle of Admetus; Cephalus and Procris, or Diana Hunting — TURIN, PALAZZO REALE: Two Landscapes — RUSSIA. OWNED BY PRINCE YOUSSOUPOFF: Rape of Europa; Fight on a Bridge — ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Morning, or Jacob and Rachel; Noon, or The Flight into Egypt (Plate VIII); Evening, or Tobit and the Angel; Night, or Jacob wrestling with the Angel; Apollo and the Cumæan Sybil; The Journey to Emmaus; Apollo and Marsyas; The Piping Shepherdess; Man angling and Ship with French Flag; Ulysses visiting Lycomedes; Two Seaports — SPAIN. MADRID, ROYAL MUSEUM: Burial of St. Sabina; The Finding of Moses; Embarkation of St. Paula; Tobit and the Archangel Raphael; Hermit in Prayer; The Penitent Magdalen; Temptation of St. Anthony; The Ford; Two Landscapes — SWEDEN. STOCKHOLM, ROYAL MUSEUM: Landscape, with Arch of Constantine and Coliseum; Landscape.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. APSLEY HOUSE, OWNED BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON: Embarkation of St. Paula — OWNED BY T. BARING, ESQ.: Landscape — BELVOIR CASTLE, OWNED BY THE DUKE OF RUTLAND: Apollo and the Cumæan Sybil — BRIDGEWATER HOUSE, OWNED BY THE EARL OF ELLESMERE: Landscape: Metamorphosis of the Apuleian Shepherd; Moses and the Burning Bush; Demosthenes on the Seashore — CORSHAM HOUSE, OWNED BY LORD METHUEN: St. John in the Desert — OWNED BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE: Mercury and Battus — DORCHESTER HOUSE, OWNED BY R. S. HOLFORD, ESQ.: Landscape; The Sacrifice — GROSVENOR HOUSE, OWNED BY THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER: The Rise of the Roman Empire; The Decline of the Roman Empire; The Worship of the Golden Calf; The Sermon on the Mount — HOLKHAM, OWNED BY THE EARL OF LEICESTER: Perseus — OWNED BY THE EARL OF NORTHBROOK: Jacob and Laban; Mill on the Tiber; Two Landscapes — LONGFORD CASTLE, OWNED BY THE EARL OF RADNOR: Rise of the Roman Empire; Decline of the Roman Empire — PETWORTH HOUSE, OWNED BY

THE EARL OF LECONFIELD: Jacob and Laban — OWNED BY THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON: Embarkation of St. Paula — OWNED BY LORD WANTAGE: The Enchanted Castle, or Psyche.

Claude Lorrain Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH CLAUDE LORRAIN

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Verrocchio

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

ART PLATE I
BY ANDERSON
[1]

VERROCCHIO
THE BAPTISM
ACADEMY, FLORENCE

Uffizi

VERROCCHIO
THE ANNUNCIATION
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

VERROCCHIO
DAVID
NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE

VERROCCHIO
EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI
PIAZZA OF SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO, VENICE

VERROCCHIO
EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI
PIAZZA OF SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO, VENICE

UofM

VERROCCHIO
PUTTO WITH DOLPHIN
PALAZZO VECCHIO, FLORENCE

Mali

VERROCCHIO
CHRIST AND ST. THOMAS
CHURCH OF OR SAN MICHELE, FLORENCE

U of M

VERROCCHIO
BUST OF A LADY
NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE

VERROCCHIO
MADONNA AND CHILD
NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE

Blank

UofM

VERROCCHIO
GIULIANO DE' MEDICI
COLLECTION OF M. GUSTAVE DREYFUS, PARIS

PORTRAIT OF VERROCCHIO BY LORENZO DI CREDI
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

No fully authenticated portrait of Verrocchio exists. The picture now in the Uffizi Gallery, herewith reproduced, was formerly considered a portrait of Martin Luther by Holbein, but is now recognized as painted by Lorenzo di Credi, and is doubtless the picture from which Vasari's portrait of Verrocchio was engraved. It is, however, difficult to accept without question the face here represented as that of the forceful, imaginative, and intellectual Verrocchio.

Andrea di Michele di Francesco Cioni

CALLED

Verrocchio

BORN 1435: DIED 1488
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

ANDREA DI MICHELE DI FRANCESCO CIONI, surnamed Verrocchio after his earliest master, was born in 1435. With the exception of a few trifling notices, we possess no information as to his youth and early manhood, and even Vasari gives but a slight record. A few facts of his private life are revealed by the depositions of his father and himself to the Catasto, and from these we gather a general idea of his circumstances.

His father, Michele, carried on the trade of a brick and tile maker, and was entered in the Gild of Stoneworkers. Later in life he obtained a situation as tax-collector. He seems to have been fairly well off, owning a house in the Via dell' Agnolo in the parish of San Ambrogio, as well as other property in the neighborhood of Florence. He was already over fifty years of age when Andrea was born, the youngest child of his first wife, Gemma. She died shortly after the birth of Andrea.

In 1452 the father, Michele, died, and in the same year Andrea, then aged seventeen, had the misfortune to kill one of his companions accidentally, while throwing stones. The youth died a fortnight after the blow, and Andrea was summoned to appear before the Council on the charge of homicide, of which, however, he was fully acquitted.

At what age he began his artistic career we have no certain knowledge, but it is without doubt that he received the rudiments of his education in the *bottega* of Giuliano dei Verrocchi, a noted goldsmith of his time. The style of his early work, in its minuteness of detail and sharp treatment, proves much practice in the goldsmith's technique, and the fact that he adopted and was known by his master's name points also to a long apprenticeship. The adoption of this name, which means "true eye," also seems peculiarly appropriate in view of the remarkable skill shown even by his earlier work. That he was at one time in the *bottega* of Donatello and learned from him the art of sculp-

ture we have the evidence of some of the earliest writers on Florentine art. Under Donatello, and in company with Antonio Pollajuolo, he must have been initiated into the scientific methods of the realistic school of which the two artists afterwards became the chiefs. That he received his training as a painter from Alessio Baldovinetti, certain imitations of that master in his early painting seem to prove, since his temperament was too widely different from that of Baldovinetti to allow the idea of any influence.

At the age of twenty-one, when he made his first deposition to the Catasto, Andrea was living with his stepmother, Mona Nanina, aged fifty-six, and his brother Tommaso, aged sixteen. They had many debts, and part of the property had been already sold to meet expenses. He declares himself to be poor and to have but little employment, and states that he had just been obliged to abandon the craft of goldsmith for want of work.

The first authentic date we have of work executed by Verrocchio is of an architectural design. In the year 1461 Francesco Monaldeschi, Bishop of Ascoli, ordered the erection of a chapel in the Cathedral of Orvieto to enshrine a Byzantine Madonna. He sent to Florence and to Siena for designs, and among the Florentine artists who furnished and were paid for drawings and models was Verrocchio. The commission was not, however, given to him.

We may imagine Verrocchio during his youth and early manhood settled definitely in Florence, engaged in perfecting himself in the technique of the different crafts he practised, and in laying the foundation of the famous *bottega* which became the principal training-school of Florentine art. When the multiplicity of these crafts and his proficiency in each are considered it will not seem surprising that little work, or record of work, that can be placed in his earlier years is forthcoming. To attain skill in the arts of sculpture, architecture, painting, goldsmith's work, bronze-founding, and mechanical engineering, in all of which he excelled, besides being an accomplished musician, must have absorbed many years of study and experiment. We know that the apprentice of the fifteenth century learned the practice of his art in executing the most subordinate details of his master's work, and it was not until he had acquired skill in the use of his tools that he was entered in the Gild of Masters and allowed to accept independent commissions.

The connection of Verrocchio with the Medici, who were throughout his life his chief employers, must have begun early. It is probable that he was first employed by Cosimo il Vecchio, in connection with a relief executed by him for the Villa of Careggi. It is certain that he executed the Tomb of Cosimo in the Church of S. Lorenzo for Piero, and from the presence of the falcon, Piero's personal device, that he also received from him the commission for the lavabo of the inner sacristy. He was employed by Lorenzo and Giuliano constantly throughout his life in many and various works, and would seem to have taken the place of Donatello as the favorite artist of the family.

After the banishment of the Medici, Tommaso, the younger brother of Andrea, drew up and presented to the officials deputed by the rebels to value their possessions a list of works executed by Verrocchio for the family, precisely for what purpose is unknown. "The heirs of Lorenzo de' Medici have

to give for the work mentioned below . . . " the document begins, and then follows a catalogue of fifteen works, with a blank space left for the valuation. The first entry is of the bronze 'David' which was executed for the Villa of Careggi, in all probability for Piero. Then follows a list of other works in marble and bronze, among them the 'Putto with the Dolphin' now in the Palazzo Vecchio, also executed for Careggi. We read of a portrait on panel of Lucrezia dei Donati, the mistress of Lorenzo; of standards painted for the jousts of Lorenzo and Giuliano; of a helmet decorated with the silver figure of a lady; and of arms and accoutrements for the Duke Galeazzo Sforza. The list is a proof of the versatility of his employment and that he carried on simultaneously the arts of painter, of sculptor, and of goldsmith.

Verrocchio seems to have enjoyed greater favor with the Medici than with the church authorities of Florence. Compared with his contemporaries he was employed but little by the ecclesiastics. From the Operai del Duomo he received, so far as is known, but two commissions, and one of these was for a bit of mechanical engineering—the casting of the bronze ball and cross to crown the lantern of Brunelleschi's cupola. In 1477 he was commissioned at the same time as Antonio Pollajuolo to prepare models for the reliefs of the silver altar of S. Giovanni. He sent in two models for competition, but only one was accepted, which he executed in silver in 1480,—the 'Decollation of the Baptist,'—one of the finest works of his mature years.

Records of Verrocchio's work during his youth and early manhood are scanty, but from 1468 up to his death the notices are frequent. The Medici, the municipal authorities, the Signoria, and the gilds loaded him with important commissions, and from now till his death the record of his work is unbroken.

As early as 1465 he had been commissioned by the Gild of the Merchants to execute the bronze statues of Christ and St. Thomas for the tabernacle in the Church of Or San Michele; but it was eighteen years before he completed it, a long time even for those days when the patience of commissioners seems well-nigh inexhaustible. It may be that the management of his large *bottega* and his constant employment by the Medici left him little time to execute other work, for he shows the same slackness, so strange in a man of his energetic temperament, in carrying out the commissions of the Council of Pistoja—the Forteguerri tomb and the altar-piece of the 'Madonna and Saints.' The former was begun by him in 1474, the latter presumably about 1472, yet both were left unfinished at his death. Other records testify to the pressure of work at this time. He was employed by the Signoria to execute bronze candelabra for the Palazzo Vecchio, payments for which he received in 1468, 1469, and 1480. In the autumn of the year 1474 he cast a bronze bell, wrought with figures and ornaments, for the Vallombrosan monks of Montescalari. With so many commissions it might have been presumed that his financial circumstances had improved; but in his declaration of goods to the Catasto of 1470 there is the same statement of poverty, of debts, and of "beni alienati."

We have now reached the most important epoch of Verrocchio's life—

the commission for the equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni by the Venetian Signoria. Vasari has recorded that he occupied himself much with studies of horses, and it is certain that some proof of his proficiency as a master of equine anatomy must have induced the Venetians to apply to a Florentine artist. In 1479 he received the commission to prepare a model of the horse in competition with Vellano of Padua, the assistant of Donatello in the Gattemelata monument, and Leopardi of Ferrara, both well known and exceedingly popular with the Venetians.

Although no documentary evidence exists to prove it, there is no doubt, from the resemblance of his statue to the antique bronze steeds of San Marco, that on receipt of the commission he must have gone to Venice to study, although we know that the model was actually executed in the *bottega* at Florence. By July 12, 1481, the model was already completed, and sent to Venice by way of Ferrara, Verrocchio applying to the Ferrarese ambassador in Florence for its free passage through the State. It was exhibited together with the models of Vellano and Leopardi, in Venice, and was preferred to theirs. The commission for the bronze statue was now definitely conferred on him, though not without difficulties from the jealousy of the rival competitors. He took up his abode in Venice, hired and furnished a house in the parish of San Marciliano on the Rio della Misericordia, and left his business in Florence in the charge of Lorenzo di Credi. Precisely at what date he went to Venice has not yet been ascertained, but that he was there long enough to bring to full completion the clay model of both rider and horse is definitely proved by a letter of Lorenzo di Credi written after his death, in which he speaks of both as finished. He fell ill in the summer of 1488, and on June 25 of that year he made his will, in which he speaks of himself as "sound in mind and intellect, but languishing in body." In this will he refers to his model of the Colleoni statue as unfinished, and demands of the Venetian Signoria that the task of completing it might be given to Credi. This, coupled with the statement of Credi above referred to, seems to prove that he must have temporarily recovered from his illness, and lived long enough after to complete the model.

The faithful Lorenzo, who had carried on the affairs of the *bottega* in Florence during his absence, and had made several journeys to Venice to render an account of his administration, went thither once more to pay the last service to his master and friend. In spite of the wish expressed by Verrocchio in his testament, that if he died in Venice he might be interred in the cemetery of Santa Maria del Orto in that city, Credi brought the body back to Florence, and it was buried in the family vault of San Ambrogio.

Andrea never married. Like so many of the greatest artists of the Renaissance, notably Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and Michelangelo, he seems to have had no time to touch life on its human side. He devoted himself entirely to his work, and dissipated no part of his forces in personal indulgence. There is no hint in any record of his life of any passion or of any relation other than that of family affection and friendship. Goldsmith, sculptor, painter, bronze-founder, architect, mechanician, and, as Vasari tells, musician and mathematician, he found in these various arts sufficient outlet for his energies. The

management of his large *bottega* must have occupied also much of his time. It was, as has been said, the most important training-school for artists in Florence, and attracted besides many pupils from the neighborhood. Among his pupils the most important were Leonardo, Perugino, and Lorenzo di Credi. Leonardo seems to have received from Verrocchio his entire art education, for (if we may trust Vasari) he was placed with him as a mere child, and we know that as late as 1476 he was still living under his roof.—ABRIDGED FROM MISS MAUD CRUTTWELL'S MONOGRAPH ON VERROCCHIO

The Art of Verrocchio

IT is impracticable to discuss or weigh the arguments and evidence advanced by critics who have sought either to establish or to refute the attribution of the very many works which have at one time or another been ascribed to Verrocchio. The number of those which have escaped controversy is small; in fact, only such works as are proved by documentary evidence to have been produced by the master can be accepted as unquestionably his.

Besides the nine examples illustrated in the plates of this issue of MASTERS IN ART, and those others which have been referred to in the biographical notice, the following should receive mention.

Of his early goldsmith work nothing now remains, and our knowledge is limited to a few descriptions by Vasari, mainly of clasps for priestly vestments.

His work as a painter, also, is veiled in uncertainty. The 'Baptism,' now in the Academy at Florence, is the only picture which can with reasonable certainty be accepted as his; although the 'Annunciation' in the Uffizi Gallery has been claimed for him with what would seem convincing arguments.

Julia Cartwright thus sums up the evidence in regard to Verrocchio's remaining work as a painter:

"Another group of pictures in which Mr. Berenson and other critics recognize Verrocchio's hand are the three profile-portraits of young Florentine women, which are respectively in the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum at Milan, the Berlin Gallery, and the Uffizi. These famous busts, with the same fair hair elaborately coiled and plaited, the same square bodice of rich brocade, and the same clear-cut features, painted in pale tints in flat relief against deep blue sky, are plainly the work of a sculptor, and bear a strong likeness to Andrea's own carved busts in the Bargello. They belong, we feel, to the same class of work as those which Vasari describes when he speaks of Verrocchio's drawings of women-heads, distinguished by a beautiful style and arrangement of the hair, which Leonardo da Vinci often imitated, because of their rare beauty. A picture of another class, the fine portrait of a Florentine lady with rippling hair and refined features, which still bears Leonardo's name, in the Liechtenstein Gallery at Vienna, can with more certainty be ascribed to Andrea's hand, and may possibly represent Lucrezia Donati, the Queen of Lorenzo's Tourna-

ment. But little as remains to us of Andrea's painted work, and doubtful as is the attribution of these few pictures, it is at least certain that he was the master of two of the greatest masters of the next generation—the Umbrian Perugino and the Florentine Leonardo. In these busts and statues, which wear so life-like and speaking an expression, in these admirably drawn heads and delicately rounded cheeks, with full eyes and curly locks, in the bronze Christ of Or San Michele and the lovely angel of the Uffizi, we have the germ of Leonardo's art. Here, dimly foreshadowed in the master's creations, we find already that power of expression and exquisite grace which is the secret of the scholar's indefinable charm."

In sculpture apparently Verrocchio's earliest work now extant is a painted terra-cotta relief recently brought to light in the Villa Careggi, representing the 'Resurrection;' and the statuette of a sleeping youth, in the Berlin Museum, attributed to him is probably of about the same date. There is also a small stucco relief in the South Kensington Museum, called the 'Genius of Discord,' which bears strong evidence of Verrocchio's hand and is probably of early date. It is officially catalogued as belonging to the school of Leonardo.

Vasari records that early in his career Verrocchio was employed by Sextus IV. to decorate his private chapel in the Vatican with silver statuettes of the apostles, and other goldsmith work, but nothing corroborates the statement. According to Vasari, also, Verrocchio was employed in making the realistic votive figures or *miracoli* of wax, which were clothed in actual stuffs, and were placed about the churches and in other places. In 1401 the Church of Or San Michele was so encumbered by these images that the Signoria issued a decree forbidding any further addition, excepting of the chief personages of the state. The interior of the church must have been like a collection of waxworks.

In addition to the female portraits already mentioned, there is in the collection of M. Dreyfus in Paris a marble bust of a young girl, which has been called a portrait of Medea Colleoni, and in the collection of M. Edmond Foulc in Paris is another beautiful terra-cotta bust of a lady. The attribution in each of these cases rests upon the internal evidence of the works themselves.

The model for the tomb of Niccolo Forteguerri in the Cathedral at Pistoja was made by Verrocchio in 1474, but the monument as it exists at present shows no trace of his execution, and probably but little of his original design. In the South Kensington Museum is a model claimed to be a study for this tomb; but its authenticity is open to serious doubt. A terra-cotta fragment in the Louvre, representing an angel, is also claimed as a study for this tomb, and bears stronger evidence of authenticity.

The earlier critics have agreed in referring the marble relief now in the National Museum in Florence and known as 'The Death of Lucrezia Pitti Tornabuoni' to Verrocchio; but it is a work so trivial and vulgar in sentiment and so feeble in execution that it has been boldly discredited by Miss Cruttwell, the latest authority upon Verrocchio. It seems impossible to accept this as the work of "the most conscientious, the most preoccupied with the truth, the most realistic, of the masters of the fifteenth century," as M. Reymond calls Verrocchio. And continuing, the same author says, "His love of precision in

form, his perfection of technique, are never-failing features of his art, the qualities that he possesses to a higher degree than any other Florentine."

A terra-cotta relief in the Berlin Museum, representing the 'Entombment,' which is a work as fine and noble as the Tornabuoni relief is weak and vulgar, can with much greater reason be attributed to Verrocchio.

The 'Madonna and Saints' in the Duomo at Pistoja, attributed to Leonardo, to Lorenzo di Credi, and more recently, in part at least, to Verrocchio, was given to him to execute about 1477, and remained for years unfinished. It was probably completed by one of his assistants.

During the preparation of the Colleoni model Verrocchio is said to have made a number of studies for the horse; but before this time, it is claimed by many of the critics, and notably by Miss Cruttwell, he made a horse's head in bronze for Lorenzo de' Medici which was given by the latter, in 1471, to the Count of Maddaloni, and is now in the Naples Museum. This head was considered by the Maddaloni family, as late as the sixteenth century, to be by Donatello, but the weight of evidence seems to point clearly to Verrocchio as the real author.

There are, in addition to the works above mentioned, others which have either been lost or are still unidentified, besides a long list attributed to Verrocchio by various critics. This list, however, is too long to enumerate.

MAUD CRUTTWELL 'VERROCCHIO'

VERROCCHIO is perhaps the least known and appreciated of the great masters of the fifteenth century. The supreme excellence of those works which are proved by documentary evidence to be authentic is disregarded as the standard of judgment as to quality and style, and a quantity of inferior sculpture and painting is attributed to him for which his feeble imitators are responsible. No Quattrocento artist, with the exception of Donatello, exercised so strong or so prolonged an influence on Florentine art; but unfortunately the greater part of those so influenced were impressed only by certain daring innovations, and were incapable of understanding his true aims and ideals. These aims were first and foremost scientific; his ideals, to present with absolute truth the human form in its fullest perfection, not only of physical strength (as was the case with Andrea del Castagno and Antonio Pollajuolo, the chiefs of the so-called naturalistic school), but of noble and intellectual beauty. Strength and beauty of structure, freedom and grace of movement, subtle expression of emotion, were to be presented only by thorough knowledge of anatomy, and of the technique of brush and chisel. To acquire this knowledge Verrocchio devoted his life and genius, and with complete success. His acquaintance with anatomy and the laws of movement, his draftsmanship and technical skill in the various arts he employed, excelled that of any of his contemporaries, and with an impeccable accuracy in representation, and a vigorous and facile execution, he combined the poetry, the depth of feeling, and the wide sympathies of the idealist. His interpretation of the charm of childhood in the 'Putto with the Dolphin,' of vigorous youth in the 'David,' of the superb force of manhood in the 'Colleoni,' embodies in each phase of

life its highest development. Yet this scientific and poetic artist has been so little studied that the most trivial and ignorant work is attributed to him, work which in feeling and in style is directly opposed to his own. He is so little appreciated that he is constantly condemned as "narrow and bourgeois," and his work as "commonplace, angular, and dry."

Taking as the standard of judgment only such works as are proved beyond possibility of doubt to be authentic, a clean sweep of all the feeble and mediocre productions attributed to him can be made, which leaves us free to rank Verrocchio as one of the greatest masters of the Quattrocento, inferior to none of his contemporaries in scientific accuracy and technical ability; in breadth of vision and imaginative power, only to Donatello and Leonardo.

J. A. CROWE AND G. B. CAVALCASELLE 'HISTORY OF PAINTING'

IF we test the man by his work, we find that Verrocchio was indeed not merely a goldsmith, but a sculptor and carver, a draftsman and a painter. It is true that his sculpture is mostly bronze, but he is almost unrivaled in that metal; and the Colleoni monument testifies to this, whilst it proves his power as a designer, his knowledge of perspective, of form, motion, and anatomy. These last requirements are essentially prominent in the Pollajuoli, and were therefore common to them and to their contemporary and rival; but Verrocchio rises above the art of the goldsmith, stands at a higher level than Antonio and Piero, and fitly represents that combination of science and art which was continued and perfected by Leonardo.

If his landscape varies little in style from that of the Pollajuoli, if his technical mode of painting resembles theirs, the impression in the first place is greater, because he strove for more lightness and vapor; in the second, because, in spite of difficulty in manipulating the high surface color, the result is less hard and less incomplete. Verrocchio's is a higher nature enriched by a more educated and general taste than that of the Pollajuoli. His 'Baptism of Christ,' unfinished and injured though it be, offers to us a picture of calm and composure, of reverent and tender worship, which carries with it a special charm. The resigned consciousness of the Saviour receiving the water which St. John pours on his head, the questioning, tender air of the two beautiful angels who wait on the bank of the brook to minister to the Redeemer's wants, the brook itself running in its bed of pebbles round a projection of rocks crowned with trees from a distance of lake and hills, the palm-tree with the bird flying into it,—the mixture of the mysteries of solitude and worship are all calculated to affect the senses of the beholder.

Descending to a more critical analysis, we find the type of the Saviour not absolutely select, somewhat imperfect in proportion and form, but bony, and drawn or modeled with a searching study of anatomical reality. The Baptist is unfinished. He presents to us the stiff action and some of the vulgarity of a model. The curly-headed angel presenting his front face to the spectator is beautiful. His chiseled features, shadowed in light greenish gray over the bright local tone, are fair to look upon; but he is surpassed in beauty and feeling by his fellow-angel whose back is towards the beholder, whilst his

head, gently bent and looking up to the Saviour, presents the rotatory lines of brow, cheek, and mouth, which illustrate the application of a law in rendering movement familiar to the great painters of the sixteenth century. So fresh and innocent, so tender and loving, is this angel, it strikes one as the finest ever produced in the manner of Verrocchio. The soft gaiety and grace in the play of the exquisite features, the pure, silvery outlines and modeling of the parts, of the hair and lashes, the chaste ornaments which deck the collar of the bright green tunic damasked in brown at the sleeves, the edges of the lucid blue mantle and the dress which is held ready for the Saviour,—this all combines to form a total revealing the finish, the study, conspicuous in Leonardo. In type and in the expression of tender feeling the face and form of this figure are equal to those of the 'Virgin of the Rocks,' whilst the draperies, by their broken nature, the color, by its impasto, recall the same example to mind. The force of chiaroscuro alone is not so great; but everything confirms the statement of Vasari that Leonardo helped Verrocchio to paint the picture.

WALTER PATER 'THE RENAISSANCE'

HIS father (Leonardo's), pondering over this promise in the child, took him to the workshop of Andrea Verrocchio, then the most famous artist in Florence. Beautiful objects lay about there—reliquaries, pyxes, silver images for the pope's chapel at Rome, strange fancy-work of the middle ages keeping odd company with fragments of antiquity, then but lately discovered. Another student Leonardo may have seen there—a boy into whose soul the level light and aërial illusions of Italian sunsets had passed, in after days famous as Perugino. Verrocchio was an artist of the earlier Florentine type, carver, painter, and worker in metals, in one; designer, not of pictures only, but of all things for sacred or household use, drinking-vessels, ambries, instruments of music, making them all fair to look upon, filling the common ways of life with reflection of some far-off brightness; and years of patience had refined his hand till his work was now sought after from distant places.

It happened that Verrocchio was employed by the brethren of Vallombrosa to paint the 'Baptism of Christ,' and Leonardo was allowed to finish an angel in the left-hand corner. It was one of those moments in which the progress of a great thing—here, that of the art of Italy—presses hard and sharp on the happiness of an individual, through whose discouragement and decrease, humanity, in more fortunate persons, comes a step nearer to its final success. For beneath the cheerful exterior of the mere well-paid craftsman, chasing brooches for copes of Santa Maria Novella, or twisting metal screens for the tombs of the Medici, lay the ambitious desire of expanding the destiny of Italian art by a larger knowledge and insight into things, a purpose in art not unlike Leonardo's still unconscious purpose, and often, in modeling of drapery, as of a lifted arm, or of hair cast back from the face, there came to him something of the freer manner and richer humanity of a later age. But in this 'Baptism' the pupil had surpassed the master; and Verrocchio turned away, as one stunned, and as if his sweet earlier work must thereafter be distasteful to him, from the bright, animated angel of Leonardo's hand.

The angel may still be seen in Florence, a space of sunlight in the cold, labored old picture; but the legend is true only in sentiment, for painting had always been the art by which Verrocchio set least store. And as in a sense he anticipated Leonardo, so to the last Leonardo recalls the studio of Verrocchio, in the love of beautiful toys, such as the vessel of water for a mirror, and lovely needlework about the implicated hands in the 'Modesty' and 'Vanity,' and of reliefs, like those cameos which in the 'Virgin of the Balance' hang all around the girdle of Saint Michael, and of bright variegated stones, such as the agates in the 'St. Anne,' and in a hieratic preciseness and grace as of a sanctuary swept and garnished.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

ANDREA is the investigator-artist, the experimentalist, the man with whom science is a passion, and therein he is quintessentially Florentine. He is a realist in the flat arms and shins, the salient collar-bone and thick knees, of his 'David,' and is thereby attractive to the modern student of art; but while he is an intent observer, he is also intensely personal, and in his choice of a facial type is so individual as to have become the genesis of that of Leonardo da Vinci. His science sometimes became genius; for, interesting in his 'David,' he is charming in his 'Boy with the Dolphin,' inspiring and inspired in his magnificent 'Colleoni,' who rides straight to immortality as the Magister Equitum of the Renaissance. Like Browning's Pallajuolo, Andrea was "thrice a craftsman," and was one of the last of those typical "all-around artists" who stand upon the threshold of a time when the greatest talent is about to instinctively run into the channel of painting alone with Botticelli, Signorelli, Ghirlandajo, and Perugino, and no artist more admirably represents the period of the Middle Renaissance.

W. J. STILLMAN 'OLD ITALIAN MASTERS'

VERROCCHIO'S record is mainly that of a sculptor, yet he had more to do with the shaping of the art of painting for his immediate successors than any painter of his generation. Besides his school as a sculptor, which was very influential, he was the master in painting of Leonardo, Perugino, and Lorenzo di Credi. A poem by Verini compares him to a fountain from which all the great painters of Florence drank. In feeling he was a sculptor, and he caught from his master, Donatello, the sympathy with the historical ideal which was the splendid gift of that great artist. This runs through all his personifications, and gives them individuality. Like his master, he was a great portraitist. Vasari says that he was the first who used masks from the dead to obtain the likeness he required; but this is doubtful, for masks of the dead were certainly taken before his time, and they could hardly have served for any other purpose. When he drew it was with the aim of understanding the forms he was studying, and in the day when the technique of all the graphic arts was the common education of artists of all branches, the pencil, the modeling-tool, or the graver were used alike to express form, not to represent surfaces, and drawing meant everything in design. When the pupils of Donatello

asked him how they should become good sculptors, he replied, "Draw." The thorough understanding of the forms to be represented was the end of study, and when this was attained the representation was equally easy in clay, wax, in simple black and white, or in color; for the color itself was not imitated from nature, but the result of long-elaborated canons, holding to certain relations of the pigments, with a progressive development of intensity rather than a modification of system, from Giotto down until the effect of the revelations of the Venetian school began to be felt in the Florentine. Whether in the former or the latter, imitation of the absolute color of nature formed no part of the study of the artist. He drew to obtain the facility necessary to reproduce what forms he sought, and if a Venetian of the school of Bellini, he rendered these in color with attention solely to its orchestral relations; if a Florentine, with the purpose of giving their essential qualities of shape and character.

BERNHARD BERENSON 'THE FLORENTINE PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

IN all that concerns movement Verrocchio was a learner from Pollajuolo, rather than an imitator, and he probably never attained his master's proficiency. We have unfortunately but few terms for comparison, as the only paintings which can be with certainty ascribed to Verrocchio are not pictures of action. Yet in sculpture, along with works which are valuable as harbingers of Leonardo rather than for any intrinsic perfection, he created two such masterpieces of movement as the 'Child with the Dolphin' in the courtyard of the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Colleoni monument at Venice—the latter sinning, if at all, by an over-exuberance of movement, by a step and swing too suggestive of drums and trumpets. But in landscape Verrocchio was a decided innovator.

Verrocchio was, among Florentines at least, the first to feel that a faithful reproduction of the contours is not landscape, that the painting of nature is an art distinct from the painting of the figure. He scarcely knew where the difference lay, but felt that light and atmosphere play an entirely different part in each, and that in landscape these have at least as much importance as tactile values. A vision of *plein air*, vague I must grant, seems to have hovered before him, and, feeling his powerlessness to cope with it in full effects of light such as he attempted in his earlier pictures, he deliberately chose the twilight hour, when, in Tuscany, on fine days, the trees stand out almost black against a sky of light opalescent gray. To render this subduing, soothing effect of the coolness and the dew after the glare and dust of the day—the effect so matchlessly given in Gray's 'Elegy'—seemed to be his first desire as a painter, and in presence of his 'Annunciation,' in the Uffizi, we feel that he succeeded as only one other Tuscan succeeded after him, that other being his own pupil Leonardo.

The Works of Verrocchio

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE BAPTISM' PLATE I

OF the history of this altar-piece nothing is actually known except that it was painted for the Vallombrosan monks of San Salvi; but few works of the fifteenth century have been the subject of more speculation and dispute. The picture passed on the suppression of the convent of San Salvi to that of Santa Verdiana, from whence, during the French occupation, it was removed to the Academy.

The conclusion which has received most general acceptance among critics is that the figures of Christ and the Baptist, together with the general landscape setting, were painted by Verrocchio, and presumably at an early period in his career; but that the kneeling angels were added later, the one at the left, with face in profile, by Leonardo da Vinci, and the other by Verrocchio. To this conclusion, Miss Cruttwell, the latest authority upon Verrocchio, takes exception, and brings forward apparently good reasons for believing that the attribution to Leonardo is untenable. Her conclusions are based upon a technical analysis which cannot be detailed here. The incident related by Vasari which has furnished the foundation for the discussion in regard to this picture has already been referred to in the extract from Walter Pater printed on a preceding page. That the angels were added at a later date than the rest of the picture there seems to be no doubt. They are painted in oil, while the remainder is in tempera; but the picture has been so damaged by more recent "restorers" that it is difficult to distinguish between the original work and the later additions.

The striking similarity of this picture to the 'Baptism' now in the Academy at Florence, which is variously attributed to Fra Angelico and to Alessio Baldovinetti, indicates conclusively that the earlier picture served Verrocchio as a model. The composition is identical, and the attitude of the figures is copied exactly. There is, however, a great advance in technical skill, and particularly in knowledge of the human figure. The excellence of the anatomy, which is well-nigh faultless, contrasts strangely with the stiffness and lack of grace in the figures, the naïve treatment of the foreground rocks, and the metallic foliage of the palm-tree.

Although closely akin in both style and technique to the work of Baldovinetti and the Pollajuoli, there is, as pointed out by Julia Cartwright, "a higher refinement and grace in form, and a truer sense of beauty about the whole."

The strong influence and popular appeal of Verrocchio's work is shown by the immediate adoption of his 'Baptism' as a model for all later representations of the same theme. It was repeated almost exactly by Lorenzo di Credi, and also by the Robbias.

'THE ANNUNCIATION' PLATE II

THIS picture, attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, is now held by many critics to be the work of Verrocchio. It was executed for the altar of the Sacristy of the Convent of Monte Oliveto, near Florence, and while there was attributed to Domenico Ghirlandajo. Since its removal to the Uffizi Gallery it has been officially labeled with Leonardo's name, although marked with an interrogation.

The Virgin is seated in the terraced garden of a Florentine villa, with the dark trees defined against the pale sky in the falling twilight. The Virgin receives the message without emotion, even placing one finger on the page to mark the place where her study has been interrupted, and will evidently return to it unruffled after the angel's departure.

In the opinion of Miss Cruttwell, although this picture lacks the supreme distinction of Leonardo's work, it is nevertheless "one of the most beautiful paintings of the Renaissance for the dignity and charm of the figures, and even more for the poetic suggestion of the landscape, with its successful rendering of an atmospheric effect. It seems the twilight hour, the moment so brief in Italy between daylight and darkness, in which the cypresses stand out black masses against the pale sky, losing all but the outline of their form." The decorative treatment of the Virgin's desk and the careful rendering of the least details are suggestive of the goldsmith's style, and point to a comparatively early date.

'DAVID' PLATE III

THE bronze statue of 'David,' now in the National Museum, Florence, is usually considered the earliest work in sculpture of Verrocchio. It was executed for the Medici, probably for Piero, to decorate the Villa Careggi, and was later bought by the Signoria and removed to the Palazzo Vecchio, where it was placed at the head of the stairs at the entrance to the Sala del Giglio. The pedestal designed by Verrocchio, which still remains, is now occupied by a bust of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I.

This pedestal shows that to obtain the effect intended by the sculptor the statue should be viewed from the right, so that the face is seen directly full-front. Carefully as the back of the statue is finished, it is evident that the artist intended that it should be seen chiefly from a given point. From this position the faults often pointed out, of the too prominent elbow and the somewhat trivial expression, vanish completely. Referring to this question of position Miss Cruttwell says: "From the correct standpoint the supple swing of the body, the audacious carriage of the head, give to the statue an expression of superb self-confidence unmatched save in the 'St. George' and the marble 'David' of Donatello. The eyes glance freely and boldly from under the level brows, the smile on the lips is full of meaning. One hand rests lightly on the hip, the other grasps the sword with menace and resolution. The figure vibrates with youthful vigor and the pride of conquest."

Verrocchio has disregarded entirely the traditional representation of the biblical narrative. The youth with carefully curled hair, fringed jerkin, dainty sandals, and carrying his own sword is a patrician, rather than the shepherd-boy armed only with a sling.

The modeling and construction of the figure exhibit thorough mastery of anatomy, and the elaborate ornaments, exquisite in every detail, show the goldsmith's training and the craftsman's skill.

Upon its present pedestal in the Bargello the statue is not only seen from the wrong direction, but is much lower than intended by Verrocchio.

'EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI' PLATES IV AND V

BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI of Bergamo, one of the greatest generals and wealthiest princes of the fifteenth century, was equally celebrated for his audacity in the field and for the magnificence of his private life. Most of his long career was spent in the military service of the Venetian state, to which he added much territory and prestige. Upon his death, in 1473, he left the greater part of his large estate to the Republic, with the request that a bronze equestrian statue should be erected to his memory in the Square of St. Mark. As a consequence, in 1479, the Signoria invited three sculptors, Verrocchio, Leopardi, and Vellano, to prepare models for a statue, which were finished in 1481, and the choice given to that of Verrocchio. Although the Signoria refused to allow the erection of the statue in the Square of St. Mark, they spared no pains in selecting the sculptor and in securing the most splendid work possible. By a verbal quibble they satisfied their consciences in providing that the site upon which the statue should stand should be the Piazza of San Giovanni e Paolo, an insignificant square upon which the Scuola di San Marco faces.

According to Vasari, the choice of Verrocchio, a Florentine, so aroused the jealousy of certain Venetians that they intrigued against him and succeeded in having the commission for the statue require that Verrocchio should provide the horse, while Vellano should execute the rider. This so enraged the Florentine that he broke up his model and returned home, refusing further connection with the work. Learning what he had done, the Signoria ordered that if he should again dare to set foot upon Venetian territory he should be beheaded. Verrocchio replied that they had better refrain, because when they had cut it off it was not in their power to reunite the head to a man, and especially such a head as his, while on the contrary he could replace the head broken from his horse, and could make it even more beautiful than before. Whereupon Verrocchio was ordered to return to Venice, and to repair his model. Whatever basis of truth this anecdote may have, it illustrates the haughty independence attributed to the sculptor by his fellow citizens. It is known, at all events, that the commission was finally given him without further restrictions, and that he was promised 1,800 ducats, equivalent to about 20,000 dollars in our money.

The model was completed in clay before Verrocchio's death, but the casting in bronze remained to be carried out by others. Verrocchio had requested in

his will that this delicate task be entrusted to his faithful friend and assistant Lorenzo di Credi, but the Signoria finally placed it in the hands of Alessandro Leopardi, who was already known as a metal worker of proved ability.

Whether or not Leopardi deliberately set to work to rob Verrocchio of his fame as the sculptor of the statue is uncertain, but the fact remains that he was given entire credit for the work by his contemporaries.

Nevertheless to Leopardi alone is due the credit for the magnificent pedestal, and this in itself is enough to prove him an artist of great ability. The statue was at last completed, and uncovered to the public on March 21, 1496.

Mrs. Oliphant thus refers to Colleoni and his statue: "It is not possible to pass by the name of Colleoni. This is not so much for the memory of anything he has done, or for the characteristics of an impressive nature which he possessed, as from the wonderful image of him which rides and reigns in Venice, the embodiment of martial strength and force unhesitating, the mailed captain of the Middle Ages, ideal in a tremendous reality which the least observant cannot but feel. There he stands as in iron—nay, stands not, but rides upon us, unscrupulous, unswerving, though his next step should be on the hearts of the multitude, crushing them to pulp with remorseless hoofs. Man and horse together, there is scarcely any such warlike figure left among us to tell in expressive silence the tale of those days when might was right, and the sword, indifferent to all reason, turned every scale." Of the wonderful force expressed in this statue, M. Müntz has written: "Verrocchio has known how to reproduce that superb self-confidence which made the dying general exclaim to the Venetian ambassador, 'The Republic should never again allow to a general such unlimited power as to me!'"

The difficulties of combining freedom of action with the proper distribution of so great a weight of metal are apt to be overlooked in judging a statue in which the grace of movement and perfection of balance are so evident. Horse and rider seem actually alive and in movement, yet the action is final and allows no uncomfortable suggestion of walking off the pedestal. There had been but one other bronze equestrian statue cast in Italy in modern times, Donatello's 'Gattemelata;' but the horse of the latter is as clumsy in action as Verrocchio's is light and graceful. Speaking of Verrocchio's remarkable knowledge of equine anatomy, Miss Cruttwell writes: "The horse of the Colleoni bears sufficient testimony, to this day unequaled for beauty of form and noble bearing. In construction and action it shows enormous advance beyond Donatello or any of his contemporaries, and compares favorably even with the superb antique steeds of San Marco, from which he drew his inspiration."

And again, referring to the figure of the general himself, she says: "Noble and powerful, by its superior concentration of energy it focuses the attention, which might otherwise be centered on the horse. Upright in the saddle—almost standing in the stirrups—with a superb gesture it dominates and inspires the movement of the animal. The unity between horse and rider is complete. The menacing eye, the formidable gesture, the tense muscles, the swing of the body in the saddle, give an impression of indomitable strength unequaled in art."

'PUTTO WITH DOLPHIN' PLATE VI

VASARI states that Verrocchio "executed for Lorenzo de' Medici, for the fountain of the Villa at Careggi, a putto of bronze throttling a fish; . . . which putto is certainly marvelous." His original design, according to the inventory of his brother Tommaso, included four lions' heads and three heads of bronze (probably human masks); but the latter have disappeared. The present porphyry basin and steps of the fountain, as it stands in the courtyard of the Palazzo Vecchio, are by Francesco Tadda.

This little figure is of equal beauty from whatever point it is viewed, being designed for the center of an open space. A boy holds a struggling dolphin under his arm, and the pressure seems to produce the fall of water from the fish's nostrils. "Nothing," says Rumohr, truly in his happiest vein of description, "can be gayer or more lively than the expression and action of this infant, and no modern bronze can be named that combines such beautiful treatment with such perfect style. It is a picture of a half-flying, half-running motion, whose varied action is still true to the center of gravity. With a happy feeling, the artist has given to the child a pleasing fullness of rounding, and to the wings a certain angular sharpness." He adds, and the remark is still true: "This model piece was lately deprived by cleaners of its beautiful 'patina,' the effect of time, and the result has been the creation of hardness which the spectator must not attribute to the artist, but to the barbarism of our day."

"In this putto," says Miss Cruttwell, "we have our first introduction to the realistic type of child, which replaced that of the Donatellesques, and became so popular in Florentine art."

'CHRIST AND ST. THOMAS' PLATE VII

THE order for this group of two bronze figures was given Verrocchio in 1463, but the work was not completed until 1483. It occupies a tabernacle, one of fourteen of similar size and shape, built in the pilasters of the exterior walls of the Church of Or San Michele in Florence. When in 1355 the open loggia which had been the corn-market was enclosed and developed into the present elaborately decorated church, each of the most important gilds of Florentine craftsmen was called upon to assist in its decoration and was assigned a niche or tabernacle in which was to be erected a statue of its patron saint. The niche now occupied by the 'Christ and St. Thomas' was first given to the Parte Guelfa, which, however, became so unpopular that in 1459 its statue of St. Louis was ordered removed and the place given to the Gild of the Merchants, which was the commercial tribunal (not strictly speaking a gild) which presided over all the gilds. The gild commissioned Verrocchio to execute a statue of its patron saint, Thomas. It must not only represent the saint, but also, for symbolic purposes, the act of his incredulity. Verrocchio therefore was given a space designed for a single figure, in which he must place two figures in action. In 1483 the group was cast and set in place. It at once received general popular approval. Landucci, in his diary, recording the event, says of the group, it "is the most beautiful

thing that can be found, and the most beautiful head of the Saviour that has yet been made." And Vasari, in the next generation, voicing the popularity which still survived, says, "Wherefore this work well merited to be placed in a tabernacle made by Donato, and to have been held ever in the highest esteem.'

The freedom of composition and action of the group shows a remarkable departure from the severely mathematical traditions of Quattrocento sculpture, and its influence upon contemporary art was immediate and decisive. It can scarcely be doubted that the daring innovation and originality in the composition of Verrocchio gave the impulse for the license and extravagance of the Baroque school. The composition was repeatedly copied in whole and in part. The features of the Christ, the arrangement of hair, the figure of the youthful saint, the beautiful hands and feet, the representation of drapery, were all immediately seized upon by the foremost sculptors and painters of the day and perpetuated as popular types.

'BUST OF A LADY' PLATE VIII

UNTIL recently this bust has been accepted without question as the work of Verrocchio. Its resemblance to the painted portrait of a lady in the Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna, has led Mackowsky to attribute both to Leonardo. In describing it Miss Cruttwell says: "The face is marvelously alive and sensitive, with the suggestion of an evanescent emotion, half of surprise, difficult to analyze in words. It is a face typically Florentine in its squareness of cheek and jaw and the accentuation of bone, and it is interesting to compare it in profile with that of the central figure in the 'Dance of the Hours' in the 'Primavera' of Botticelli. The features are identical, and there can be no doubt but that bust and painting represent the same lady, evidently a personage of importance, since in the allegorical picture it is at her that the Love directs his flame-tipped arrow."

The bust, which is of marble, and is now in the National Museum, Florence, was part of the Medici Collection, and from this it is fair to assume that the lady, if not a member of the family, was at least connected with it. Dr. Bode has, however, traced a resemblance to the portrait of Giovanna degli Abizzi, wife of Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and supposes the bust to be a portrait of her.

'MADONNA AND CHILD' PLATE IX

THERE are many Madonnas, in sculpture and in painting, attributed to Verrocchio; but one only, the terra-cotta relief formerly in the Gallery of Santa Maria Nuova, and now in the National Museum in Florence, can be considered authentic. The treatment of this subject is, like the other important works of the master, a distinct innovation, and its influence upon Florentine art, judging by contemporary imitations, must have been important and far-reaching. The Virgin, with her elaborate head-dress, contemporary clothes, and cheerful smile, is modern and secular, represented in her human rather than her divine aspect. It is neither historical nor symbolical. The

charming child, with his gay and careless face, is equally lacking in the traditional characteristics of ecclesiastical art. There is no halo or suggestion of Christian emblem, and even the conventional blessing gesture seems half-hearted and perfunctory. The dove above the head of the Virgin is a modern addition in stucco.

It is worthy of remark that at a time when the painters and sculptors of Florence looked to the Church for a considerable part of their patronage, Verrocchio was so seldom employed upon ecclesiastical work. Only six or seven, at most, of his known commissions came from ecclesiastics. Nevertheless, the few religious subjects upon which he was employed exerted a strong and lasting influence upon Florentine art. It is especially notable that the conception and interpretation of the Madonna introduced by Verrocchio immediately superseded those previously in vogue. As Miss Cruttwell has pointed out, this furnishes the most convincing proof of his immense influence and the popularity of his work.

The date of this relief is uncertain, but the treatment of the elaborate drapery is in Verrocchio's later manner. The modeling of the Virgin's hand, like that of the marble bust in the National Museum (Plate VIII), shows a degree of refinement and expression unmatched in contemporary art. Verrocchio is *par excellence* the sculptor of beautiful hands. He is said by Vasari to have given much attention to the making of casts in plaster of different parts of the body, of arms, hands, feet, knees, etc., and this record is borne out by the exquisite modeling of the hands and feet in all his work, remarkable, even among the Florentines, who bestowed on them so much attention. The type of hand selected by Verrocchio, and invariable in all his authentic work, is large and strong, but sensitive and exceedingly delicate in shape, with broad palm and long fingers, muscular and flexible, a hand capable of expressive gesture as well as of strenuous grip. Luca della Robbia is the only one of all the Florentines who has equaled it in beauty.

'BUST OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI' — PLATE X

THIS bust of terra-cotta, now in the collection of M. Gustave Dreyfus of Paris, is one of Verrocchio's finest and most characteristic works. The face is splendidly modeled, with the sculptor's usual emphasis of anatomical structure.

If the armor is copied from that actually worn by Giuliano, as seems probable, it must have been wrought by Verrocchio himself, for the decorations are in the highest degree characteristic of his style. Despite the fact that Verrocchio derived all the motives for his ornament from familiar sources, yet his manner of treatment is so personal, accentuating their fierce and trenchant qualities, that he has made them completely his own, and they seem almost as a sign-manual of his work and that of his school. His fierce griffin has nothing in common with the mild beast of Desiderio, nor his terrible gorgon mask with those on the Roman breastplates. His acanthus leaf seems to bristle

like the spines of some formidable animal, and compared with the serpent-tailed dragon of his decorations, the original in Donatello's work seems almost tame.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF VERROCCHIO WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

IT cannot be claimed that all of the works included in the following list are proved beyond question to be by Verrocchio, but in case of doubt attribution is based upon recent and authoritative criticism.

SCULPTURE

ENGLAND. LONDON, VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: The Genius of Discord, *stucco relief*—FRANCE. PARIS, DREYFUS COLLECTION: Bust of Medea Colleoni, *marble*; Bust of Giuliano de' Medici, *terra-cotta* (Plate X); Putto on Globe, *terra-cotta*; Judgment of Paris, *bronze plaque*—PARIS, FOULC COLLECTION: Bust of a Lady, *terra-cotta*—PARIS, LOUVRE: Two Angels, *terra-cotta*—GERMANY. BERLIN, ROYAL MUSEUM: Sleeping Youth, *terra-cotta*; Entombment, *terra-cotta relief*—ITALY. CAREGGI, VILLA MEDICI: Resurrection, *terra-cotta relief, painted*—FLORENCE, MUSEUM OF THE CATHEDRAL: Decollation of Baptist, *silver relief on the silver altar*—FLORENCE, NATIONAL MUSEUM: David, *bronze* (Plate III); Bust of a Lady, *marble* (Plate VIII); Madonna and Child, *terra-cotta relief* (Plate IX); [SALA D'ARMI] Helmet with Crest of Dragon, *wrought iron*—FLORENCE, CHURCH OF OR SAN MICHELE: Christ and St. Thomas, *bronze* (Plate VII)—FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO: Slab Tomb of Cosimo de' Medici (il Vecchio), *marble and brass inlay*; [SACRISTY] Tomb of Piero and Giovanni de' Medici, *bronze and porphyry*; [CHAPEL OF THE MADONNA] Shield with stemma of the Medici; [INNER SACRISTY] Lavabo, *marble*—FLORENCE, PALAZZO VECCHIO [COURT] Putto with Dolphin, *bronze* (Plate VI); Three Lions' Heads, *marble*; [LANDING OUTSIDE SALA DEL GIGLIO] Pedestal, *marble* (Executed for the Statue of David)—NAPLES, MUSEUM: Head of Horse, *bronze*—PISTOJA, CATHEDRAL: Forteguerri Tomb (Only part of design by Verrocchio)—VENICE, PIAZZA OF SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO: Equestrian Statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, *bronze* (Finished in clay by Verrocchio, and cast by Leopardi) (Plates IV and V).

PAINTINGS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: Portrait of a Lady[1]—ITALY. FLORENCE, ACADEMY: The Baptism (Plate I)—FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: The Annunciation (Plate II).

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[1] This picture is ascribed by many critics to Leonardo da Vinci (see MASTERS IN ART, Part 14, Vol. 2).

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Raeburn

ENGLISH SCHOOL

U of M

RAEBURN
PORTRAIT OF MRS. STRACHAN
WORCESTER ART MUSEUM, WORCESTER, MASS.

UofM

RAEBURN
PORTRAIT OF LORD NEWTON
NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, EDINBURGH

RAEBURN
MRS. FERGUSON AND CHILDREN
OWNED BY R. C. MUNRO-FERGUSON, ESQ.

U of M

RAEBURN
PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT
COLLECTION OF THE EARL OF HOME

RAEBURN
PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN SINCLAIR
OWNED BY SIR TOLLEMACHE SINCLAIR

RAEBURN
PORTRAIT OF MRS. CAMPBELL OF BALLIEMORE
NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, EDINBURGH

RAEBURN
PORTRAIT OF JOHN WAUCHOPE
NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, EDINBURGH

RAEBURN
PORTRAIT OF MRS. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND, EDINBURGH

Withdrawn

U of M

RAEBURN
PORTRAIT OF JAMES WARDROP OF TORBANEHILL
OWNED BY MRS. SHIRLEY

RAEBURN
THE MACNAB
OWNED BY HON. MRS. BAILLIE HAMILTON

PORTRAIT OF SIR HENRY RAEBURN BY HIMSELF
OWNED BY LORD TWEEDMOUTH.

This portrait was painted about 1815, when the artist was nearly sixty years of age. It shows a face and figure still in the full vigor of unimpaired manhood, with great, dark, lustrous eyes, masterful expression, and impressive presence. It is one of Raeburn's finest portraits.

Sir Henry Raeburn

BORN 1756: DIED 1823
ENGLISH SCHOOL

SIR HENRY RAEBURN (pronounced Ray-burn) was of Border descent, his forefathers probably taking their name from the hill-farm of Raeburn. This led Sir Henry to call himself a "Raeburn of that ilk." The property ultimately passed to the Scotts. It is commonly placed in Annandale, but it appears to have been farther east, in Tweeddale.

On Sir Henry's shield, his great-grandson William Raeburn Andrew says, is a rae or roe-deer drinking from a burn or rivulet running at its feet. The crest is a roe's head, with the motto *Robur in Deo*. The earlier Raeburns are described by their descendants as rieving pastoral lairds. They probably did as their neighbors did, and followed the Border fashion in their methods of supplying the larder and replenishing byres and herds when beeves went scarce, and the customary pair of spurs was set before the laird for breakfast.

The family was nearing the confines of history when, early in the eighteenth century, Robert Raeburn decided to give up farming for manufacturing, and left the undulating uplands of the Border for the neighborhood of the capital. We find him beginning some kind of milling or manufacturing at Stockbridge, then an outlying suburb, but now incorporated with Edinburgh.

Of Robert little is known beyond Cunningham's statement that he was a most worthy man; and of the mother of the painter the only quality mentioned by the same author is her tenderness. They had two sons—William, born about 1744, and Henry, born on March 4, 1756.

The morning of the sons' lives was clouded. About the time when the kingdom was entering upon the long and fateful reign of George III. loss fell upon the Raeburn household; for, first, Robert died, and then his widow. Left orphans at an age when parental guidance is most needed, the two boys were called upon to face the world together. William had apparently been taught something of his father's business and its management, as, although only a youth of sixteen or eighteen, he is said to have continued it. Feeling in his inexperience the burden of business, he could not have had much spare energy to bestow upon domestic affairs, even upon Henry. It was accordingly decided to find a temporary home for him. It was a red-letter day in the life of Henry Raeburn when he was taken from Stockbridge to the south side of Edinburgh,

and placed in the Hospital in Lauriston which bears the name of George Heriot, Scott's "Jingling Geordie." He was then nine years of age.

Of his career there only a broad and general outline is given. He had no skill in the classics; perhaps his taste did not lie in that direction. But he received an education which enabled him afterwards to maintain on equal terms a lifelong intercourse with men of letters, and fitted him both for association with sitters of learning and rank and for the social position which he rose to command. In doing the task-work of the school he acquitted himself as other boys did. He was neither very dull, says Cunningham, nor very bright. He remained six or seven years in Heriot's.

Taken from school at the age of fifteen, the momentous question of a profession or calling had first to be settled. It is pointedly recorded that his genius did not decide for him. He had, in other words, no clear preference. Ultimately he fixed upon the industrial art of a goldsmith, and was accordingly apprenticed to Mr. Gilliland, who had reached a certain eminence in the business. That Raeburn acquired a certain amount of manual dexterity and accuracy from his work at the goldsmith's goes without saying. These qualities fitted him for miniature-painting, to which he appears to have turned soon after settling into harness at Gilliland's. He found sitters for practice among his friends and associates. In time his works attracted the attention of his master, whose treatment of his apprentice is the best available evidence of Raeburn's growing skill. His miniatures, nevertheless, have been so totally eclipsed by his oils that he is almost unknown among miniaturists. Two, of uncertain date, were included in the exhibition of his portraits held at Edinburgh in 1876. The earlier of these is a likeness of David Deuchar, engraver and etcher, and evidently belongs to the Gilliland period. The second miniature is one of Dr. Andrew Wood, and is obviously later than the Deuchar.

During the whole course of his apprenticeship, Raeburn's energy and industry were most exemplary. When Gilliland discovered the genius plainly working in his apprentice, he, with an unselfish generosity, as wise as it is rare, decided to aid its development by allowing Raeburn every reasonable opportunity for its exercise. That he had an artist-genius in his workshop awoke in him an active sympathy. This he began to show, by praising his apprentice to his customers, and subsequently, as he found that Raeburn's skill warranted his recommendation, by securing him commissions.

When relieved from the routine and drudgery of the workshop, Raeburn let ambition loose, and began to look beyond a miniaturist's career. It was then that he formed a little gallery or studio, possibly at St. Bernard's House, and seriously took up painting in oil. It is not known that he received any instruction in the art of painting, although his acquaintance with painters of the period has been traced. Emboldened by the success of his first sketches, he tried life-size portraiture, found it less difficult than he had been led to anticipate, and devoted himself to it to the end. His reputation soon spread throughout the city, and while commissions for miniatures increased in number, his life-size portraits in oil began to attract attention, and for them also sitters multiplied.

The year 1778 was the most important of Raeburn's life. Some time in the course of it he entirely threw off the light fetters of the friendly goldsmith, although only to place himself in bonds of a tenderer but stronger sort.

Young, well-mannered, good-looking, and clever, Raeburn had the world before him; but he had one failing—he was poor, without ever feeling the pinch of real poverty. Fortune, however, soon came to his relief, for one of his sitters was the Countess Leslie, whose estate, Deanhaugh, adjoined that of the Raeburns. After a brief courtship they were married and Raeburn found himself in possession of "an affectionate wife and a handsome fortune."

There is no sketch of Raeburn's early life, either artistic or literary. That he was self-reliant, resourceful, and courageous, a man to mold circumstance, is apparent from the story of his life. He was a Borderer, and seems to have been cast in the hereditary Border mold. One biographer speaks of his tall, striking figure—he stood fully six feet two in his boots—and fine, open, manly countenance. Dr. John Brown sees him in his portrait, handsome, kindly, and full of genius. Stevenson's pen-portrait of him is probably as near Raeburn as we shall ever get: "A forehead broad and ample at the brows and neither too lofty nor too salient above, eyes wide open, wide apart, serene and attentive, a nose large rather than high, and spreading at the nostrils, a long [deep is apparently meant] upper lip, a broad chin, and a mouth straightly and firmly slit across the massive face, suggest a man of real emotions and practical genius rather than one given to fictitious fancies and poetic reverie. This fine type of face . . . always accompanies sense and observation; but in Raeburn it appears at its best, balanced by a due allowance of tolerance, the contemplative faculty, and the instinctive good feeling we see in a dog, ennobled by natural wisdom, fired by sympathy and humor, refined by intellect, sentiment, and the habitual practice of an absorbing and intellectual art. He looks wise, fearless, independent; a friend, not a flatterer; a man of counsel, who would not forget the means to an end if one should ask his advice upon a project. In the case of his own art he took wise counsel with himself, and, though rich, ambitious, and in his youth untrained, he made himself a sound craftsman and an interpreter of nature, rather than a skilled adapter of styles and a clever student of decorative venerated mannerisms."

He painted, is said to have modeled, and sketched. Healthy and high-spirited, we can see him in his wanderings over Scotland, armed with sketch-book and rod, for he was an enthusiastic angler, a golfer, and a practised archer. His splendid physique needed the oiling of exercise, and his temperament compelled some kind of action. The counterpart of this was mental restlessness. His busy brain would tolerate neither loitering nor idleness. So he came to look into mechanics, practical ship-building, and the principles of naval architecture, which led him to make and test three-foot models finished in a style worthy of an ex-goldsmith. He also studied architecture, planned and built his own studio, and laid out and built all the better part of Stockbridge. In connection with that he developed what Cunningham quaintly calls "a sort of abstract love for the subtle science of the law." He paid strict attention to the formal observances of religion. Courted in society, he was

seen at his best at home. He was a skilful gardener and a learned florist. One accordingly reads with a sympathetic sense of the fitness of the climax that he devoted many an evening hour to searching out the secret of Perpetual Motion!

In 1785, accompanied by his wife, Raeburn set out towards the South. They first stopped in London, that Raeburn might pay his respects to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and here uncertainty at once begins. Very little is really known of either the practical objects or the facts of Raeburn's Continental excursion. A good deal may perchance be compressed into the phrase, "It was the custom for painters to go to Rome, and he went."

Of his doings in London, of the length of his stay there, and of what he saw, did, and studied in Rome, there is almost no certainty. He kept no diary, wrote no letters home; and if on his return he said anything of his sojourn in the Italian capital, stated any of his impressions, related anything concerning either his own occupations or the mute instruction he got from the old masters, it has nearly all passed into oblivion.

After two years of Rome Raeburn made directly for Edinburgh, halting at neither Paris nor London. His first step was to take a studio more central and more convenient for sitters than Deanhaugh. He found a suitable place in George Street.

The material facts of Raeburn's subsequent life are so few that it may be better to group them than to observe a strictly chronological sequence. In about a year, on the death of his elder brother William, he succeeded to the house and lands of St. Bernard's. This led him to give up Deanhaugh, and to move into St. Bernard's House, which had been his father's home, and was the place of his own birth. He never afterwards left it. To the mansion a good deal of land was attached. As the ground was adjacent to his wife's property, he was enabled to lay it all out upon one comprehensive plan. By doing so he became the real founder of Stockbridge. He appears both to have let on perpetual lease or feud and built, and it was in connection with these matters that he developed that "abstract love" of law to which reference has been made.

Between painting, building, gardening, angling, and golf Raeburn may be assumed to have spent the years immediately following his return from Rome. There is only one further change to record. At his studio in George Street he had a gallery well worth visiting, but, as his practice increased, he found himself cramped for space, and as Edinburgh had nothing suitable to offer, he decided to build for himself. The site he chose was in York Place. With the removal of his studio to York Place, in 1795, Raeburn settled himself for life.

Of his working habits here is Cunningham's sketch: "The motions of the artist were as regular as those of a clock. He rose at seven during summer, took breakfast about eight with his wife and children, walked up to his great room in 32 York Place, now [1829–33] occupied by Colvin Smith, R. S. A., and was ready for a sitter by nine; and of sitters he generally had, for many years, not fewer than three or four a day. To these he gave an hour and a half each. He seldom kept a sitter more than two hours, unless the person happened—and that was often the case—to be gifted with more than common talents. He never drew in his heads, or indeed any part of the body, with

chalk, but began with the brush at once. The forehead, chin, nose, and mouth were his first touches. He always painted standing, and never used a stick for resting his hand on; for such was his accuracy of eye and steadiness of nerve that he could introduce the most delicate touches, or the utmost mechanical regularity of line, without aid, or other contrivance than fair off-hand dexterity. He remained in his painting-room till a little after five o'clock, when he walked home and dined at six."

Upon the death of Raeburn Sir Walter Scott said of him: "I never knew Raeburn, I may say, till the painting of my last portrait. His conversation was rich, and he told his story well. His manly stride backwards, as he went to contemplate his work at a proper distance, and, when resolved on the necessary point to be touched, his step forward, were magnificent. I see him, in my mind's eye, with his hand under his chin, contemplating his picture, which position always brought me in mind of a figure of Jupiter which I have somewhere seen."

After his return from Rome to Edinburgh, till his death, his life is described as busy, happy, and victorious. Full of work, eager, hospitable, faithful in his friendships, homely in his habits, he was one of the best-liked men of his time. Almost at a step he rose to the summit of his profession in Scotland.

His portraits of 'Professor Andrew Duncan,' 'President Alexander Wood,' and 'William Inglis,' along with those of 'Lord President Dundas' and 'Lord Eldin,' and others unknown, caught the eye of Edinburgh. 'Principal Hill of St. Andrew's' is also grouped with early works, and as the 'Eldin' is one of Raeburn's most penetrating interpretations of character, so the 'Hill' is one of those richest in the promise of coming power.

Unfortunately, Raeburn did not date his pictures, and there is no way of determining the chronological sequence of the many portraits which followed. A few of his most remarkable and suggestive portraits belong to the closing years of the eighteenth century, although, taking them in the mass, his latest works are his best. The number of his pictures is also so great—more than seven hundred are catalogued by J. L. Caw—that it is impossible to even enumerate those of notable excellence. He did not paint pictures of or for the *bourgeoisie*. Edinburgh was aristocratic, and he painted chiefly the aristocracy of either title or intellect. This accounts for much of his good fortune in having so many sitters representative of Scotland. He not only painted the genius of Edinburgh—he perpetuated the Scottish type.

Some of Raeburn's portraits are notable by reason of their subjects; others, as works of art apart from their subjects. Of the former, Scott and Burns furnish the most notable examples. There are six portraits of Scott enumerated as the work of Raeburn. Frequently has the question been raised, and lightly dismissed unanswered, as to whether Raeburn painted an original portrait of Robert Burns. Both circumstantial and written evidence favor a negative answer. He did, however, in 1803, make a copy of Nasmyth's portrait of Burns.

'Dr. Alexander Adam,' Rector of the Royal High School of Edinburgh, painted about 1808, is one of Raeburn's most successful readings of character.

'Francis Horner' furnishes a revelation of a singularly attractive personality. 'Lord Jeffrey,' 'Lord Cockburn,' and 'Henry Mackenzie' belong to the same group as examples of the painter's power to seize and portray personal and intellectual idiosyncrasies. 'The Macnab,' which Sir Thomas Lawrence is reported to have pronounced the best representation of a human being he had ever seen, and the 'Sir John Sinclair,' both in Highland costume, are wonderful examples of Raeburn's masterly ease of realistic representation and technical skill. 'James Wardrop of Torbanehill' and 'John Wauchope' stand at or near the summit of the painter's work.

Although the opinion has been widely held that Raeburn was essentially a painter of men and that his portraits of women were inferior, his portraits of 'Lady Raeburn,' 'Mrs. James Campbell,' 'Mrs. Campbell of Balliemore,' 'Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff,' and others are among his best. The man Raeburn makes himself felt within the painter. His bearing partakes of the chivalrous deference of an old-school gentleman. The difference is felt between the character of his men and the emotional individuality of his women.

In the year 1810, when doing the best work of his artistic prime, Raeburn contemplated either settling in London or having an alternative residence there. He could hardly have been seriously dissatisfied with his position and practice in Edinburgh. The immediate cause of his entertaining a wish to leave it for London can only be surmised. Whatever may have impelled this course he went to London and was introduced by Sir David Wilkie to the members of the Royal Academy,of which Sir Thomas Lawrence was then president. The Academy at that time was corrupted by jealousy, honeycombed with intrigue, and habitually guilty of selfish favoritism. It is probable that the reception accorded Raeburn and his observation of the bitter rivalry among the painters of the capital decided him to return at once to Edinburgh, thus fixing both his whole future life and the measure of his fame.

In London, Raeburn would have risen to higher fame, perhaps have achieved a fuller artistic power, and certainly, as Henley suggests, have exercised a wider authority; but, on the other hand, he might have suffered from Academic infection.

Had the issue of Raeburn's London excursion been different, his gallery of Scots notables had lacked many of its prominent figures, and some of those the finest in art-quality. He painted without intermission to the end, almost, like Sir William Allan, dying with a brush in his hand. 'Lord Newton' belongs to about this period (1810-15), as also does the 'Lord Craig' in Parliament House, Edinburgh. After them—about 1818—came 'Sir William Gibson-Craig, Bart.;' 'John Hay,' Master of Trinity House, Leith; the fine and warm-toned 'Professor David Hume,' also in the Parliament House; the 'Kennedys of Dunure,' one or two of the 'Mackenzies of Portmore;' 'Lord Meadowbank;' 'Admiral Milne;' 'Thomas Telford,' the great engineer; his best 'Scott;' his own portrait; and, amongst ladies, the never-to-be-forgotten Misses Suttie. The 'Miss Janet Suttie' was done in 1820, and as the tale of the years allowed to Raeburn was nearing completion, the temptation comes to quote what Sir Walter Armstrong says of it, as showing that Raeburn suffered none of the

death-in-life of slow decay, but died while his genius was at its brightest: "The way in which he has done justice to the opulent charms of the young lady is an answer to those who say he could not paint a pretty woman. He has not only reproduced her beauty; he has kept the fire in her eye, the dew on her lip, the glow in her blood, and the kind thought for himself which moved her as she sat. There is more life and human feeling in this head than in any Lawrence I ever saw."

Within the opinion is a fact, and it is upon the latter that emphasis is here laid—namely, that there is no "fag-end" to the productions of Raeburn's brush, and that his latest portraits include some of his subtlest and most powerful. Taken along with his originality, his independence of convention, and the circumstance that not one of his foremost works was sent for exhibition out of Scotland, the matters noted may explain the late arrival of the honors of his life. At the last they sought him; he did not seek them. Cunningham hints at his feeling uneasy by reason of the seeming neglect of the Academies, both at home and abroad, but Raeburn himself makes no sign of eagerly desiring their recognition.

Raeburn was, in any event, elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1814, and an Academician in 1815. He waited until 1821 before sending 'A Boy and Rabbit' as his diploma work. Thereafter, he was admitted member of the Imperial Academy of Florence; in 1817, an honorary member of the New York Academy of the Fine Arts; and in 1821, a similar honor was conferred upon him by the Academy of Arts of South Carolina. He was also admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

The next year is marked with a red letter in the annals of Edinburgh. In the autumn of 1822 George IV. paid his long-remembered visit to Scotland. Raeburn was rather surprised to receive intimation that the king intended to knight him, "as a mark of his approbation of your distinguished merit as a painter." On the following day he went to Hopetoun House, and had there conferred upon him the rank of knighthood. The handsome and courtier-like Raeburn made such an impression upon His Majesty that he is said to have wished to make the knighthood a baronetcy, and to have been deterred solely by consideration for the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who only secured the lesser honor.

The king had expressed a wish that Sir Henry should paint a portrait of him, and invited him to London for that purpose, but Raeburn was never able to comply. In May, 1823, the king appointed Raeburn his "limner and painter in Scotland, with all fees, profits, salaries, rights, privileges, and advantages thereto belonging."

Raeburn was then in his sixty-eighth year, but he had lived carefully and temperately, and was a young man for his years, to all appearance blessed with a good constitution, and possessing abounding health and vigor.

Sir Henry died on July 8, 1823, and conventional expressions of regret were made by Lawrence and Wilkie for the Royal Academy, and at a meeting of the Edinburgh Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland. He was buried in the enclosure at the east end of St. John's Church (Scottist

Episcopal) at the west end of Princes Street, Edinburgh. His grave remained unmarked until a few years ago, when an anonymous admirer had a tablet let into the wall to indicate the spot where the painter was laid. Another anonymous connoisseur had a life-size statue of him by Pittendrigh Macgillivray, R. S. A., placed in one of the niches in the Scottish Portrait Gallery in Queen Street. Standing in the northeast corner turret of the building, Raeburn, by a happy thought of the sculptor, appears to be looking down York Place towards his old studio.—ABRIDGED FROM EDWARD PINNINGTON'S 'SIR HENRY RAEBURN'

The Art of Raeburn

SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG 'SCOTTISH PAINTERS'

IT is not unlikely that Raeburn would have risen into the first rank of artists had the conditions been more favorable. His portraits show a unity and coherence of conception, combined with a free certainty of handling, that is only to be excelled in the work of two or three very famous men. His color is of the negative kind. It gives neither pain nor much active pleasure. Now and then it shows a tendency to heat, but as a rule it is simply quiescent. His skill as a harmonist is shown, however, when he had something trying to do. The portrait of Nathaniel Spens, in the Archers' Hall in Edinburgh, is an instance of this. To paint tartan at all is difficult; but when the tartan is a *criant* green and spread smoothly over the whole stature of an athletic archer of six feet or more the task becomes stupendous. And yet Raeburn triumphed. The picture was at Burlington House a few years ago, and excited enthusiasm among English painters. The secret of its success lies in its simplicity—a simplicity won by careful thought, by freedom from discord in color, and by breadth and finality in execution. Perhaps a still finer example of the same sort of skill is the full-length portrait of Colonel Alastair Macdonnell of Glengarry, which at present hangs, as a loan, in the Scottish National Gallery. Breadth and simplicity of lighting and handling could not easily be carried farther, and the warm tints of the tartan gave an opportunity for a richer scheme of color than that in the picture in Archers' Hall. Raeburn's notion of color was that of a modern Frenchman. Quality of tint he did not feel much for; truth of value and harmony he aimed at. In his letters from Madrid, Wilkie continually mentions the handling of Velasquez as reminding him of Raeburn; and those who have lately been admiring the Duke of Wellington's magnificent 'Innocent X.' at the Old Masters will understand what he meant. The Velasquez has a force and completeness far beyond that of Raeburn's work at its best. It was painted by a man who had grown up among the great schools; who lived with Titians and Tintorettos, and had about him crowds of painters, who, slight as their talents may seem in comparison with his, sufficed at least to drive him to perfect his powers. Raeburn, on the other hand,

when his short visit to Italy had faded in his memory, had no person or thing to "make a pace" for him. His fine taste compelled him to do work that was good, but its stimulus was not enough to make a man without ambition develop his resources to the full. His pictures seldom give an opening for positive criticism. So far as they go, they come near perfection. But the range of his chiaroscuro is too short; his shadows and his high lights are too near each other, which leads to a want of depth and roundness in his modeling, and generally to a want of force. This comes partly, no doubt, from his habit of painting without a rest for his hand. That would lead him to simplify handling as far as possible and to adopt that system of large, square brush-strokes which is more conspicuous with him than with any other painter. With Raeburn these strokes are apt to be too large, so that his breadth occasionally degenerates almost into emptiness, or at least into what would be emptiness but for the consummate knowledge shown in what *is* given. An instance of this is to be seen in the portrait of Francis Horner, now at Bethnal Green. Splendid work up to a certain point, it wants to be carried farther. I do not say this because I have any hankering after "finish," but because I can see that here the painter's own conception would profit by more force and definition.

EDWARD PINNINGTON 'SIR HENRY RAEBURN'

HE developed along the line springing from the early 'Chalmers of Pittencrieff,' passing through the 'Newton,' 'Robison,' and 'Bannatyne,' and reaching his polished maturity in the 'Wauchope' and 'Wardrop' and female portraits. In the middle period of his evolution Raeburn built his heads in squares. There is no Rembrandtesque subtlety in his brush-work, almost no mystery in his technique, as there is in that of Velasquez. He did not aim at fineness of complex texture. Every touch of the brush leaves a rectangular impress upon the unprepared canvas, and, looked at closely, the result is akin to inlaying after the manner of Henri Deux ware, cellular enamel (cloisonné), or mosaic. The edges are almost as well defined as those of the cells of metal ribbon in the enamel. Distance was necessary to the fusion of the brush-marks, and when Raeburn looked at his work from the far end of his painting-room the sharpness of the edges disappeared, and the planes or brush-marks seemed to run together into a vigorously modeled face. The subsequent change in his method was towards a more evenly graded roundness. The square touch disappears in the softer curves of reality. He may have been led to his later manner by his practice in the portraiture of women, whose finer features and more delicate color could not be rendered so successfully by square-painting as those of the more pronounced masculine type. That, in any event, is the point at which he arrived, and whether the Earl of Home's 'Scott' was the last work he touched or not, it marks the outermost limit of Raeburn's evolution in respect of technique and style.

Raeburn's method stands in no need of further explanation. His intention was to be absolutely true to nature, and to reach that aim he was compelled to treat details as they actually came into his vision relatively to his sitter. His vision, that is, was concentrated on his model; of anything else he had only

an indistinct impression. He never, therefore, obtruded accessories to the division of attention with his principal subject.

Even beyond the play of light and its transformations of color and surface Raeburn sought vitality, the inner life which includes character and temperament, or sentient individuality. In that also he followed nature, followed her into the inmost recesses of humanity. Only by adhering to nature did he secure variety. He did not pass all his sitters through one mechanical process, or turn them out of a common mold. He differentiated them not less in mental characteristics than in physical form.

In flesh-painting his leaning is towards a grateful warmth. His faces are aglow with health, pulsing blood, and the vigor of life, and that is undoubtedly the quality which seated him firmly in popular favor, and has contributed greatly to his retention of a position in the front rank of portrait-painters. Living nature was his theme, and in none of his portraits is there seen a lifeless counterfeit of humanity. Raeburn undoubtedly possessed ideality, but he did not idealize in the sense of exaltation to imagined perfection. This is exemplified in the almost intangible, curiously subtle blending in 'The Macnab' of the "character" with the Chief of the Highland clan. The 'Lady Raeburn' is worth a volume upon the placid repose of matrimonial peace and confidence. There is meaning eloquence even in the folded arms. The sunshine of a life is throbbing in the paint. In many other portraits —the 'Admiral Duncan,' 'Lord Eldin,' 'Dr. Spens'—is an idea subsidiary to the artistic *motif*. Its expression gives measurable perfectness to the portrait. It enriches the color with thought and purpose; impregnates the pigments with suggestions of the actual but unseen adjuncts of life. In its most obvious forms the judge sits on the judgment-seat, the archer stands at the butts, the Highland chief is seen amidst the mists and bens of the North, the connoisseur dilutes law with art, the naval commander is afloat, the romancist sits brooding amongst medieval ruins weaving the web of story.

In these ways Raeburn idealized, and it is with a feeling akin to regret that the distinction must be drawn between subject-interest and technique. It is, nevertheless, true that for supreme artistic excellence it is with his simplest portraits—'Scott,' 'Wardrop,' 'Wauchope'—that the high-water mark of his command of his craft is drawn. The 'Sinclair' is dexterous, but the 'Wardrop' is masterly. In the triad named there is ideality, but refined into a quality to be felt rather than analyzed. In the earlier group is seen the working of that form of imagination which does not create out of nothing, but vivifies the actual. In such manner vitality and ideality in his art run together. They fuse like the colors in a face, and can hardly be traced in separate operation in a nature singularly impressionable and fruitful.

In speaking of Raeburn as "The Scottish Master," it is not intended to identify him, as artist, with one country more than another, or to impute a local accent to his artistry. That his subjects are types is due to the decision of the Scottish character which they represent, and in nowise to his art. His were the penetration, sharpened by sympathy, to read the character, and the skill to portray it in color.

Raeburn made no appeal to patriotism by entering the field of history; but he preserved for us the effigies of many who made history, especially that of literature. He painted a whole generation of those amongst whom he lived, and in them supplied a key to their life and time. To many of them a lasting personal interest attaches, but it is less in them than in his art that Raeburn lives. He was the technical forerunner of the later portrait-painters of France, who led to Sargent and the dashing breadth of Robert Brough. A good portrait by him is a revelation of the joyousness of life. He could not only read human nature, with all its complexities and shades of distinction, but he had the faculty of phrasing his perceptions in color. His sitters might be racial types, but he merged the typical aspect in the individual; and, in the power of individualizing his models, while never losing sight of pictorial effect, it is doubtful if, at least among modern painters, he has a superior.

JOHN BROWN 'SPARE HOURS'

SIR HENRY RAEBURN is the greatest of Scottish portrait-painters. Others may have painted one or more as excellent portraits, but none of these has given to the world such a profusion of masterpieces. Indeed, Sir Henry's name may stand with those of the world's greatest men in this department of art. There is a breadth and manliness, a strength and felicity of likeness and of character, and a simplicity and honesty of treatment which are found only in men of primary genius.

Raeburn stands nearly alone among the great portrait-painters in having never painted anything else. This does not prove that he was without the ideal faculty. No man can excel as a portrait-painter—no man can make the soul look out from a face—who wants it. The best likeness of a man should be the ideal of him realized. As Coleridge used to say, "A great portrait should be liker than its original;" it should contain more of the best, more of the essence of the man, than ever was in any one living look.

I end with the following excellent estimate of Raeburn's merits as an artist: "His style was free and bold, his coloring rich, deep, and harmonious. He had a peculiar power of rendering the head of his figure bold, prominent, and imposing. The strict fidelity of his representations may in a great degree be attributed to his invariable custom of painting, whether the principal figure or the minutest accessory, from the person or the thing itself, never giving a single touch from memory or conjecture. It has been judiciously said that all who are conversant with the practice of the art must have observed how often the spirit which gave life and vigor to a first sketch has gradually evaporated as the picture advanced to its more finished state. To preserve the spirit, combined with the evanescent delicacies and blendings which nature on minute inspection exhibits, constitutes a perfection of art to which few have attained. If the works of Sir Henry Raeburn fail to exhibit this rare combination in that degree, to this distinction they will always have a just claim—that they possess a freedom, a vigor, and a spirit of effect, and carry an impression of grace, life, and reality, which may be looked for in vain amidst thousands of pictures, both ancient and modern, of more elaborate execution and minute finish."

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'OLD ENGLISH MASTERS'

THE best painter, in a technical sense, among all our so-called English masters was not an Englishman, but a Scotchman—Sir Henry Raeburn. Handling—the power to use the brush with certainty and ease—was his in a large degree. He could hardly be called an imaginative artist, nor was he a draftsman or a colorist beyond the ordinary; but in the Manet sense he was quite a perfect painter. There are artists in history who seem to have been born to the brush rather than to the crayon—artists who take to paint as instinctively as swans to water. The names of Frans Hals and Velasquez come to mind at once as the chiefs of the class; and yet, in a smaller way, Tiepolo, Teniers, Goya, and Raeburn were just as truly to the manner born. Wilkie, when studying Velasquez in Spain, was continually reminded of the "square touch" of Raeburn. The resemblance in method—in a way of seeing and doing things—could not fail of notice. The men were of the same brotherhood, if not of the same rank, and in eye and hand they were both preëminently painters.

There was nothing remarkable in Raeburn's art, aside from his simple point of view, his grasp of the portrait presence, and his mastery of the brush. He had little subtlety, shrewdness, or depth; little decorative sense in either line or color. His coloring was sober, often somber; or if brilliant, it was shrill, or perhaps false in its lighting. Tone was a feature he never quite mastered, and atmosphere bothered him whenever he tried to give a naturalistic background. He lacked knowledge of the aerial envelop, just as he failed in the perception of the relation of objects one to another. The isolated figure he did very well, but the grouped or related figure baffled him.

TIMOTHY COLE 'OLD ENGLISH MASTERS'

IT is to Edinburgh one must go to see Raeburn, where, at the National Gallery of Scotland, it is impossible not to be instantly impressed with his force and superiority as a portrait-painter. It is in the vigor of his light and shade, and the noble conception and large presentment of his subject—"the simple and powerful treatment," as Wilkie expresses it—rather than in any minor resemblance of peculiarity of touch, that Raeburn may be said to possess something in common with Velasquez. Should, however, the experiment be made of placing these masters side by side, it would be seen that the simplicity of the Scotchman lacked the subtlety of the Spaniard, and that his "powerful mode of treatment" would have much that was coarse and bold and harsh about it.

However this may be, it in no way disturbs or mitigates our appreciation and enjoyment of such splendid work as the portrait of Lord Newton or the more charming and delectable 'Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff.' What a contrast these two busts present to each other—the virile quality of the man and the loveliness of the woman! How grandly the former fills the canvas! The sweeping line which the shoulders make from one end of the picture to the other is not to be surpassed in its suggestion of dignity by anything in the British school. The portrait of Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff ranks among the great-

est examples of English portraiture. The supreme charm of the head, to my thinking, is the unconscious grace of mind that enwraps it, the perfect ease and unaffected simplicity of good sense which it embodies. The whole treatment of this beautiful canvas is different from the majority of Raeburn's works. It conveys no sense of direct handling. It is more subtle, flatter, and more smoothly painted; the evidences of its workmanship are not apparent.

RICHARD MUTHER 'THE HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING'

HE was a born painter. Wilkie says in one of his letters from Madrid that the pictures of Velasquez put him in mind of Raeburn; and certain works of the Scot, such as the portrait of Lord Newton, the famous *bon vivant* and doughty drinker, are indeed performances of such powerful build that comparison with this mighty name is no profanation here. At a time when there was a danger that portraiture would sink in the hands of Lawrence into an insipid painting of prettiness Raeburn stood alone by the simplicity and naturalistic impressiveness of his likenesses. The three hundred and twenty-five portraits by him which were exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1876 gave as exhaustive a picture of the life of Edinburgh at the close of the century as those of Sir Joshua gave of the life of London. All the celebrated Scotchmen of his time—Robertson, Hume, Ferguson, and Scott—were painted by him; altogether he took over six hundred likenesses, and if this number seems small compared with the two thousand of Reynolds, Raeburn's artistic qualities are almost the greater. The secret of his success lies in his vigorous healthiness, in the indescribable *furia* of his brush, in the harmony and truth of his color-values. His figures are informed by a startling intensity of life. His old pensioners and his sailors, in particular, have something kingly in the grand air of their calm and noble countenances. Armstrong has given him a place between Frans Hals and Velasquez, and occasionally his conception of color even recalls the modern Frenchmen, as it were Manet in his Hals period. He paints his models as they come into contact with him in life, in the frank light of day and without any attempt at the dusk of the old masters; of raiment he gives only as much as the comprehension of the picture demands, and depicts character with large and simple traits.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON 'VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE'

HE looked people shrewdly between the eyes, surprised their manners in their faces, and had possessed himself of what was essential in their characters before they had been many minutes in his studio. What he was so swift to perceive he conveyed to the canvas almost in the moment of conception. He had never any difficulty, he said, about either hands or faces. About draperies or light or composition he might see room for hesitation or afterthought; but a face or a hand was something plain and legible. There were no two ways about it, any more than about a person's name. And so each of his portraits is not only (in Dr. Johnson's phrase, aptly quoted on the catalogue) "a piece of history," but a piece of biography into the bargain. It is devoutly to be wished that all biography were equally amusing, and carried its own credentials equally upon its face. These portraits are racier than many anecdotes,

and more complete than many a volume of sententious memoirs. You can see whether you get a stronger and clearer idea of Robertson the historian from Raeburn's palette or Dugald Stewart's woolly and evasive periods. And then the portraits are both signed and countersigned. For you have, first, the authority of the artist, whom you recognize as no mean critic of the looks and manners of men; the next you have the tacit acquiescence of the subject, who sits looking out upon you with inimitable innocence, and apparently under the impression that he is in a room by himself. For Raeburn could plunge at once through all the constraint and embarrassment of the sitter, and present the face clear, open, and intelligent as at the most disengaged moments.

The Works of Raeburn

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'PORTRAIT OF MRS. STRACHAN' — PLATE I

ALTHOUGH this portrait is not one of the famous examples of the painter's works, nor even described by his biographers, it is nevertheless worthy of being included in the same class with his other portraits of women.

The dress is white and the mantle a rich reddish purple. The eyes are blue and the hair light chestnut with gleams of bronze and gold. The background is brown, very dark in the shadows and lighter about the head. The picture, now in the Worcester Art Museum, was exhibited in Boston in 1903 at the Copley Society's exhibition of Portraits of Fair Women.

'PORTRAIT OF LORD NEWTON' — PLATE II

LORD CHARLES HAY of Newton was born in 1740 and died in 1811. He was called to the bar in 1768, and became a Lord of Sessions in 1806. He was a man of extraordinary force, both of body and intellect. Dr. John Brown fitly characterizes him as shown in Raeburn's portrait: "full-blooded, full-brained, taurine with potential vigor. His head is painted with Rabelaisian richness; you cannot but believe when you look at the vast countenance the tales of his feats in thinking and in drinking, and in general capacity of body and mind."

This portrait was painted near the end of Lord Newton's life, and very deftly subordinates the grossness of the massive model while still retaining the impression of power which Dr. Brown so aptly refers to as "taurine." This word is admirably descriptive of a man who, Mr. Caw reminds us, was popularly known as "the mighty."

The picture is now in the National Gallery of Scotland at Edinburgh. It shows the head and bust of the sitter, with the round and ruddy shaven face looking straight out, the head covered with a powdered wig, and the shoulders, enveloped in the red of a judge's robe, turned slightly to the left. Light falls from the left front, and is concentrated upon the face and upper part of the white bands. The background is very dark brown, the lower part of the figure

obscured in shadow. The technique is that of Raeburn's mature style, the paint applied simply and boldly with square touches. The picture measures two and one-half feet high by a little over two feet wide.

'MRS. FERGUSON AND CHILDREN' PLATE III

THIS is one of Raeburn's earlier pictures, ascribed by Pinnington to the year 1781, while the painter was still living at Deanhaugh. Later he painted several other portraits of different members of the family of "Fergusons of Raith." The scheme of color is very simple and pleasing—the lady and girl in white, the boy in brown, foliage also brown, with landscape setting. The lighting is akin to that in the 'Chalmers of Pittencrieff.' A side-front light is thrown upon the figures, and a sunlit sky illuminates the background. It is a bold experiment, but justified by the artistic result, and was frequently repeated by the artist in after years. Mrs. Ferguson has a somewhat conscious look, the painter obviously not having reached his later power of putting his sitters at their ease. This, too, is one of many cases in which Raeburn is not happy in his presentment of children, his success with whom is most brilliantly demonstrated in 'The Binning Boys.'

'PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT' PLATE IV

RAEBURN painted six portraits of Sir Walter Scott. One of these was done in Scott's youth, and one, in the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, is a replica. About the remaining four, which hold a place in literature as well as art, there is a great diversity of opinion, and there are many variant statements. The first was painted for Constable in 1808. On the sale of his effects it was acquired by the Duke of Buccleuch, and after hanging for a time in Dalkeith Palace was transferred to the ducal residence of Bowhill. It is a full-length. Scott, dressed in black and wearing Hessian boots, sits upon a ruined wall with "Camp" at his feet, and in the distance are Hermitage Castle and the mountains of Liddesdale. "Camp" is the English bull-terrier of which Sir Walter wrote on the day of its death, that he could not dine out because "a very dear friend" had died.

In the following year, 1809, Raeburn painted a second full-length portrait of Scott, for which he had several additional sittings. He added to the canine companions of his sitter, and changed the background to the valley of Yarrow.

Raeburn painted two half-lengths of Scott in 1822–23, of which Morrison's account is the most circumstantial. He says that Raeburn had expressed regret to him that Sir Walter had declined again to sit to him, and he thought that his previous portraits of Scott had a heavy look. He found the romancist a restless sitter. Scott, on the other hand, complained, "Not only myself, but my very dog growls when he observes a painter preparing his palette." Morrison, however, succeeded in persuading Sir Walter to sit, although he did it grudgingly.

"I have been painted so often," he said, "that I am sick of the thing, especially since, with the exception of Raeburn's old portrait, I can only see so many old shoemakers or blue-gown beggars."

When Scott met Raeburn for the first sitting, he told him he might find a customer for the picture.

"You may for a copy, Sir Walter," Raeburn replied; "but the portrait that I am now painting is for myself, although it may find its way, in time, into your own family."

A copy of this portrait, Morrison adds, was painted for Lord Montagu; "but the original is in the possession of the painter's only son, Henry Raeburn, Esq., of St. Bernard's." According to Mr. Douglas, Lord Montagu got his choice of the two. The one he took remained at Ditton, near Windsor, until 1845, when, on Lord Montagu's death, it become the property of his son-in-law, the Earl of Home, and was removed (1889) to The Hirsel, Coldstream. This is the picture reproduced in this issue of MASTERS IN ART. Mr. Douglas continues: "The replica remained in the artist's possession, and the engraving referred to [by Scott] was made from it by Mr. Walker, and published in 1826. . . . I do not know what became of the original, which may be identified by an official chain round the neck not introduced in the Montagu picture."

Of the two half-lengths, which were painted at the same time, Mr. Douglas has traced one to The Hirsel. He says the other remained in the artist's possession. That, however, is the one with the chain round the neck. On Raeburn's death it passed to his family, and, according to the catalogue, was lent by them to the Raeburn exhibition of 1876. It was acquired from them by Mr. Arthur Sanderson. This, and not the Montagu copy, is the picture that was engraved in stipple by Walker in 1826. The two pictures are very much alike, and Lockhart describes the Montagu as "a massive, strong likeness, heavy at first sight, but which grows into favor upon better acquaintance—the eyes very deep and fine."

'PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN SINCLAIR' PLATE V

THE portrait of Sir John Sinclair, Bart., of Ulbster, is assigned to the period between 1795 and 1800. Sir John is described by Pinnington as "in the uniform of a militia officer, scarlet coat, tartan trews and plaid, sporran, holding his feather bonnet in his right hand depending by his side, a red and buff sash, and yellow lacings in the trews. The head, wreathed round with its fleece of wavy locks, is one of the finest Raeburn ever had for a model. The face is aristocratic, imperious, but expressive of bravery and inborn nobility."

Pinnington continues: "The painter's problem was obviously with a dress which, although picturesque in fact, is difficult in art, and Raeburn solved it by dint of consummate skill, admirable technique, good taste, and sheer audacity. Out of the discords of color and the tartan pattern he has somehow contrived a harmony. And yet no selection attracts attention, and no departure from the realism of details makes itself felt."

The picture was at the Glasgow International Exhibition in 1901, and the Exhibition scarcely held an equal study, so deep and so informing, of fearless and clever brush-work. Beside it, other portraits, or the majority of them,

were simplicity itself. As an executant, Raeburn probably never rose above the 'Sinclair.' How did he do it? In the first place, he accepted the facts. They were there before him, and it was his business to make the most of them. He began by concentrating attention upon the head—the usual practice. To do this he first half concealed the hands, the right partly hidden by the bonnet, the other doubled back, the knuckles resting upon the hip, so that little more is seen than the wrist. To emphasize the head, he set it against the dark, clouded background of the upper sky, and so brought it into strong relief; the costume he treated in a diametrically opposite manner, softening the scarlet and Sinclair tartan by the cool gray of the lower sky, and slightly shadowing the lower part of the figure. But a yet finer and more subtle skill is found in the almost elusive grading or modulation of the brighter tints. In regard to them, suggestion almost insensibly takes the place of the crude statement of reality, and the device is justified by ocular facts. The eye, that naturally seeks the noble head, takes but comparatively cursory cognizance of the dress, for, after duly meeting all the claims of truth and fidelity to his model, Raeburn's object was the portrait of a man, and not that of a uniform. The 'Sinclair' is probably unique in the painter's practice.

'PORTRAIT OF MRS. CAMPBELL OF BALLIEMORE' PLATE VI

MRS. CAMPBELL (Christina Lamond Drummond) was the wife of Colonel Dougald Campbell of Balliemore. This picture, painted about 1795, represents an elderly but fresh-complexioned lady, the type of female beauty in age, which Raeburn never surpassed. "The carnations are singularly luminous, neither has the rose faded from her cheek nor the light from her eye. In youth she must have been beautiful and winsome; years have only invested her with a new fascination." She is in three-quarter length, seated to the right in a green garden seat beneath a gray tree-trunk and russet foliage. Her costume is a white dress with an overgown of greenish gray and a black shoulder cape, the ends of which fall in front, and one hand is gloved in gray. Her eyes are brown, and on her gray hair is a white kerchief.

The picture is now in the National Gallery of Scotland at Edinburgh and measures a little over four feet high by three feet four inches wide.

'PORTRAIT OF JOHN WAUCHOPE' PLATE VII

JOHN WAUCHOPE, Esq., W. S., son of Andrew Wauchope of Niddrie (whose portrait Raeburn also painted), was born in 1751 and died in 1828.

"What special quality in his models moved the painter cannot be told," says Edward Pinnington, "although it may be guessed at, but both the 'Wardrop' and the 'Wauchope' portraits bear evidence that his artistic consciousness was stirred to its depths. His brush seems to have hung upon the features with a lingering love, as if unwilling to lay the last touch upon the canvas, and so, in finished completeness, to leave the heads it had created and vitalized. In the 'Wauchope' the lighting is supremely well managed. The eyes, upper lip, and neck are in shadow thrown by brow, nose, and chin from an almost directly overhead light, giving decided form to the well-marked features, and

softening the expression into all that can be imagined of gentleness, mildness, and suave urbanity."

The figure is shown to the waist, leaning back in a chair, and is turned towards the left, while the genial face is almost full front and slightly inclined to one side. The coat is very dark blue, showing a double-breasted white waistcoat. The left arm, brought across the lower edge of the picture, is obscured by a cast shadow blending into the warm gray background.

The picture is now in the National Gallery of Scotland, and measures two and one-half feet high by a little over two feet wide.

'PORTRAIT OF MRS. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF' PLATE VIII

MRS. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF (Margaritta Macdonald) was the wife of R. Scott-Moncrieff, afterwards Scott-Moncrieff Welwood. This picture, now in the National Gallery of Scotland at Edinburgh, shows the head and shoulders of the sitter, with the head, beautifully poised on the thin neck, turned to the right and tilted backward. The hair clusters in a big wavy curl on each brow, shadowing the eyes, for the light falls from the left front, and the farther cheek melts softly into the dark brown background. Over the low square-cut gown of mellow white is a loose red cloak which envelops the shoulders, and, hanging open in front, is caught together near the bottom of the canvas.

In portraying the freshness of youth, the bloom of female loveliness, Raeburn was very successful. The 'Mrs. Scott-Moncrieff' is an outstanding illustration both of his splendid artistry and of his appreciation of the points of his model. "A like perfectness of modeling," says Pinnington, "can only be found in the masterpieces of art. The carnations are translucent and luscious, warm and deep. The 'Scott-Moncrieff' is lapped in a sweet artistic perfume, rare and refreshing. Sparing glimpses of the red robe go, with the delicious flesh-painting, the dark-brown hair lightly tossed above the brow, and the white dress, to make a color scheme most simple and refined."

The picture is two and one-half feet high by a little over two feet wide.

'PORTRAIT OF JAMES WARDROP OF TORBANEHILL' PLATE IX

"IF one were asked to name Raeburn's two greatest portraits, there could be small risk of error in bracketing 'Mrs. James Campbell' with 'James Wardrop of Torbanehill.' If Raeburn had no other claim to the rank of master his right might safely be rested upon these two works." This is the judgment of Edward Pinnington. The same writer, continuing, says of this picture: "In respect of all the finer, more evasive qualities of art, a portrait which made for itself a center, and became a standard of comparison in the Edinburgh Loan Exhibition of 1901, is that of 'James Wardrop of Torbanehill.' In masterly achievement it stands at or near the summit of Raeburn's work. The shading is a miracle of delicacy, a triumph shared by eye and hand, and the modeling has a tenderness and reserved strength which the painter never excelled. The aged face rises from the dark background with a spirituality

akin to that of sculptured marble, and a beauty that baffles description—a beauty of its own both human and artistic."

'THE MACNAB' PLATE X

FRANCIS, twelfth Laird of Macnab, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Breadalbane Fencibles, was born in 1734 and died in 1816. He is said to have been a "character," and the portrait shows more of the "character" than of the officer or the Highland chief. He is not an attractive subject. Dressed in the Highland costume, the uniform of his regiment, he stands at full length in a Highland landscape. The picture is nevertheless powerfully conceived and painted, done with the masterly ease of Raeburn in the plenitude of his power. For literal truth of characterization and technical execution it is indeed remarkable, and there is no wonder that Sir Thomas Lawrence should admire it and should speak of it (as already quoted) as the best representation of a human being he had ever seen.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY RAEBURN IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

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Fra Filippo Lippi

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI
MADONNA AND CHILD WITH TWO ANGELS
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

UofM

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL
[467]

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI
THE ANNUNCIATION
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI
THE NATIVITY
ACADEMY, FLORENCE

U of M

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI
THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE
CHURCH OF SANTO SPIRITO, PRATO

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI
THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN
ACADEMY, FLORENCE

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI
ADORATION OF THE CHILD
BERLIN GALLERY

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI
MADONNA AND CHILD
PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

UofM

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI
MADONNA ENTHRONED
LOUVRE, PARIS

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI
THE FUNERAL OF ST. STEPHEN
CATHEDRAL, PRATO

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI
THE FEAST OF HEROD
CATHEDRAL, PRATO

PORTRAIT OF FRA FILIPPO LIPPI BY HIMSELF
FROM 'THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN,' ACADEMY, FLORENCE

In the lower right-hand corner of his picture of 'The Coronation of the Virgin,' reproduced in plate v of the present number of this SERIES, Filippo Lippi introduced this portrait of himself. His monk's gown and tonsured head give the appearance of a man much older than thirty-five, the age of Fra Filippo when he completed his famous altar-piece for the nuns of Sant' Ambrogio.

Fra Filippo Lippi

BORN 1406(?): DIED 1469
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

FILIPPO LIPPI was the son of a butcher, Tommaso di Lippo by name, whose home was in a little by-street of Florence, near the Church of the Carmine, where, about the year 1406, Filippo was born. Soon after the child's birth his mother, Mona Antonia, died, and two years later his father also died, leaving him, without means for his support, to the care of an aunt, Mona Lapaccia. Although herself very poor, Mona Lapaccia took charge of the orphan boy until he had reached his eighth year, when, no longer able to bear the expense, she took counsel with the friars of the neighboring convent of the Carmine, and, acting on their advice, intrusted him to their care. Thus it happened that Filippo at the early age of eight entered the convent walls, and, instead of running wild in the streets of Florence, found himself watched over and protected by the sedate monks, who sought to train the unruly little urchin in ways adapted to the regular routine of cloistered life. They taught the boy to read and write, but beyond that failed to inspire him with any love of learning or ambition to excel his companions in the novices' school. "Instead of studying," says Vasari, "he never did anything but daub his own books and those of his schoolmates with childish drawings, whereupon the prior determined to give him all means and every facility for learning how to paint."

Encouraged in this way by the indulgent prior, who plainly saw that if the boy was to add glory to the Order it would be by his art rather than by his learning, Filippo gave himself up to his favorite pursuit. Before long he was sent as a pupil, so it is said, to Lorenzo Monaco, whose skill in the art of miniature-painting had added great luster to the fame of the Camaldolese Convent of Santa Maria degli Angeli, of which he was a member. From him Filippo acquired that skill in the management of glazes which distinguishes his works in later life, but still stronger influences perceptible in his art were derived from the Dominican painter-monk Fra Angelico, and from the frescos in the Brancacci Chapel of the Church of the Carmine, which were begun in 1423 by Masolino da Panicale, one of the pioneers of the new movement in painting, and were continued by Masolino's great pupil, Masaccio, who took up the work probably in 1425.

Four years before that, in June, 1421, Filippo Lippi, then fifteen years old,

had taken the vows of a Carmelite friar; but though a member of the Order, he continued to devote himself to his chosen profession. It is related that he was in the habit of spending many hours in the dimly lighted chapel of the convent absorbed in watching Masaccio, his senior by some five years, as he traced upon its walls those frescos which were destined to revolutionize painting, and that so deeply was he impressed by the instruction he thus imbibed that people used to say that "Masaccio's spirit had entered into the body of the younger painter."

With few exceptions Filippo Lippi's earliest works were frescos, all of which unfortunately have been destroyed, partly by time and partly by fire in 1771. As the young monk grew older, and through his art came more into touch with the sculptors and painters of his day, whose free untrammeled lives were in marked contrast with his own narrow existence, the monotonous conventual life which had been forced upon him became well-nigh unbearable to his joyous, pleasure-loving nature, and he determined to abandon the enforced seclusion of the convent. Indolent and self-indulgent though he was, he nevertheless now applied himself with redoubled diligence to his art as the only means of escape from a life totally uncongenial to his tastes. That he never, as Vasari asserts, "threw off the clerical habit," but, on the contrary, lived and died a Carmelite monk, wearing the habit of his Order, continuing to receive ecclesiastical appointments, and remaining on terms of cordial friendship with his cloistered brethren, indicates that in leaving the monastery for the outer world it was with the full consent and approval of his prior, who, indeed, together with the monks under his jurisdiction, seems ever to have freely condoned the frequent sins and follies of the painter.

The moment chosen by Fra Filippo for his return to the world could not have been more favorable. "Florence," writes Mr. Strutt, "was then going through a period of glorious transition. Her politics, her philosophy, her arts, even her religion, were alike affected by this momentous evolution which culminated in the Renaissance. The Republic, about to fall a prey to the ambition of the Medici, was shedding its last bright rays, nominally still ruled by the greater gilds, but in reality sustained and swayed by those *nobili popolani* in whom art and learning found as generous and enlightened patrons as Cosimo de' Medici and his successors were to be."

According to Vasari, Fra Filippo was first brought to the notice of Cosimo through his great 'Coronation of the Virgin' which he was commissioned to paint in 1434; but it is highly probable that immediately after leaving the convent, three years before that date, he began to work for the future ruler of Florence, for a 'Nativity,' now in the Florence Academy, was painted for Cosimo's wife earlier than the Coronation picture. Moreover, if Vasari and other early writers are correct in their statement that Fra Filippo painted some of his works in Padua in the Church of Sant' Antonio—works which exist no longer —it may well be that when, in 1433, Cosimo de' Medici was banished to that city for political reasons Filippo formed one of his suite.

More doubtful is another statement made by Vasari: that the friar, after leaving the Carmine convent, went one day to the march or province of An-

cona, where he amused himself by going out to sea in a small boat with certain of his friends, and that all were taken captive by a Moorish galley cruising in the vicinity, and carried off to Barbary, where Filippo Lippi remained a prisoner for a year and a half, suffering many hardships, until, one day, taking a piece of charcoal from the fire, he drew on a white wall a full-length portrait of his master robed in his Moorish vestments, with which the latter was so pleased, regarding it as nothing short of a miracle that Fra Filippo could so portray him, that he caused the painter to be liberated from his chains. "Afterwards," continues the chronicler, "Filippo executed certain works in painting for his master, and was then conducted safely to Naples." While there is no existing proof that this story is apocryphal, it is nevertheless generally regarded as an invention of Vasari's. No trace can be found of Fra Filippo's stay either in Ancona or Naples, nor indeed any evidence of his having been absent from Florence at that time.

Upon Cosimo de' Medici's triumphant return to Florence and his accession to power as the virtual prince of that city, Fra Filippo found himself in high favor. It cannot be denied that at times the friar's idle and dissolute habits sorely tried his patron, but on the whole Cosimo seems to have regarded the lively monk's numerous escapades with indulgence. On one occasion, it is said, despairing of the completion of a certain picture on which Fra Filippo had long been engaged, he caused him to be locked up in a room of the Medici Palace, "that he might not waste his time running about;" but one night the friar, having wearied of his imprisonment, cut his bedclothes into strips, knotted them into a rope, and let himself down from the window to join a band of merrymakers whose songs of revelry heard from his lonely room had awakened his desire to join in their carousals. This incident, it will be remembered, has been made the subject of Robert Browning's well-known poem, 'Fra Lippo Lippi,' in which the friar excuses himself to the night-watchmen who have arrested him and who are surprised to find their captive a monk in gown and cowl.

. . . "I've been three weeks shut within my mew,"

pleads the friar,

"A painting for the great man, saints and saints,
And saints again. I could not paint all night —
Ouf! I leaned out of window for fresh air.
There came a hurry of feet and little feet,
A sweep of lute-strings, laughs, and whifts of song,—
. . . Round they went.
Scarce had they turned the corner when a titter
Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight,— three slim shapes,
And a face that look'd up . . . zooks, sir, flesh and blood,
That 's all I 'm made of! Into shreds it went,
Curtain and counterpane and coverlet,
All the bed furniture — a dozen knots,
There was a ladder! Down I let myself,
Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped,
And after them."

"When Cosimo found that the painter had disappeared," writes Vasari, "he caused him to be sought, and Fra Filippo at last returned to his work; but from that time forward Cosimo gave him liberty to go in and out at his pleasure, repenting greatly of having previously shut him up when he considered the danger that Fra Filippo had incurred in descending from the window, and ever afterwards labored to keep him to his work by kindness only."

In spite, however, of his irresponsible and often scandalous behavior, which caused him to be the talk of all Florence, Fra Filippo at this period of his career executed numerous important works, of which the greatest of all was the celebrated 'Coronation of the Virgin' begun in 1434, and which, brought to completion seven years later, confirmed the artist's reputation as one of the leading painters of the day. But notwithstanding his increasing fame and the numbers of commissions he now received, Fra Filippo was always in want and always in debt. In August, 1439, we find him addressing a begging letter to Piero de' Medici, in which he calls himself the "poorest friar in all Florence," and implores his patron for a little corn and wine to aid in the support of six orphan nieces who had been left to his care. "I cannot leave home," he writes, "for I have not enough to buy a pair of socks, and yet if I stay here I am a dead man, so great is the terror I live in. So I entreat you to reply at once, and send word to your house that something may be paid me."

Early in the year 1442, upon the recommendation of Cosimo de' Medici, the pope appointed Filippo Lippi perpetual abbot and rector of San Quirico, at Legnaja, near Florence, an appointment which could hardly have been made in recognition of any moral merits, but which brought the friar an acceptable addition to his income. A period of comparative prosperity now began, and to facilitate his work and enable him to carry out the commissions that poured in upon him he employed a number of assistants. Among these younger and less famous painters was one Giovanni da Rovezzano, who entered his studio in 1448 and is known to us chiefly by a lawsuit brought by him against the friar, who would have fared disastrously in the transaction but for the protection of his powerful patrons, the Medici. It seems that when Fra Filippo took Giovanni into his studio it was with the written agreement that the sum of forty gold florins was to be paid over to his assistant at the end of the year 1450; but when the time was up and Giovanni claimed the reward of his services the friar flatly refused to pay it, whereupon the assistant brought suit against him before the episcopal tribunal. Fra Filippo, however, relying upon his position in the Church to exonerate whatever action he might take, resorted to a most unscrupulous measure. He first forged Giovanni's name to a receipt for the sum in question, and then boldly swore that his assistant had been paid. Nor was it until the friar had been put to the rack and tortured unmercifully that he was finally brought to confess his crime.

It would naturally be supposed that such ignominy would have so mortified Fra Filippo that he would have turned over a new leaf and attended with more assiduity to his neglected clerical duties. But no; he appears to have taken his disgrace very lightly, and in spite of repeated warnings of what the consequences might be should he not mend his ways, utterly neglected

his church and parish. As a result, he was in 1455 deprived of his benefice. Dismayed at losing what had been such a source of emolument, he promptly appealed to the pope; but in vain, his holiness only confirmed the sentence against the painter, who was pronounced guilty of "many and great wickednesses."

After this disgraceful affair Fra Filippo left Florence and retired to Prato, where, four years prior to this, he had begun work upon the decorations of the choir of the cathedral, and where he now bought a small house near the Convent of Santa Margherita. After his scandalous behaviour it is somewhat surprising to learn that early in the year 1456 he was appointed chaplain to the nuns of this convent, and that the abbess commissioned him to paint a picture of the Madonna for the altar of the convent church. Now it happened that Fra Filippo had already been struck by the grace and beauty of one of the young nuns, Lucrezia Buti by name; indeed, it has even been said that it was with the express purpose of being near the object of his admiration that he had sought to obtain the position of chaplain to the community of which she was a member. At all events, the wily monk, having designed the composition of his picture, begged the abbess as a special favor to allow him to paint Lucrezia's portrait as the Madonna. Not without many misgivings was this request granted, and then only on condition that another nun should always be present at the sittings.[1]

Fra Filippo was at this time about fifty years of age, and to judge from his portrait at thirty-five, introduced into the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' his appearance could hardly have been such as to please the fancy of a beautiful young girl; but Lucrezia, who had no vocation for the dull life of the convent to which she and her sister Spinetta had been consigned against their will by a stepbrother anxious to get rid of the care and expense of the two girls, turned no unwilling ear to the wooing of the amorous monk, who might, indeed, bring about her release from the irksome monotony of a life that was hateful to her.

Whatever may have been the motive which actuated her conduct, the friar's wooing was certainly crowned with success. On the first of May the festival of the Madonna of the Girdle is celebrated in Prato, and then, as now, upon that day the little town was all astir. Throngs of people from the neighboring villages and even from Florence itself crowded the cathedral to view the sacred relic preserved there, and among the worshipers were the nuns of Santa Margherita, accompanied by their chaplain. Just how it came about will never be known, but, profiting by the crowd and confusion, Fra Filippo carried off Lucrezia to his own dwelling, and the young nun, "whether retained by fear or some other cause," writes Vasari, "would not return to the convent, but remained with Filippo, and by this event the nuns of Santa Margherita were deeply disgraced."

And yet, so lenient was the view taken of the friar's conduct that we find Fra Filippo retained as chaplain of the convent, with the result that soon after his abduction of Lucrezia her sister Spinetta was persuaded to join her, and

[1] The picture thus painted is now generally believed to be the one in the Prato Gallery representing the 'Madonna of the Girdle, with Saints and Angels.'

three other nuns were not slow in following her example. Two years later both Lucrezia and her sister returned to the convent, whether on compulsion or because of contrition for their sins is not known, and there solemnly renewed their vows, as did the three other erring nuns, in the presence of the bishop of Pistoja. But when, before long, Lucrezia and Spinetta, finding the austerity of the convent rules unbearable, again sought refuge in Fra Filippo's house, the monk was formally charged with unlawful abduction, deprived of his chaplaincy, and forbidden to enter the convent upon which he had brought such deep disgrace.

Thereupon Fra Filippo, fearful lest his beloved Lucrezia should again be taken from him, appealed to his powerful patron Cosimo de' Medici, and through his intercession, the pope, Pius II., was prevailed upon to grant a special brief absolving both Filippo Lippi and Lucrezia Buti from their monastic vows, and allowing them to marry. Thus the friar's "escapade," which had excited not a little merriment among his friends in Florence, was adjusted, and although no records show that he availed himself of the pope's permission to marry, "desiring," says Vasari, "to retain the power of living after his own fashion and of indulging his love of pleasure as might seem good to him," yet he seems to have continued to live harmoniously with Lucrezia, whom he never deserted, but to whom he was always devotedly attached and by whom he had two children—Filippino Lippi, whose fame as a painter rivals that of his father, and Alessandra, a daughter, born several years later.

In 1457 Filippo Lippi had returned temporarily to Florence to execute a commission from Giovanni de' Medici to paint a now lost picture for the King of Naples. As usual, the friar was sadly in need of money, and begged his patron to furnish him with funds, promising in return to complete his picture by a certain date. Once in receipt of the desired amount, however, he broke his word and finished the work in question only under pressure and just in time to avoid its being confiscated by his landlord, who seized all the contents of his studio for non-payment of rent.

Upon the painter's return to Prato he set to work to complete, with the collaboration of his assistant, Fra Diamante, the great series of frescos in the cathedral for which he had already received considerable sums of money, and which had been so frequently interrupted that thirteen years had passed by before he finally yielded to the persuasions and threats of the cathedral authorities and in 1465 brought to completion the great achievement of his life.

The last field of Fra Filippo's labors was the town of Spoleto, where he was called upon to paint the choir of the cathedral. Thither he went in 1467, leaving behind him Lucrezia and his two children, and accompanied only by Fra Diamante, his faithful friend and assistant.

The theme assigned him for this new series of frescos was the life of the Virgin, and on the walls of the choir he painted the 'Annunciation,' the 'Nativity,' and the 'Death of the Virgin,' and adorned the vaulting with a great 'Coronation.' Unfortunately, time, dampness, and unskilful restorations have almost ruined these frescos, which owe their design to Fra Filippo, but in their execution betray in many parts the less masterly hand of his assistant, who

was left to finish the work; for long before its completion Fra Filippo was taken sick, and on October 9, 1469, at the age of sixty-three, died so suddenly that it was rumored he had been poisoned — a rumor, however, that was apparently without foundation. He was buried by his disciple, Fra Diamante, in the cathedral of Spoleto. Eighteen years afterwards Lorenzo de 'Medici, remembering the services which Fra Filippo had rendered to his house, begged the citizens of the town to allow the remains of the great painter to be removed to Florence; but the municipality refused to accede to this request, replying, Vasari tells us, that they "were poorly provided with ornaments and consequently begged permission as a favor to retain the remains of Fra Filippo." Whereupon Lorenzo did not persist in his demand, but sent the painter's son, Filippino, to erect a monument above the friar's resting-place, and employed Agnolo Poliziano to compose a eulogistic Latin epitaph to be inscribed upon it.

Such was the excellence of Filippo Lippi's art that with all the sins and follies of which as a man he was guilty, the Carmelite monks continued to feel pride in counting him among their brethren. In the convent book in which his death and burial are recorded we may read these words: "So rare was his grace in painting that scarcely any other artist came near him in our times." — BASED ON EDWARD C. STRUTT'S LIFE OF FRA FILIPPO LIPPI

The Art of Fra Filippo Lippi

W. J. STILLMAN 'OLD ITALIAN MASTERS'

THE character of the work of Masaccio in art may be compared to that of Luther in religion, in kind if not in measure. It was the first bold and unequivocal departure from the authority of the traditions of art recognized by all the followers of Giotto, the first frank declaration of the value of individuality in art. Like Luther's, this reform did not extend to the repudiation of the great motives of the fathers, but was devoted to limitation of the manner of interpreting them and the forms they should take. The example set by Masaccio of turning his back on the world of the ecstatics and the types of authority and opening his eyes to the living flesh and blood about him was followed by his pupil, Fra Filippo Lippi, with a hearty and unreserved abandonment to the logical consequences which would perhaps have surprised and repelled the master as much as the later doctrines of reform would have shocked Luther. In Masaccio was the first unbiased, natural inspiration; in Filippo Lippi we have the first direct recourse to the individual as a substitute for the ideal. For though far from ideal in the large and now generally accepted use of the word, embracing the old and the new, the Greek as well as the Christian, the Byzantine type was an ideal as completely as the Phidian, and the imagery of the ecstatic school was drawn from the inner vision. Its Christ was the man of many sorrows, emaciated by spiritual struggles and not

beautiful to look on; its Madonna, the woman who mothered all human griefs —spiritual ideals, between which and the Greek ideals of physical beauty there was all the antagonism of the religions from which they grew.

Not to push a parallel too far, the art of the school of Masaccio was an art involving the reform of externals; and in it, as might be expected, the departure of the followers in reform from the old canons was a rapidly accelerating progress. In Filippo Lippi the ideal is colored by the individual, and whatever may be the truth as to the stories of his relations to Lucrezia Buti, there is no mistaking the fact that some fair face had come between his eyes and the Madonna. The forms of beauty to him became all of one mold, and there is for the first time in the progress of Christian art a distinct and systematic employment of the individual and the personal in the representation of sacred personages, especially of the Madonna, an employment which later becomes the rule.

No doubt the work of Donatello contributed greatly to this result, but that was still ideal. His system of types had a kind of individuality not known before in sculpture; but those types, distinct as they were, do not bear the mark of the model, but seem rather the outcome of an imaginative conception of the character more analogous to Greek idealization than to that of the art which began with Fra Filippo. From this time forward the naturalism of painting becomes more and more concrete; and though direct work from a model as practised to-day did not appear for a long time after Fra Filippo, the naturalistic element gained strength with every generation of painters. . . .

The innovations introduced by Fra Filippo were not limited to the type. The use of oil over his tempera painting is evident, and to this is no doubt due an advance in color which could otherwise have been the result only of a facility of retouching and overworking such as he did not possess in tempera. The 'Coronation of the Virgin' in the Florence Academy is a masterpiece in this direction, which anticipates many of the finest qualities of the best modern French art; and the group at the apex of the composition is as subtle in every way as any work I can recall in all the art of the Renaissance. But there is still nothing realistic in it; the main motive of the work is decorative; ornament is used much as the earlier men used it; the distinction between frescos and easel-pictures is more marked, and we begin to see the foreshadowing of a form of art which the Venetians carried to great perfection. The color is perfectly pure and bright—qualities due to the tempera basis, and only slightly affected by the painting in transparent color over it. The blackening, which is the chief vice of oil-painting, does not appear till about the time of Fra Bartolommeo, who in his easel-pictures appears to have used oil only as his vehicle.

When we go from the 'Coronation' in the Academy to the frescos at Prato, large in manner and masterly in execution, we can estimate the technical power of Fra Filippo as readily as we can his originality when we compare his conceptions of the sacred personages with those of Masaccio, and can see our way to place him, as I must, as the first great master of modern art in the sense in which modern art is separated from that of the schools sprung from the Byzantine.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

AN intense quality of *human sympathy* made Filippo Lippi one of the greatest artists of his time; he sympathized with everything, was at once eminently naturalistic, reproducing the grimace of a street-urchin, and eminently decorative, setting the lilies a-row in his 'Coronation of the Virgin' in the Florence Academy, and multiplying them against the gilded rays and brocaded patternings of the vestments in his other and more solemn 'Coronation' in Spoleto. Robert Browning, in his poem of 'Fra Lippo Lippi,' makes him say truly of the external world,

"To me it means intensely, and means good."

And M. Lafenestre, in his 'Peinture Italienne,' has felt profoundly the "warm expansion of sympathy" with which Fra Lippo brought the human type into art, in exchange for that conventional type which had been called divine, making Madonna a real mother of a real baby, and giving to sacred personages, "without scruple as without coarseness," the features of living men and women. . . .

He is a realist and an idealist at once, forgetting the grand style of Masaccio in his attempt, a successful attempt, to render the grace and life of the adolescent figures in his 'Feast of Herod' at Prato, and, again, yielding a precedent for the stateliness of Ghirlandajo in his mourning groups about the dead St. Stephen. He often sacrifices precision to vivacity and variety, caring more about expression than pure form, and falling frequently into a mannerism shown in his flattened and widened skulls and broad faces, but conquering his audience of the fifteenth as of the nineteenth century by his unaffected sincerity and his joyous realism. As he had humanized Madonna he domesticated Art, reducing the altar-piece to the genre picture. He first painted those *tondi* in round frames which gradually replaced the more solemn triptych and admitted of a more familiar treatment of sacred themes. His greatest works are his frescos of Prato, for his huge, solemn semi-dome of Spoleto has suffered too much from time and damp and candle-smoke to be considered his masterpiece; but the things which have made him famous are his more intimate and more familiar easel-pictures, his Madonnas of the Pitti and Uffizi, and his great altar-piece of the Academy.

BERNHARD BERENSON 'FLORENTINE PAINTERS'

NOTHING is harder than to appreciate Fra Filippo Lippi at his due. If attractiveness, and attractiveness of the best kind, sufficed to make a great artist, then he would be one of the greatest, greater perhaps than any other Florentine before Leonardo. Where shall we find faces more winsome, more appealing, than in certain of his Madonnas — the one in the Uffizi, for instance — more momentarily evocative of noble feeling than in his Louvre altar-piece? Where in Florentine painting is there anything more fascinating than the playfulness of his children, more poetic than one or two of his landscapes, more charming than is at times his color? And with all this, health, even ro-

bustness, and almost unfailing good humor! Yet by themselves all these qualities constitute only a high-class illustrator, and such by native endowment I believe Fra Filippo to have been. That he became more—very much more—is due rather to Masaccio's potent influence than to his own genius; for he had no profound sense of either material or spiritual significance—the essential qualifications of the real artist. Working under the inspiration of Masaccio, he at times renders tactile values admirably, as in the Uffizi Madonna; but most frequently he betrays no genuine feeling for them, failing in his attempt to render them by the introduction of bunchy, billowy, calligraphic draperies. These, acquired from the late Giottesque painter (probably Lorenzo Monaco) who had been his first master, he seems to have prized as artistic elements no less than the tactile values which he attempted to adopt later, serenely unconscious, apparently, of their incompatibility.

Filippo's strongest impulse was not toward the preëminently artistic one of re-creation, but rather toward expression, and within that field, toward the expression of the pleasant, genial, spiritually comfortable feelings of ordinary life. His real place is with the genre painters; only his genre was of the soul, as that of others—of Benozzo Gozzoli, for example—was of the body. Hence a sin of his own, scarcely less pernicious than that of the naturalists, and cloying to boot—expression at any cost.

GEORGES LAFENESTRE 'LA PEINTURE ITALIENNE'

AFTER Masaccio, naturalism received its strongest impulse from the Florentine friar, Filippo Lippi, who, having broken his monastic vows, and being stirred by all the passions of his times, boldly and successfully shattered the fetters of religious painting. By degrees, without any apparent effort, merely by a natural expansion of sympathy, the human type with all its variations was, under his contagious influence, substituted for the monotony of the traditional type divine. Madonnas became living virgins and real mothers, lovingly invested by the painter with the beauty of maidens whom he admired and of mothers such as he could understand. An exquisite joy in living transformed and quickened all the sacred personages whom he represented amid actual surroundings, and to whom he gave without scruple as without coarseness the features of real men and women. The poetic fervor of his expansive nature is displayed in the glowing colors of his marble architecture and in his landscapes blossoming with roses, as well as in the naïveté of his charming saints and the natural playfulness of his roguish cherubs.

Following from the very beginning the path opened by Fra Angelico, Masolino, and Masaccio, Filippo Lippi, even in his earliest works, shows that he was in touch with all the progressive movements of the day. Less exact than Uccello and Castagno, although striving as earnestly as they to portray character, if he only occasionally attains to their severe austerity, he nevertheless possesses a charm of which they are devoid, and can never be accused of lapsing into their pedantic dryness. His realism, naïvely bold though it be, is never coarse, because of that superabundance of life, happiness, and kindliness radiating from even the most commonplace of his faces. A strong

draftsman, he is also a fine colorist. As such he understood the value of brilliant hues and sought to bring them into perfect accord.

In the midst of the gravity and austerity of the Florentine school Fra Filippo Lippi sounded a joyous note, a note which echoed longer in Venice than in his native Tuscany, and was indeed the first utterance of modern painting.—FROM THE FRENCH

ADOLF PHILIPPI 'DIE KUNST DER RENAISSANCE'

FILIPPO LIPPI is the painter of a beauty that even in his graver and more stately works is joyous and serene. Following the precedent of the sculptors Donatello and Luca della Robbia, he was the first to represent in painting the Virgin as a real Florentine mother in all her youthful human beauty; the first also to render in a way that was true to nature the plump baby form of the infant Jesus. Even when, as in his paintings of the 'Adoration of the Child,' there is a mystical intent, the outward forms are not in any way affected, always remaining human and natural, while the impression of the supernatural is sustained perhaps by some bit of landscape, in the sympathetic rendering of which Fra Filippo, with that peculiar feeling for nature inherent in the Italian painters, was a master. . . .

As with Botticelli so is it with Filippo Lippi: not only are his frescos important, but his easel-pictures as well possess a special and peculiar value of their own, whereas with Ghirlandajo and Filippino Lippi, if of all that they achieved their frescos alone had survived, we should lose but little of what is really essential in their art.

In his types Filippo Lippi is not varied; in the greater number of his pictures, indeed, they are somewhat monotonous, and yet in natural grace and in the careful rendering of details he is never mechanical nor tiresome. His predecessors in his line of painting were Masolino, and, apart from his ecstatic tendency, Fra Angelico. Like the latter, Filippo is distinguished by a careful and delicate manner of painting in tempera. His local colors, bright blue and red, are clear and luminous even in the deeper shadows; his diaphanous draperies are tender and transparent, and the general tone of coloring in his finest works is infinitely charming in its silvery glow. In modeling his figures he departed little by little from the hardness and sharpness of the sculptors, rendering his forms round and soft in contour, even when the distinct outline of his drawing is not wholly concealed. . . .

Filippo Lippi's art is essentially tender and fervent in its nature. His happy realism bespeaks a joy in life; asceticism is wholly foreign to his nature. Behind all his pictures we are conscious of a man of strong temperament and warm blood, which throughout his restless life often gained the mastery over him. When an orphan boy he was invested by the Carmelite monks with the habit of their order, close by that very chapel where later Masaccio was to paint his great frescos. There Filippo Lippi learned to know the master, and himself became a painter, as that other monk, Fra Angelico, had become before him. But Fra Filippo was a child of this world. Many stories true and false have been told about him, but what is of para-

mount interest to us is the fact that, notwithstanding the inspiration he received from Masaccio's frescos, his art even from the outset of his career was more tender, more sympathetic, and that although his conception of nature was based upon the same realistic way of seeing things, his subjects were almost exclusively the Virgin and angels and saints, all characterized by a tender sweetness. Because of his naturalism, however, his figures seem real and living, and because of his own special way of rendering a scene they are invested with a poetry such as no Italian painter previous to that period had had the power to express. — FROM THE GERMAN

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI'S life and art-work were alike the deviation of a pleasure-loving temperament from its natural sphere into the service of the Church. It can scarcely be doubted that the schism between his practice and profession served to debase and vulgarize a genius of fine imaginative quality, while the uncongenial work of decorating choirs and painting altar-pieces limed the wings of his swift spirit with the dullness of routine that savored of hypocrisy. Bound down to sacred subjects, he was too apt to make angels out of street-urchins, and to paint the portraits of his peasant-loves for Virgins.

His delicate sense of natural beauty gave peculiar charm to this false treatment of religious themes. Nothing, for example, can be more attractive than the rows of angels bearing lilies in his 'Coronation of the Virgin;' and yet, when we regard them closely, we find that they have no celestial quality of form or feature. Their grace is earthly, and the spirit breathed upon the picture is the loveliness of color, quiet and yet glowing—blending delicate blues and greens with whiteness purged of glare. The beauties as well as the defects of such compositions make us regret that Fra Filippo never found a more congenial sphere for his imagination. As a painter of subjects half-humorous and half-pathetic, or as the illustrator of romantic stories, we fancy that he might have won fame rivaled only by the greatest colorists.

One such picture it was granted him to paint, and this is his masterpiece. In the prime of life he was commissioned to decorate the choir of the cathedral at Prato with the legends of St. John the Baptist and St. Stephen. All of the frescos are noteworthy for their firm grasp upon reality in the portraits of Florentine worthies, and for the harmonious disposition of the groups; but the scene of Salome dancing before Herod is the best for its poetic feeling. Her movement across the floor before the tyrant and his guests at table, the quaint fluttering of her drapery, the well-bred admiration of the spectators, their horror when she brings the Baptist's head to Herodias, and the weak face of the half-remorseful Herod are expressed with a dramatic power that shows the genius of a poet-painter. And even more lovely than Salome are a pair of girls locked in each other's arms close by Herodias on the dais. A natural and spontaneous melody, not only in the suggested movements of this scene, but also in the coloring, choice of form, and treatment of drapery, makes it one of the most musical of pictures ever painted.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT 'CHRIST AND HIS MOTHER IN ITALIAN ART'

THE exact place that Fra Filippo Lippi holds in the evolution of painting is not easy to define. He had neither Giotto's nor Masaccio's strong sense of material significance, nor yet Fra Angelico's deep spiritual feeling. His style has a charm and freshness of its own, and the part that he played in the development of art is more important than might at first sight be supposed. It was his to hand on the lessons that he had learned from Masaccio in the Carmine chapel, and to set forth new ideals in the eyes of the next generation. And for this task he was fitted no less by nature than by the strange fate which made him a friar in that same Carmelite house.

In his genial delight for the fair and pleasant things, in the rich ornament and glowing color, the splendid architecture and sunny landscapes, of his pictures, in the close attention which he bestows upon the lilies and daisies in the grass, and the garments and head-dresses of his women, above all, in his love for merry urchins and round baby faces, we see how strong was the human element of his genius. This it was which fitted him to be in an especial manner the precursor of the Renaissance, and to proclaim to the men of his day that sense of a fuller and larger life that was slowly dawning upon the Italy of the fifteenth century. And to-day as we look at these Madonnas bending in motherly love over their babies, or stand before the fading frescos on the walls of the cathedral of Prato, we realize the power of this master whom Michelangelo not only admired but strove to imitate, and say with Vasari, "After all, he was a great man."

The Works of Fra Filippo Lippi

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'MADONNA AND CHILD WITH TWO ANGELS' PLATE I

NONE of Filippo Lippi's representations of the Madonna and Child is more charming nor more justly celebrated than the panel picture in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, here reproduced. The period in the artist's career to which it should be assigned is not definitely known. Mr. Strutt, Fra Filippo's latest biographer, believes that it could not have been painted before the year 1457; that is, after the artist had begun his great frescos in Prato, and during a temporary residence in Florence. Its technique and execution reveal a greater force and freedom than are found in his early works, when he was not wholly emancipated from the methods of the miniaturists.

The Madonna, robed in soft dark green with pearls in her blond hair, which is almost hidden by a head-dress of elaborately frilled muslin falling in soft folds upon her neck, is seated at an open window, her hands joined in adoration of the Child held before her by two boy angels. One of these, clad in a white tunic, turns his laughing face towards us as he supports the infant

Christ; the other, almost hidden by the Child's chubby form, stands next the window, through which we see an exquisitely painted landscape with rocky heights and winding river and a distant city, all bathed in sunset light.

The picture is painted in tempera on wood and measures nearly three feet high by two feet wide.

'THE ANNUNCIATION' PLATE II

AMONG the first works executed by Filippo Lippi for his patron Cosimo de' Medici were this lunette of 'The Annunciation' and its companion picture, 'St. John the Baptist with Six Other Saints,' both now in the National Gallery, London.

In the painting here reproduced the Madonna is seated in a richly furnished chamber separated by only a low balustrade from a garden, where the angel of the annunciation, bearing in his hand a spray of lilies, kneels upon the flowery turf as he delivers his message, while the emblematic dove is seen descending in a ray of glories from above.

"'The Annunciation,'" writes Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, "is conceived in a spirit of tender and poetic realism. Robbed of his nimbus and wings, the announcing angel is only a comely, round-headed Florentine boy with closely curling hair, who delivers his message with simple and charming grace, and she, the Virgin who receives it with so sweet and humble a courtesy, might be his sister. But if the types are not very distinguished, or the emotion greatly elevated, the whole composition is lovely and harmonious. The gentle bearing of the angel is beautifully echoed by the timid reverence of the Virgin, and the note of delightful wonder which these figures strike is sustained at the same pitch throughout by the strangeness, the variety, and the beauty of the details. From the exquisite wings of the angel to the richly colored marbles which floor the Virgin's little court, everything in the picture is rare and lovely, and as we stand before it we feel ourselves in an enchanted land, if not in the presence of an awful mystery."

The colors of this decorative panel are bright and harmonious; the painting has indeed the brilliancy and high finish of a miniature. It is on wood and measures two feet two inches high by nearly five feet wide. Upon the vase of lilies in the foreground may be seen the badge of Cosimo de' Medici—three feathers held together by a ring.

'THE NATIVITY' PLATE III

"OF the two 'Nativities' now in the Florence Academy," writes Mr. Strutt, "both belonging to Filippo Lippi's first period, this one, which Vasari tells us was originally executed for the nuns of the Convent of Annalena, is unquestionably the finer, showing considerable technical progress and greater skill in composition, although it is evident that when he painted it Fra Filippo still followed the methods of Masolino and of Fra Angelico, and had not yet developed that artistic individuality and independence for which he afterwards became conspicuous."

In a flowery meadow, the Virgin, clad in a rose-colored robe and long blue cloak, kneels in adoration before the new-born Child lying on the folds of her mantle. Her blond hair is almost covered by her delicate veil-like headdress, which is relieved by the gold nimbus surrounding her head. Near-by, St. Joseph, staff in hand, wearing a blue tunic and a yellow mantle, is seated in a pensive attitude. Behind him are seen the head and shoulders of a monk who, an inscription tells us, is intended to represent St. Hilarion, but in whose features the artist has painted the portrait of Roberto Malatesti, brother of Annalena, the founder of the convent for which the picture was executed. Farther back to the left is the kneeling figure of St. Jerome, and behind the Virgin, on the right, Mary Magdalene leans upon a ruined wall prayerfully contemplating the scene. The traditional ox and ass are introduced into the background, as are also shepherds and their flocks, while in the upper part, beneath the manger's roof, a choir of angels sing the 'Gloria in Excelsis.'

The picture measures nearly four and a half feet square.

'THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE' PLATE IV

THIS altar-piece, painted for the Church of Santo Spirito, Prato, was probably the last panel-picture executed by Filippo Lippi, for almost immediately after its completion, in 1467, he left Prato for Spoleto, where, until his death two years later, he was exclusively engaged in decorating the choir of the cathedral of that town.

Although sadly injured by time and repainting, this 'Presentation in the Temple' retains much of its original beauty. The composition is well-ordered, the architectural lines and perspective are correct, and the graceful figure of the Virgin, the lifelike form of the Child, and the vigorously drawn figures of the kneeling monks in the foreground—two of the Servite Fathers at whose request the picture was painted—are especially well rendered.

Behind a marble altar stands St. Simeon, the high priest, clad in his robes of office and wearing a jeweled tiara. St. Joseph, bearing the sacrificial doves, stands on the left, and behind him St. Zenobius, bishop of Florence, and a monk. On the opposite side the Virgin extends her arms towards the Child, tenderly held in St. Simeon's arms, while behind her are St. Bartholomew with his emblems, a book and flaying-knife, and at his side a bishop—possibly St. Augustine.

The picture, formerly ascribed to Botticelli, is still in the church for which it was painted.

'THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN' PLATE V

IN 1434 Fra Filippo Lippi was commissioned by the nuns of Sant' Ambrogio to paint an altar-piece for their convent church, and seven years later he completed the picture which ranks as one of his finest and most important works,—the famous 'Coronation of the Virgin' now in the Academy, Florence.

The picture measures about nine feet wide by six feet four inches high. Three arches divide the upper part, and in the spandrels are medallions in

which is represented the Annunciation. Underneath the central arch God the Father, in flowing garments of red and blue, is seated upon a throne placing a crown upon the head of the Virgin, who, clad in blue, kneels before him. Angels stand on either side of the throne, and beneath, saints, bishops, monks, and countless angels with rose-wreaths upon their brows and bearing long stems of white lilies, witness the crowning of Our Lady. In the midst of this celestial company Fra Filippo has introduced his own portrait. We see him at the right in his monk's gown, kneeling with hands joined in prayer, while before him stands a little angel holding a scroll on which are the words "*Is Perfecit opus.*"

In the upper group of figures the influence of Fra Angelico is perceptible, but in the throngs of the blessed surrounding the throne Fra Filippo's more worldly conception of celestial happiness predominates. These flower-crowned angels, these chubby children and fair-faced women, have little or no spiritual significance, it is true, but they are endowed with such grace and beauty that we find in this very humanizing of the religious type a charm which makes a direct appeal to our sympathies. This charm is enhanced by the coloring of the picture, a beautiful harmony of rainbow hues—delicate greens, blues, yellows, faded reds, and purest whites. Nowhere is the painter more individual, more himself, than in this great 'Coronation of the Virgin.'

'ADORATION OF THE CHILD' PLATE VI

MARKED by a more genuinely religious feeling than any other of Filippo Lippi's easel-pictures, this altar-piece, now in the Berlin Gallery, rivals in spiritual beauty the works of Fra Angelico, and in its sense of form and color far surpasses the mystical creations of that painter.

In composition it resembles the two 'Nativities' of the Florence Academy, one of which is reproduced in plate III. The Virgin, robed in red and blue, is here shown kneeling in adoration of the Child, who lies before her in a field of flowers. The youthful John the Baptist, a charming little figure in lambskin, stands at one side, carrying a cross with the inscription '*Ecce Agnus Dei.*' Farther back, St. Bernard kneels in prayer, while above is seen the half-figure of God the Father with hands outstretched to bless the Holy Spirit descending in the form of a dove upon the group beneath. The background is a rocky landscape, dark and mysterious, against which the central figures shine out with glowing radiance.

The picture was painted, probably about 1435, for the chapel in the Medici Palace, now known as the Riccardi Palace, Florence, and is thought by some to be the painting originally placed over the altar in that little oratory made famous by Benozzo Gozzoli's great frescos of the 'Adoration of the Magi.'

'MADONNA AND CHILD' PLATE VII

"OF all Filippo Lippi's panel pictures," writes Mr. Strutt, "with the sole exception perhaps of the Uffizi Madonna (plate I), this *tondo*, or circular picture, is undoubtedly the finest, and the one which exercised the greatest influence on the art of the later fifteenth century. . . . Boldly shaking off

every vestige of conventionalism, the artist here accomplishes in painting what Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and Desiderio da Settignano had already achieved in sculpture, and, first among the painters of his time, dared to give a human interpretation to a heavenly theme."

The Madonna, in a rose-colored robe and blue mantle with a diaphanous white head-dress, is seated in a carved chair holding the Child on her knees. One hand supports his little form, while in the other is a pomegranate which he tries to grasp. In the background the painter has portrayed, on the right, the meeting of St. Joachim and St. Anna; on the left, the birth of the Virgin. These episodes are admirably and realistically rendered, the perspective, if not absolutely correct, is far in advance of most of the productions of that day, the figures are well drawn and lifelike, and the young girl in gray with a basket on her head, the graceful lines of her body discernible beneath the clinging folds of her light drapery, is especially beautiful.

What adds interest to this famous work is the generally accepted tradition that for the face and form of the Virgin the painter took as his model Lucrezia Buti, the young nun whom he loved. If so, the panel, probably one that he had been commissioned to paint for Leonardo Bartolini, a Florentine citizen, and begun before his departure from Florence, was finished at Prato soon after his arrival in that town.

The picture measures four feet four inches in diameter, and is now in the Pitti Palace, Florence.

'THE MADONNA ENTHRONED' PLATE VIII

THIS picture, spoken of by Vasari as "a work of rare excellence," was painted by Filippo Lippi about 1438, for the Church of Santo Spirito, Florence. It is now in the Louvre, Paris.

The Madonna, robed in red and wearing a blue mantle and gauzy head-dress, stands upon the lower step of a richly decorated throne, holding against one hip the Child, whom she presents to the adoration of two kneeling abbots. Six angels bearing lilies stand three on either side, and from behind a low parapet two little children observe the scene. The figures are nearly life-sized; that of the Virgin in her full drapery is well drawn, the kneeling abbots are lifelike and vigorous, while the Christ-child and the attendant angels, with their broad, sweet faces, have that naturalistic earthly charm which marks Fra Filippo's creations. The composition as a whole is dignified and stately. The coloring, which has been injured by time, especially in the flesh-tints, is subdued in tone even where gold is introduced as it is in the borders of the robes and the angels' wings and aureoles.

The picture is painted on wood and measures about seven feet high by eight feet wide.

'THE FUNERAL OF ST. STEPHEN' PLATE IX

ON the left wall of the choir of the cathedral of Prato, opposite his frescos of scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist, Filippo Lippi illustrated the story of St. Stephen, patron saint of Prato. Above in a lunette is repre-

sented the birth of St. Stephen; beneath this are the ordination of the saint and his disputation with the Jews; while in the third and lowest compartment the stoning of the youthful martyr is portrayed, and also 'The Funeral of St. Stephen,' reproduced in plate IX. In this great fresco, the most stately and impressive of the series, we see Fra Filippo at the height of his powers. "He here exhibits in the fullest measure," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "his feeling for color, his power in the conception and design of majestic forms, and his breadth of pictorial treatment."

Within a spacious church the dead body of St. Stephen is stretched upon a bier. At either end is seated the figure of a woman mourning, while four young men kneel to kiss the feet of the martyr, and, farther back, stand groups of stately ecclesiastics in whose features the painter has portrayed various well-known personages of his day, among whom his own likeness is introduced, some say in the figure standing with upraised hand at the foot of the bier, while others, for the reason that this figure bears no resemblance either to the portrait of the painter in his 'Coronation of the Virgin' nor yet to his bust on his monument at Spoleto, claim that Fra Filippo's portrait is to be found in the figure in monk's gown at the extreme right facing the spectator.

In describing this fresco Mr. Strutt says, "All the rules and conditions of a severe monumental art are here respected and fulfilled. In the whole artistic production of the fifteenth century it would be difficult to find work which could compare with this admirable fresco for grandeur of treatment and conception, for perfect technique and masterly execution."

Vasari's recent editors pronounce this fresco, and the one representing 'The Feast of Herod,' to be the painter's masterpieces, setting before us as they do the whole scope of his capacity. "They show comedy and tragedy side by side, for 'The Feast of Herod' is treated in a light vein with charming episodes, whereas in the 'Funeral of St. Stephen' and its ordered masses of grave spectators Filippo Lippi follows Masaccio, is a precursor of Ghirlandajo, and takes rank as a great master."

'THE FEAST OF HEROD' PLATE X

IN the year 1452 Filippo Lippi began work upon the fresco decorations of the choir of the cathedral of Prato. The subjects assigned him were scenes from the lives of St. John the Baptist, protector of Florence, and St. Stephen, the patron of Prato. "These frescos," writes Julia Cartwright, "are Fra Filippo's most important works, and reveal his really great powers of design and execution. The grandeur of the composition and dramatic vigor with which the stories are told, the animation and variety of the individual figures, and the admirable proportion and perspective of the architecture justify the high praise bestowed upon the friar's work by Morelli, who compares them with Mantegna's frescos at Padua, and pronounces them to be among the noblest creations of the fifteenth century."

On either side of the window at the end of the choir are figures of St. John Gualberto, founder of the Vallombrosan Order, and St. Albert, founder of the Carmelites. In sections of the vaulted roof are the four evangelists. On

the right wall of the chapel are depicted scenes from the life of St. John the Baptist. In a lunette the 'Birth and Naming of St. John' are portrayed, while in the compartment beneath this the departure of the youthful saint from his home and his preaching in the wilderness are represented. Beneath this again, painted not only on the side but on part of the end wall, is the finest of the series, 'The Feast of Herod,' reproduced in plate x. Unfortunately, it has been much injured by time and dampness.

Within a spacious banqueting-hall Herod is seen feasting with his courtiers, while in the center of the picture the graceful figure of Salome, swaying to the music of a group of players in the distance, absorbs the attention of the king. On the left, preceded by a herald, Salome, again, is seen carrying the Baptist's head upon a charger, while on the right she presents the bloody trophy to her mother, seated at a table with Herod, who wrings his hands in an agony of remorse as he turns away in abhorrence. The repugnance of the guests and attendants is admirably rendered; especially noteworthy is the little group of two young girls, who clasp each other in a close embrace.

Notwithstanding a lack of unity in the composition of this scene, or series of scenes, by reason of its dramatic conception and realistic treatment it justly ranks as one of Fra Filippo's greatest achievements.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF FRA FILIPPO LIPPI WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. ASHRIDGE, LORD BROWNLOW'S COLLECTION: Madonna and Child — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Annunciation (Plate II); St. John the Baptist and Six Other Saints; Vision of St. Bernard — RICHMOND, SIR FREDERICK COOK'S COLLECTION: Adoration of the Magi; St. Michael and St. Anthony — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Madonna Enthroned (Plate VIII) — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Adoration of the Child (Plate VI); Madonna and Child; Madonna of Pity — MUNICH GALLERY: Annunciation; Madonna and Child — ITALY. FLORENCE, ACADEMY: Nativity; Nativity (Plate III); Coronation of the Virgin (Plate V); Madonna and Child with Saints; Archangel Gabriel and St. John the Baptist; Madonna and St. Anthony; Annunciation, St. Augustine in his Study, and the Miracle of St. Frediano (these three pictures formed the predella to the altar-piece now in the Louvre) — FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Madonna and Child (Plate VII) — FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Madonna and Child with Two Angels (Plate I) — FLORENCE, CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, MARTELLI CHAPEL: Annunciation; St. Anthony — FLORENCE, ALESSANDRI PALACE: St. Laurence, Saints and Donors — FLORENCE, STROZZI PALACE: Annunciation — PRATO, CATHEDRAL [RIGHT TRANSEPT]: Death of St. Jerome; [CHOIR] (frescos): St. John Gualberto and St. Albert; Four Evangelists; Scenes from the Life of St. John the Baptist, including 'The Feast of Herod' (Plate X); Scenes from the Life of St. Stephen, including 'The Funeral of St. Stephen' (Plate IX) — PRATO GALLERY: Madonna and Child with Saints; Madonna of the Girdle; Nativity — PRATO, CHURCH OF SANTO SPIRITO; Presentation in the Temple (Plate IV) — ROME, LATERAN GALLERY: Coronation of the Virgin — ROME, DORIA PALACE: Annunciation — ROME, COLLECTION OF MR. LUDWIG MOND: Annunciation — SPOLETO, CATHEDRAL: Frescos representing the Annunciation, Nativity, Death and Coronation of the Virgin (left unfinished at the artist's death) — TURIN, ACADEMY: Two Panels of the Fathers of the Church.

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A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES DEALING WITH FRA FILIPPO LIPPI

THE most exhaustive work on Fra Filippo Lippi that has yet appeared is the recent book by Mr. Edward C. Strutt (London, 1901). Signor Milanesi's articles in 'L'Art', 1877–78, will also be found useful in studying the painter who is the subject of notices of varying length and importance in the different volumes treating of Italian and especially of early Florentine art.

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